

# Semi-tropical California

SEMI-TROPICAL

CALIFORNIA:

ITS CLIMATE, HEALTHFULNESS, PRODUCTIVENESS, AND

SCENERY; ITS MAGNIFICENT STRETCHES OF VINE-

YARDS AND GROVES OF SEMI-TROPICAL

FRUITS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

By MAJOR BEN. C. TRUMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO:

A. L. BANCROFT & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

1874.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1874,

By BEN. C. TRUMAN,

In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

In compliance with current

copyright law, LBS Archival

Products produced this

replacement volume on paper

that meets the ANSI Standard

Z39.48-1984 to replace the

irreparably deteriorated

original.

1991

TO

GENERAL PHINEAS BANNING,

IN MEMORY OF MY

FIRST VISIT TO SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA.

DOMINUS VOBISCUM.

## **PREFACE.**

HAVING traveled largely in Semi-tropical California, having examined closely and carefully its agricultural and pomological limits and advantages, and having written faithfully and elaborately of this land flowing with milk and honey, and where every man may sit under his own vine and fig tree, I have yielded to the earnest persuasions of friends and others, and made a book. I have visited nearly every orange grove and vineyard in Los Angeles county, and gathered my statistics in person; and I pledge myself, as a writer of acknowledged reliability, and as a special correspondent of such famous and well-known journals as the *New York Times*, *Philadelphia Press*, *Washington Chronicle*, and *San Francisco Bulletin*, who has visited almost all parts of the world in the employ of one or the other of the above-named newspapers, that I have not made a statement in the

following pages that is not strictly true in every particular; and I here assert that, *everything* taken into consideration, Los Angeles county (the heart of Semi-tropical California) has no equal in the world. For details, I respectfully invite perusal.

## CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTORY 13 CHAPTER I. THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES—A CURSORY  
GLANCE—ITS RAILROADS AND FACILITIES OF INTERCOURSE—ITS WATER  
SUPPLY—ITS PRESS HOTELS, SCHOOLS, SOCIETIES, AND CHURCHES—THE  
COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTER OF THE POPULATION OF LOS ANGELES 16 CHAPTER  
II. AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL SKETCH—THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES NEARLY  
ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD—WHEN AND BY WHOM IT WAS FOUNDED 22  
CHAPTER III. SUBSEQUENT HISTORY—HOW LOS ANGELES FIGURED IN THE  
MEXICAN WAR—THE FIRST SURVEY—THE MARVELOUS GROWTH OF THE CITY  
AND IMPROVEMENT OF ITS SOCIETY—THE IMPETUS GIVEN COMMERCE AND  
AGRICULTURE BY THE AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN ELEMENT—SEMI-TROPICAL  
CALIFORNIA THE PLACE FOR MECHANICS, FARMERS, AND UNSKILLED LABORERS  
26 CHAPTER IV. THE CLIMATE AND HEALTHFULNESS OF LOS ANGELES—THE MOST  
CHARMING CLIMATE IN THE WORLD THE YEAR ROUND, AND THE MOST EQUABLE  
TEMPERATURE TO BE FOUND IN THE NORTH TEMPERATE ZONE—FIGURES AND  
FACTS BY M'PHERSON 31

10

CHAPTER V. SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA IN WINTER—VIEWS OF NOTED  
WRITERS—JOHN SHIRLEY WARD MAKES A COMPARISON OF THE WINTERS OF  
TENNESSEE AND LOS ANGELES—SUMMER TIME IN LOS ANGELES 40 CHAPTER  
VI. A MATCHLESS PANORAMA—MAGNIFICENT STRETCHES OF VINEYARDS  
AND ORANGE AND LEMON GROVES IN THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES—BEAUDRY  
TERRACE 48 CHAPTER VII. CHOROGRAPHY OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY—ITS SOIL  
AND PRODUCTIVENESS—THE CONSTANTLY INCREASING DEMAND FOR SEMI-

TROPICAL PRODUCTIONS—STOCK RAISING AND WOOL GROWING—DESCRIPTION OF A SHEEP RANCH—THE LARGE RANCHES OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY—A TABLE OF EXPORTS THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF—THE FIRST INTRODUCTION OF AMERICAN ELEMENT INTO LOS ANGELES COUNTY—THE CLIMATE AND HEALTHFULNESS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY—PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIONS BY CALIFORNIA EDITORS 66 CHAPTER VIII. THE STAPLE PRODUCTIONS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY—THE CULTIVATION OF THE OLIVE, THE ORANGE, LEMON, LIME, CITRON, FIG, POMEGRANATE, ALMOND AND ENGLISH WALNUT—GOV. JOHN G. DOWNEY ON ORANGE CULTURE—THE CULTIVATION OF THE GRAPE, AND THE MANUFACTURE OF WINE AND BRANDY 83 CHAPTER IX. THE MINERAL DEPOSITS OF SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA—SOME FACTS ABOUT THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD—THE SAN GABRIEL PLACER MINES AND THE SOLEDAD QUARTZ LEADS—THE ZAPATA SILVER MINE—THE GREAT OIL REPOSITORIES OF VENTURA AND LOS ANGELES COUNTIES—THE MANUFACTURE OF SALT 96

11

CHAPTER X. IRRIGATION—THE PROCESS OF CULTIVATING LANDS BY THE INTRODUCTION OF WATER THROUGH ARTIFICIAL CANALS—GOVERNOR DOWNEY'S VIEWS ON IRRIGATION 107 CHAPTER XI. THE VALLEY OF THE SAN GABRIEL—THE LOMBARDY OF SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA—A MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA OF VINEYARDS AND ORANGE GROVES—STONEMAN'S HOME—RANCHO DEL MOLINO—LAKE VINEYARD—SUNNY SLOPE—SANTA ANITA RANCH—AN EMINENT WRITER'S OPINION OF SAN GABRIEL—THE OLD MISSION CHURCH AND THE CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR 116 CHAPTER XII. DESCRIPTION OF ANAHEIM—A GLANCE AT A NOTED COLONY—THE REALM OF HYGEIA—A SKETCH OF VINE LANDS—A GREAT WINE-MAKER—ANECDOTE OF BEN DREYFUS—A DRIVE AROUND THE SURROUNDINGS OF ANAHEIM—WESTMINSTER AND RICHLAND—ARTESIAN WELLS IN ABUNDANCE—SANTA ANA AND GOSPEL SWAMP—THE OLD MISSION RUINS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO 145 CHAPTER XIII. THE GREAT CORN-PRODUCING DISTRICTS

OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY—EL MONTE AND LOS NIETOS—A MAGNIFICENT RANCHO—SPADRA, THE PRESENT SOUTHERN TERMINUS OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD 161 CHAPTER XIV. WILMINGTON—ITS HARBOR, BEACH AND BREAKWATER—THE WILSON COLLEGE—THE WILMINGTON WOOL DEPOT—A PEN PICTURE 169 CHAPTER XV. SUBURBAN SETTLEMENTS—THE SAN GABRIEL ORANGE ASSOCIATION—FAIR OAKS—WHAT A MAN OF INDUSTRY CAN DO WITH FORTY 12 DOLLARS IN NINE YEARS—LA BELLE CASCADE—EAST LOS ANGELES—SAN FERNANDO—THE OLD MISSION AND ITS GARDENS—EUGENE GARNIER'S SHEEP RANCH 177 CHAPTER XVI. THE FAMOUS CHINO AND CUCAMONGA RANCHES AND VINEYARDS—A GLANCE AT SAN BERNARDINO 194 CONCLUSION—STATISTICAL 203

## **SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA. INTRODUCTORY.**

THE overgoing sun shines upon no region, of equal extent, which offers so many and such varied inducements to men in search of homes and health, as does the region which is entitled to the appellation of "Semi-Tropical California." Embracing and including those portions of the counties of Monterey, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Ventura, San Bernardino, and San Diego, lying between the Coast Range, or Sierra Madre, and the Pacific Ocean, it is, besides being the natural habitat of productions which thrive nowhere else in perfection, a region peculiar, but none the less attractive, in the beauty of its scenery and the charms of its surroundings.

The line of sea coast between Monterey and San Diego is about three hundred and eighty miles in length, and the breadth of the valleys and foot-hills, between the shore line and the mountains, may be averaged at from ten to thirty miles.

The traveler who views this region from the deck of a steamer, can form but a poor idea of its wonderfully attractive features. The majestic mountains forming the back ground to the constantly changing panorama, it is true, present suggestions of grandeur and repose; but the comparatively sparsely settled fields and valleys which intervene, fail to meet the expectations of the tourist who has been accustomed to read the glowing accounts, or listen to the descriptions, of those who have

visited and made themselves familiar with this delightful region. The orange groves, the vineyards, the almond and walnut plantations, the orchards bending with their loads of fruit—all these things are to be seen only by those who find time to explore the valleys and the hillsides, where as yet they flourish best. Once seen, however, all doubt as to the true character of the region quickly vanishes; and there are but few who, having once seen, do not resolve to make homes here, or if unable to do so, do not express their regret that fortune does not favor them in their wishes.

A romantic glamour overhangs the region. Before the Declaration of Independence was framed, this portion of California had been settled by Spanish missionaries; and the missions and churches which they founded remain, many of them intact, and are still the places of worship; others have yielded to the touch of “time's effacing finger,” and are but piles of ruins. Wherever the sites of these churches and missions are found, however, they present objects of profound interest; not only because of their venerable antiquity, but as indicating the intelligent foresight of their founders. Wherever they were planted, to this day remain the elements of thriving, prosperous and populous communities; and as the knowledge of what, under the peculiar conditions of the soil and climate, is necessary for the development of the resources of the locality increases among the present occupants, and as the necessity of utilizing all these elements becomes daily more and more apparent, so does the wisdom of these pioneers reveal itself more clearly.

A soil of exhaustless fertility, and the propinquity of bodies of water sufficient for the purposes of irrigation, were to them the *sine qua non*, the germs, so to speak, without which no foundation of a church was ever laid. In one particular instance, a fuller reference to which will be made in the course of these pages, this foresight on the part of the Missionary Fathers has been recently demonstrated in a singularly marked manner. But it would be idle in a mere introductory sketch to hope to be able to convey any idea of the beauty or fertility of the region whose general outlines merely are indicated above. The object aimed at in the present volume, is to bring permanently into notice the county of Los Angeles, or, more properly, Semi-tropical California; its resources, and the advantages which it offers to the emigrant; its just claims to the title of the commercial center of what must in the near future become a sovereign State, and a great one; the fact that it must, in the nature of things, become the focal point at which a great railroad system must inevitably

converge; that here the soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to the production of certain staple articles with which the markets of the world never have been and never will be glutted; that with a small capital, industry and economy, forty, twenty, ten acres of land, will in time yield an income greater than can be derived from an equal space in any other locality; and that, in addition to these things, health and the advantages of a comprehensive public school system offer themselves to the resident.

It is not part of the task undertaken, or in accordance with the wishes of the writer, to detract from the claims of any other part of the delightful region which we name in our title page. But the palm is claimed for this section. The reader who shall follow us through these pages is asked to take the assurance home to him, that the endeavor is made to present nothing but facts, and if it be the case that he is in search of a home, to rest assured that here is to be found a region in which plenty and prosperity are the reward of industry and toil. Homes ready made are to be had for ready money; but the new comer who has his own way to make, may expect here, as elsewhere, to pass through the usual ordeals which wait upon the experimentalist; but he may be sure of a rich return if he bends himself with energy, patience and perseverance, to the task before him.

16

## CHAPTER I.

THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES—A CURSORY GLANCE—ITS RAILROADS AND FACILITIES OF INTERCOURSE—ITS WATER SUPPLY—ITS PRESS, HOTELS, SCHOOLS, SOCIETIES AND CHURCHES—THE COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTER OF THE POPULATION OF LOS ANGELES.

THE city of Los Angeles (the “City of the Queen of the Angels;” or, as the native Californians have it, *el Pueblo de la Reina de Los Angeles* ) has been for years the center of a constantly increasing circle of admirers. Rarely, indeed, is it visited by a stranger who does not leave it with regret, or make up his mind to return. As for its fixed and settled population, if they do not say of it, as it is asserted the Neapolitans say of Naples, “See Los Angeles and die,” they do better, and say, “Come

to Los Angeles and live.” The regard of the Los Angelian for the place of his domicile soon grows into a passionate attachment; and, whether spending a few days in the metropolis of the State, or wandering on pleasure or on business bent, through stranger continents, he counts only that day happy which shall restore him to his home. The charm of antiquity attaches itself to the history of the city, the settlement of which antedates, by many years, the earliest American emigration to this coast. The Anglo-Saxon pioneer found here a pueblo, the site of which had been selected with that almost intuitive recognition of the fitness of locality which seemed to be a characteristic of the founders of the early Spanish settlements in the Occident. Every day serves to confirm the wisdom of the projectors of the city of Los Angeles. Its growth is healthy, steady and constant. No more comprehensive statement of its peculiar advantages has ever been made, than is to be found in a remark of one of the more prominent attachés of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, who, a short time since, visited this section in an official capacity, and after a careful survey of the county, and an exhaustive and intelligent review of its resources, 17 remarked to the writer, “Los Angeles city has a proud future before it, even if it had nothing but its own county to depend upon. It is the commercial center of a self-sustaining region.”

The reader who makes himself familiar with the following pages cannot fail to be impressed with the truthfulness of the remark. Corn, wheat, rye, barley and oats among the grains; oranges, lemons, limes, olives, pomegranates, bananas, citron, among the semi-tropical fruits; English walnuts, almonds, filberts, among the nuts; apples, pears, peaches, apricots, nectarines, in fact, all of the fruits of the temperate zone in perfection and boundless profusion, vegetables of every description, tobacco and hops among the productions which require exceptional conditions for their proper development—all find in Los Angeles county a natural home, and are tributary to the city's growth and prosperity.

The city itself occupies an area of about six miles square, and is so located as to embrace within its limits a most agreeable diversity of hill and plain, and to afford, from almost any point, a matchless panorama of mountain, valley, orchard, vineyard, and the distant sea-coast, with the island of Santa Catalina far beyond.



To the gratification thus afforded to the æsthetic taste, is to be added the assurance of a future career of undiminished and constantly increasing prosperity. Years ago, before the real march of improvement in which she has already made such giant strides had commenced, a writer in the leading commercial journal of San Francisco predicted the future greatness of Los Angeles, and that, too, before a railroad tie had been laid—almost before the adobe buildings of the old Spanish pueblo had given place to any one of the long lines of modern edifices which now adorn her principal streets, and many of which vie in elegance and beauty with the most pretentious structures of older and far larger cities.

To-day there are four lines of railroads centering in the city—the Wilmington road, connecting Los Angeles and Wilmington harbor, twenty-three miles; the Spadra road, thirty miles; the San Fernando, twenty-two miles; and the Anaheim road, twenty-eight miles. The latter will be extended without delay to Santa Ana, several miles further and perhaps beyond; the 18 Spadra route will, it is believed, be pushed onward to San Bernardino, thirty miles further, within a twelvemonth; the San Fernando road is the first link in the San Francisco chain. All of these roads are already doing an excellent business, and in the very nature of things must continue to be, as they are now, tributary to the legitimate development of the city's commercial importance. The real growth of the city does not date back further than six years. Within that time it has changed so much, and so much, too, for the better, that those who have been absent for that length of time would hardly recognize it, except for the old landmarks which remain. Between April, 1874, and September of the same year, at least \$300,000 have been expended in the erection of business houses and residences. Within the period which includes the greatest degree of the growth and development of Los Angeles, it can be truly said that its citizens have had many things of an untoward nature to contend with. Nevertheless, they have not been unmindful to foster those particular interests upon which the real, solid prosperity of a community so largely depends. A public library association has been formed, and the nucleus of an institution which is destined to be the pride of its citizens has been placed upon a substantial and enduring basis. A public school house, thoroughly equipped with all modern appliances, has been erected at a cost of \$30,000; its educational department placed under the superintendence of Dr. Wm. T. Lucky, a gentleman of thirty-three years' experience in the science

of teaching. The Catholics, Episcopalians, German Evangelists, Methodists, and Congregationalists, have neat and commodious churches. There is also a Jewish synagogue which is one of the most elegant and showy buildings in the city. The Methodist church south are about to erect a fine house of worship; a cathedral to cost some \$50,000 is in course of construction. There are also organized Presbyterian and Baptist churches, for which buildings will doubtless be erected during the coming season. The fraternal and charitable associations of the city must not be passed by without mention. They consist of three Odd Fellow's lodges, two Masonic, besides a Chapter and a Council of the higher degrees; two of Red Men; one of Knights of Pythias; one each of Good Templars, Sons of Temperance 19 and Champions of the Red Cross; a Jewish, French and Irish benevolent society; and an organization of Turners; a French hospital, and one under the supervision of the Sisters of Charity. Its private institutions of learning consist of a Catholic college for boys, a young ladies school in charge of the Sisters, and Lawlor Institute. There are three daily and four weekly papers published in the English language, one weekly in the German, and one semi-weekly in the Spanish—all flourishing and all well patronized.

The hotel accommodations of the city compare favorably with those of any city in the State. The Pico House, situated on Main street (as indeed all four of the leading hotels are), its eastern side fronting the plaza, is one hundred and twenty-five feet square, three stories high, cost originally \$48,000, and was furnished at a cost of \$34,000. It has eighty-two rooms, including twenty-one suites, elegantly furnished throughout, and provided with bath rooms and whatever else can contribute to the comfort of its guests. It is lighted throughout with gas. The parlor is eighteen by thirty-four feet, handsomely furnished, and is daily the center and rallying point of a refined and accomplished circle of permanent and transient guests. Under the able management of Mr. Charles Knowlton, the affairs of the establishment glide on smoothly, and “complaint” is a word unknown in its vocabulary.

The Clarendon was formerly known as the Bella Union. There is no more popular holstery on the coast. J. A. Brown presides over its destinies. It has one hundred and twenty rooms, including twenty-five suites. Fifty of the rooms have been added during the present season. It is provided with bath rooms, billiard rooms, and, of course, lighted throughout with gas. The cuisine of the

Clarendon meets with unqualified praise, and its elegant parlors and reading-room are places of general resort. The furniture and other appointments are first class.

Immediately opposite the Clarendon is the Lafayette, under the supervision of the popular old resident, Chris. Fluhr, and his recently admitted partner, Gerson. The Lafayette has a frontage on Main street of one hundred and twelve feet, and its white facade lends an air of elegance and homelike comfort, 20 which its interior appointments in no way belie. There are about one hundred rooms, including a number of suites, furnished with rare taste and elegance. Bath and toilet rooms, and all modern conveniences, add to the comfort and convenience of the guests.

The old favorite "United States" is known from Klamath to San Diego as the U.S. Everybody calls it the U.S. These two letters form its popular title. The building cost \$40,000 and the furniture \$20,000. It contains seventy-four rooms, including twelve suites. Forty of the rooms have been added during the present season to meet the constantly increasing demand for accommodations.

In addition to the above, Mr. Signoret has just completed an elegant hotel with about forty rooms, and a large number of commodious buildings have been erected, with a view to the accommodation of transient as well as permanent boarders.

There are three banks, the Farmers and Merchants,' Temple and Workman's, and the Los Angeles County Savings bank, representing an actual capital of \$900,000.

Among other public institutions is a well organized and effective Chamber of Commerce. The city is also the seat of organization of the Southern District Agricultural Society, which has already held four annual fairs, and has a long life of usefulness before it. The Sixth and Spring street railroad is in successful operation, and two more roads are projected, and will doubtless soon be constructed.

The city is well supplied with water from the Los Angeles river, while the more elevated portions are to be furnished with this necessary element by a private enterprise, the success of which is already demonstrated. The supply of water is ample for a city of ten times the present population

when properly utilized. Gas works, which are now in process of enlargement, furnish an excellent quality of this necessary article.

Among its many attractions, Los Angeles possesses a climate whose equability and delightfulness cannot be excelled. Flowers bloom in the open air the whole year round. There is not a month in the year in which fruit of some description is not ripening. Orange, lime and lemon plantations and vineyards surround the city, and the proprietors of these charming estates take pleasure in exhibiting their beauties to visitors from abroad. Let us glance at the attractions offered to the tourist and resident by this beautiful city. No person who visits California from abroad can be said to have completed his tour unless he has thoroughly inspected this city and its surroundings. Further advanced in its semi-tropical productions than any other part of the State, the city and its vicinity thronged with memories of a by-gone age, and a population of foreign habits and birth, it presents a number of interesting features for examination not to be found elsewhere, and well worthy of careful inspection.

A distinguishing feature of the city is the cosmopolitan character of its population. It is a veritable polyglot in the matter of languages. English, French, Spanish, German, greet the ear at every turn. Men of a dozen different nationalities may be met in an hour's walk. For all this, it is safe to say that there is less clannishness, and fewer exhibitions of partisan feeling in Los Angeles than in any city of its size in the country. A general desire to advance the common interests of the community seems to be the pervading spirit; and the incoming elements seem to assimilate and become part of the whole, with a singular, but none the less gratifying alacrity. Taking it for all in all, Los Angeles may, with propriety, be presented as the type of a prosperous and progressive city, offering every desirable inducement to the seeker after a home, in which will be found united all the elements of soil, climate, and whatever else is most to be desired in the premises. It may truthfully be said that the most glowing accounts of the charms of the city of Los Angeles which may be given will be found to have left the half of them untold.

## AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL SKETCH—THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES NEARLY ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD—WHEN AND BY WHOM IT WAS FOUNDED.

ON the 26th of August, 1781, Felipe de Nieve, Governor of California, issued an order, dated at the Mission of San Gabriel, directing how and where the town of the Queen of the Angels should be established. The care manifested by this officer respecting the location of the town, in a sanitary point of view, might well be followed by other authorities. This town was founded by men discharged from military service, and who had been stationed previously at the Mission of San Gabriel, nine miles distant, which mission was founded in 1771. These latter facts and date leave no room to doubt the correctness of the date of the order of Nieve; and that the order preceded the founding of this town is evident upon its face, as it directs not only how the town should be laid out, but where it shall be located.

As the founders of the town were military men relieved or discharged from service at the Mission of San Gabriel, and as the order for the founding of the town was dated at San Gabriel, and as the Governor was the chief military officer of the country, the presumption is, that the discharge of soldiers, who founded this town, the order for its founding and its settlement, were contemporary events. The foundation of the city, therefore, is to be dated from September, 1781.

A few years ago, Col. J. J. Warner, who came to this section of country in 1832, contributed the following interesting sketch to a California periodical:

“The city of Los Angeles was founded on the fourth day of September, 1781, in conformity with the laws of Spain, providing for the settlement and organization of towns (pueblos), or municipal communities. The founders of the town had, mostly, 23 if not all, been soldiers; and, although relieved from active service, were entitled to and continued to receive pay and rations during the supremacy of the Spanish government in California. The settlement consisted of twelve families. One of the settlers was a widower having one child, a daughter, aged eleven years. The others were all married, and eight of them had children. The eldest of the settlers was sixty-seven years old, one was fifty-five, and three were fifty years of age, and one was forty-two, and the others were from

nineteen—the youngest an Indian—to thirty-eight. The average age of the twelve male settlers was thirty-nine and two thirds years. There were eleven married women. The whole number of children were twenty-three, only three of which were over ten years old. Eleven of the children were boys and twelve were girls. The community numbered in all forty-six souls. Of the twelve men, heads of families, two were Spaniards, two mulattoes, two negroes, four Indians, one Chinaman and one half-breed (Indian and negro.) Of the women, six were mulattoes and five were Indians. The adults were natives of Lower California, Sonora, and Sinaloa, excepting the two Spaniards and the Chinaman.

“Each family was furnished from the royal treasury with two oxen, two mules, two mares, two sheep, two goats, two cows with one calf, one ass and one hoe, and to the community the necessary tools of a cart maker. These articles, inclusive of the live stock, were all charged to the individuals or the community, at a price established by the government, and that amount was to be deducted, in small installments, from their pay.

“For the town site a parallelogram one hundred varas long by seventy-five in width was laid out. Upon three sides of this twelve were house lots, each forty by twenty varas, excepting the two corner lots, which, fronting in part on two sides of the square, were of a different figure. One half the remaining side of the parallelogram was open, the other half was for the guard-house, royal officers and a granary. The location of this town site was above, or north-east of the present Catholic church site. The guard-house and royal building which occupied the west half of the southwestern side of the parallelogram were on the opposite side of Main street from Campbell's store. The four 24 lines of the parallelogram, instead of running toward the four cardinal points, were about equi-distant between these points. An irrigating ditch, bringing the water from the river, passed along to the east of, and in the rear of, and close to those lots on the south-east corner of the square. Thirty fields for cultivation were also laid out. Twenty-six of these fields contained each forty thousand square varas. They were, with the exception of four, which were three hundred varas by one hundred, two hundred varas square, and separated by lanes three varas wide. These fields were located between the river and the irrigating ditch, and mostly above a line running direct, and nearly east from the located town site to the river. The distance from the irrigating ditch to the river

across these fields, was upward of twelve hundred varas. At that time the river ran along by where now stands the houses of Julian Chavis and Elijah Moulton, and the easternmost of these fields were close to the river.

“It is evident that when the town was laid out, the bluff bank which, in modern times, extended from Aliso street up by the Stearns' mill to the toma, did not exist, but was made when the river moved near the town.

“The surnames of the twelve settlers were Lara, Navarro, Rosas, Mesa, Villavicencio, Banegas, Rosas, Rodriguez, Camero, Quintero, Mereno and Rodriguez. Subsequent to the settlement of the town, the river abandoned its bed, and moved to the west side of all the fields, and flowed along where the Eagle mill now stands, and where Alameda street is now located. The old fields were either washed away or covered up with sand by the change of the river's bed. In 1825, the river again left its bed, and made a new one nearly intermediate between the two preceding ones.

“From its settlement the growth of the town was very slow for a period of fifty years. Its growth was dependent upon the natural increase of the settlers by additional soldiers, as they were from time to time relieved from active service and permitted to make the town of Los Angeles their residence.

“About 1836 the town was created a city and made the capital of Alta California by act of the Mexican Congress, and the Governor, Don Carlos Carrillo, during his brief administration, made it the seat of the civil government. After the 25 expulsion of Micheltoreno it again became the seat of government under the administration of Don Pio Pico, in 1844, and so continued until the emigration, in August, 1846, of the Mexican authorities upon the occupation of California by the United States forces.

“The corporate limits of the city extend one Spanish league north, east and west, and one Spanish league and four hundred yards south from the center of the plaza. The Los Angeles river, originally

called the Porciuncula, flows through the city limits, a little east of the center, in nearly a south course.”

26

### **CHAPTER III.**

SUBSEQUENT HISTORY—HOW LOS ANGELES FIGURED IN THE MEXICAN WAR—THE FIRST SURVEY—THE MARVELOUS GROWTH OF THE CITY AND IMPROVEMENT OF ITS SOCIETY—THE IMPETUS GIVEN COMMERCE AND AGRICULTURE BY THE AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN ELEMENT—SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA THE PLACE FOR MECHANICS, FARMERS AND UNSKILLED LABORERS.

IN 1846 Los Angeles was captured from the Mexicans, after two sharply-contested battles—the first at the crossing of the San Gabriel river, and the other upon the mesa in front of the town, in both of which the Mexican troops were defeated. The movement was handsomely conceived and executed. Commodore Stockton sent up a detachment of marines, who formed a junction with General Kearny at the river. After the two successful engagements mentioned above, the soldiers and marines marched into and occupied the place, and were soon after joined by the command of General Fremont, who came by the way of Santa Barbara. Fortifications were at once erected upon the hill north-west of the town, but subsequently our troops were compelled to abandon their position, and retreated to San Pedro, closely followed by the enemy.

The war between our government and Mexico, in a short time after, ceased to exist; California became a Territory of the United States, and, legally, Los Angeles was no longer a Mexican pueblo, but a “burg” of the great Yankee nation. At this time the population approximated two thousand. There were no brick houses, and but few wooden ones, as all lumber in those “primitive” times had to be made with a whip-saw, which would probably have been the case to-day, had there been no chapter entitled the “Mexican War” in the history of America. In 1853, many Americans and Europeans had become residents, and improvements were commenced forthwith. 27 Dwellings and stores sprung up with great rapidity, and the town at once assumed pretensions of some magnitude.



The first survey was made by Pacificus Ord, and is at present the governing map of the city. At this time, as might have been expected, there was considerable bitter feeling against the Federal Government and its upholders by the native population. The latter refused to sell, or even to rent property to the new comers; and in a short time the business was forced from the plaza to the street above, which is the main thoroughfare, and the principal business street of the city. The bitter feeling engendered by the war, however, gradually dismissed itself, and the two parties soon mixed in social and commercial concert together. This, I may add, was to a great extent due to the wisdom and cosmopolitan generosity of Dr. Griffin, who celebrated himself in his exertions to produce harmony between the two people, and to win the good will of the entire community.

I first visited Los Angeles in 1867. Crooked, ungraded, unpaved streets; low, lean, rickety, adobe houses, with flat asphaltum roofs, and here and there an indolent native, hugging the inside of a blanket, or burying his head in a gigantic watermelon, were the, then, most notable features of this quondam Mexican town. But a wonderful change has come over the spirit of its dream, and Los Angeles is at present—at least to a great extent—an American city. Adobes have given way to elegant and substantial dwellings and stores; the customs of well-regulated society have proved to be destructive elements in opposition to lawlessness and crime; industry and enterprise have now usurped the place of indolence and unproductiveness; and places of public worship, institutions of learning, newspapers, hotels, banks, manufactories, etc., produce ornamental dottings throughout a city, the site of which might have been dedicated by nature as a second Eden, without the least possibility of her handiwork being subjected to critical test.

As has been stated, the city of Los Angeles is six miles square, and is built partly upon a level plain, with a slight decline toward the south. The population at present is about thirteen thousand, and is rapidly increasing. The city is favored by miles of vineyards, and presents the appearance of a vast collection of gardens, in which all the semi-tropical productions 28 successfully grow and ripen. There are various kinds of fruit in their most luscious stages of maturity at all times of the year, while the perfume of myriads of plants and flowers diffuses itself through the air, alike in spring, summer, autumn and winter.

Among the chief attractions of Los Angeles is the excellent and unique style of fencing employed in enclosing the vineyards and the irrigating ditches which course through the city in every conceivable direction. These are called “zanjas,” and are in charge of an officer who is called the “zanjero,” whose duty it is to keep the ditches in repair, and who is held responsible for a fair and equal distribution of the water, which is almost as precious as gold. Many of the fences consist of willow trees, planted from ten to twenty inches apart, the spaces between which, when the trunks are in their infancy, being filled with brush and branches.

Like many other sections of California, this city has had its share of murders, homicides, robberies, and general lawlessness. Indeed, it has been stated that more violent deaths have occurred in Los Angeles than in any other agricultural section or county in the State. There have been several vigilance committees during the past ten years; and notwithstanding the usual legal opposition, they are admitted to have been productive of great good, and of ridding the community of several desperate murderers and thieves. It is at present one of the most law-abiding, and one of the best governed cities in the State. A large proportion of the population of the municipality is made up of American and Europeans, and during the past ten years they have opened out, in their characteristic manner, all over the country, the branches of industry which represent the arts and sciences, and commerce and agriculture.

The different nationalities have all contributed to the development of Los Angeles—Banning, Stearns, Temple, Wilson, Kewen, Tomlinson, Hamilton, Griffith, Howard, Alexander, Nichols, Mallard, and other Americans; Downey, Keller, King, Boyle and Den, Irishmen; Sainsevaine, Ducommon, Myer, Marchesault, Frenchmen; Kramer, Newmark, Lazard, Hellman, Hebrews; and Kohler, Frohling, Fleur and Coll, Germans—and a great many others.

## 29

As a general thing the natives of the soil are engaged in ranching, sheep-herding, and in laboring in the vineyards and orange-groves. A great portion of them are very poor and ignorant. This is the case, however, in other sections of country all over the world. The very nature of the vocation

of these unfortunate sons of toil unmistakably precludes the possibility of their attainment to any degree of intellectual cultivation or knowledge of the arts and sciences.

To a laborer, however, accustomed to farmwork, Semi-tropical California offers superior inducements. He, above all others, is never out of employ—his wages averaging from three to four dollars the year round. Mechanics are also in demand—getting the same wages as in San Francisco: Carpenters \$5 a day; bricklayers, \$5; plasterers, \$6; stonecutters, \$5; blacksmiths, from \$4 to \$5 (in gold), eight hours constituting a legal day's work. It must be remembered that flour, meat and potatoes—the three great staples that keep the stove of physical life burning—have been for three years past, and are now, selling at from twenty to sixty per cent. less than they are bringing in New York. At present, flour may be bought for six and seven dollars per barrel, beef at ten and fifteen cents per pound, and potatoes at one dollar per one hundred pounds. An inkling of how the workingmen of this coast progress in saving money, is got at in the fact that the savings institutions of San Francisco, almost entirely patronized by the laboring class of that city, hold deposits amounting to \$17,000,000 in gold.

Look this way, ye seekers after homes and happiness! ye honest sons of toil, and ye *pauvres miserables* who are dragging out a horrible life in the purlieus of large eastern cities! Semi-tropical California welcomes you all.

A man cannot get first-class land in or right near the city without paying a pretty round price for it—say from ten dollars to one hundred dollars an acre. The investment of from twenty-five hundred to five thousand dollars, however, will purchase a fine piece of vineyard land, that will make a fortune every year after the lapse of eight years. In the meantime, the farmer may raise enough grain to keep his family, and make something besides.

### 30

There are four lines of daily travel at present between the city of Los Angeles and San Francisco, and many others are projected. The splendid and substantial vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company make six or eight trips per month, and so also do the steamers of the Goodall, Nelson &

Perkins line. Stages run daily each way *via* San Fernando and Bakersfield; and up and down the coast, *via* Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo and other delightful cities lying west of the Sierras.

31

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE CLIMATE AND HEALTHFULNESS OF LOS ANGELES—THE MOST CHARMING CLIMATE IN THE WORLD THE YEAR ROUND, AND THE MOST EQUABLE TEMPERATURE TO BE FOUND IN THE NORTH TEMPERATE ZONE—FIGURES AND FACTS BY M'PHERSON.

THE climate of Los Angeles is genial, and noted for its healthfulness, and it is as equable as any in the world. During the warm season, or summer months, from May to October, inclusive, the mercury seldom rises above 90°, the average being from 60° to 70°. This heat is tempered by cooling winds from the ocean between meridian and sunset, and by breezes from the mountain gaps during the night.

During what may be termed the winter months 50° will mark, on an average, the mean temperature, and water is never congealed. The very fact that many persons wear overcoats at night, and sleep in blankets the year round, and that all field work from January to December is performed by laborers in their shirt sleeves, presents a better and more unequivocal illustration of the equability of the weather, perhaps, than any other incident that I might cite. A large proportion of the winter favors that delightful and exquisite interlude of weather in the east, between fall and winter, known as Indian summer. The healthfulness of this section is unquestionable, and is second to none in the world.

What is generally known as the rainy season commences in November, and lasts three or four months. Our friends in the east, it is a curious fact, who have never visited this coast, erroneously imagine that during the “wet season”—called so in contradistinction to the dry months—rain never ceases to descend. This popular error is corrected by glancing at weather tables, which invariably

show that here during the wet season there is not only less rain, but more fair and beautiful days than 32 in that portion of the United States between the Mississippi river and the Atlantic Ocean.

During the latter part of April and the first of May, for two or three weeks, and sometimes in October and November, light fogs make their appearance at intervals, and linger until about noon; during other portions of the year an occasional fog rolls up, but it is speedily dissipated by the sun.

If the eastern invalids—those who go to Cuba and Florida in the winter, to return to their homes in the spring, to die; or who make long and tedious voyages to the Mediterranean Sea, merely to coquette with death—could only be made acquainted with the remarkable climate of Los Angeles, its charming equability and rare healthfulness, how many, many hundreds of lives might be spared yearly, and how many delicate constitutions might be made strong forever. And where the seeds of that fell destroyer, consumption, have only been sown, how easy it would be to root them up, if the place to do so were only more generally known. Let us examine these matters closely and carefully. In seeking relief from consumption, in its earlier stages, by change of climate or change of condition, when a person is predisposed to the disease, a number of points are to be considered. Before we examine these, it would be proper to inquire into the nature and cause of the disease. It is now, we believe, generally admitted by the medical scientists that consumption is more a disease of defective nutrition than originally a disease of the lungs themselves. In fact, the disease may develop in the mesenteric glands of the abdomen, and the subject die of *labies mesenterica* (consumption of the bowels), without hardly affecting the lungs. In the full belief of this, witness the universally accepted method of treatment. The attempt is to sustain the individual by the most concentrated and nutritious forms of diet, such as concentrated extracts of beef, sirloin steaks rare-cooked, the fatty and nutritious oils, of which the pure cod liver ranks among the best. To digest and assimilate these, the parties are instructed to live as much as possible in the open air; to rest from mental, and take to muscular exercise; to protect the extremities, that the circulation may be assisted upon the surface at the distant capillaries.

This being the best and most rational mode of treatment, the 33 question immediately arises: “What climate most naturally brings about these results?” Cuba and Florida, and portions of Texas and

Louisiana, and the countries that border the Mediterranean Sea, have a higher temperature in winter than the New England, Middle or Western States, or even the Southern States, and most of the States west of the Mississippi river, that portion of California south of Monterey county alone excepted; and, as in the first named countries, the invalid will burn up less of the carbonaceous matter than in the last named, they are so far more advantageous. But they are lands whose atmosphere is constantly loaded with moisture, and therefore damp, depressing and injurious. On the other hand, Semi-tropical California, and Los Angeles in particular, has a dry, clear, bracing, and invigorating atmosphere; and, although the nights are clear and cool, and sometimes cold, the air is too dry to make the depression of mercury sensibly or painfully affect the patient. In winter, the days are generally warm and pleasant; in spring, summer, and autumn, the nights invariably are cool, permitting the invalid to have that which his system so much needs—a delicious and a refreshing slumber, waking in the morning with an excellent appetite, with power to digest and assimilate more food of a nutritious quality even than in Minnesota, which has, by years of experience, been shown to be superior to either Cuba or Florida.

There is another cause of defective nutrition and consumption which must not be overlooked. The reason is not so well understood, but the truth is nevertheless apparent—that persons shut out from the light of day are more predisposed to consumption (such as clerks, book-keepers, bankers, and all those whose sedentary occupations confine them to ill-lighted rooms) than any other class. For the constant sunlight is everything. And certainly there are more sunny days in Los Angeles than in any other part (of the temperate zone) of the world.

Purity of atmosphere is another great desideratum. Florida and Cuba, and most of the Italian landscapes, are covered with a rank, rich growth of tropical vegetation, saturated always with moisture, and undergoing a constant and rapid decomposition. The purity of the air of Los Angeles is remarkable. Vegetation dries up before it dies, and hardly ever seems to decay. Meat suspended in the air dries up, but never rots. The air, when inhaled, gives to the individual a stimulus and vital force which only an atmosphere so pure can ever communicate.

The facts are that no one can take up a long residence in Semi-tropical California, having predisposed tendencies to consumption, or in the early stages only of the disease, who is not immediately relieved, while many pronounce themselves cured.

While this is so with consumption, it is even more so with asthma. There are a number of other diseases for which the climate of Los Angeles offers superior advantages over those of any other countries in the world—such as diseases of the liver, spleen and general depression of the nervous system. In fact, the general climate of Semi-tropical California, and Los Angeles in particular, by its general invigorating influence, would be beneficial to an invalid in almost every case, on account of the remarkable tonic qualities of its atmosphere.

The subject of healthfulness is the most important one in the world, and especially so to the valetudinarian. In this matter I prefer to present a chapter written by Major Wm. McPherson, a literary gentleman of culture and travel, rather than one made from my own collections and observation.

There are many persons in the east, entirely unacquainted with the climate, healthfulness and resources of this beautiful section, who, upon perusing the delightful book of the Major, would charge upon him the offense of exaggeration. They could hardly commit a greater error. For, really, the popular McPherson has hardly said as much as he might of the charms and attractions of Semi-tropical California. The following is all that need be said further, on this important subject, and will conclude the chapter:

“One of the very first questions arising in the mind of the distant reader, who may chance to have his thoughts directed toward Southern California, with a view of making it a home, would be that of climate—temperature; for upon these must depend the amount of labor necessary to the culture of the great staples of food, and, what is more primarily essential, the condition of physical health superinduced thereby. One of the most important attractions of Los Angeles county is the 35 salubrity of its climate; and if its advantages in this respect were known throughout the United States, it would become the sanitarium of the Union. An examination of the books of

Blodget, Loomis and Herschal, will show that no other portion of the country has a climate so favorable, from January to December, to animal life as that belt of country between the Coast Range mountains—commencing at Santa Barbara and ending at San Diego—in the middle of which lies Los Angeles, with her sea-belt of ninety miles, from twenty-five to fifty miles in width. ‘No nation bred in an arctic or torrid climate has ever become prominent in science, art or literature. In an intensely cold climate, the open air is avoided, and the people shut themselves up in close, unventilated houses, breathe infected air, and neglect to keep the pores open. Such life is the hot-bed of pulmonary diseases.’ In the States, like those along the Atlantic slope, the Middle States and the Gulf States, where the summer is so oppressive, the people avoid exertion, ‘the muscular system is not properly developed, and the body has not proper reserve of force to overcome an exceptional disturbance of its functions.’

“Extraordinary alternations of temperature in the eastern portion of the Union are very great—being about 41° during the year—a condition which the throng of invalids seeking restoration in this golden clime but too plainly proves, is disastrous to health. The great heat of the day still radiates slowly in the humid atmosphere, and hence makes the earlier portion of the nights little less tolerable than the day; and the loss of that “sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” is a frequent occurrence. In Europe, the chief center of civilization, there is found a monthly range of about 30°, and an absolute range of 90°. January, on the line from London to Constantinople, varies from 37° to 41°, and July from 62° to 75°. In South Europe and Northern Africa, Asia Minor and Palestine, January has usually a mean temperature between 40° and 50° and July, between 70° and 80°. The temperate zone, in Eastern Asia, is like that in the Atlantic States. ‘Everywhere we find winter too cold, or summer too hot.’ Compare, however, the following mean temperature of the three coast counties of Southern California:

“January: Santa Barbara, 54° Los Angeles, 52° San Diego, 36 52°. July: Santa Barbara, 71° Los Angeles, 75° San Diego, 72°.

“It will be seen that the absolute range of the thermometer is less here than in any part of the Atlantic States or Europe.



“The rainy season is usually later in Southern California than the other portions of the State. The condition of the year may be divided into the wet and dry seasons. The latter extending from November to April, inclusive, with an occasional shower in May and October.

“At London and Amsterdam, there are about sixty unclouded days in the year. At New York, one hundred. At Los Angeles, two hundred and forty. There are many striking evidences of the dryness of the atmosphere here. A slice of steak hung up in the open air, dries up without taint or putrefaction. It is not uncommon to see by the road-side the carcass of a cow or horse dried up like a mummy, without a single rent of the hide, with the hair intact, as when it fell. Iron may be left in the open air for months without oxidation. Even in the great interior valleys, shut out from the sea breeze by the coast range, where it is much warmer, so rarified is the air, and so sudden the evaporation of perspiration, that the heat is felt far less than in the valley of the Mississippi with its gulf breeze.

“The deaths for each one thousand inhabitants, in several of the leading cities of the United States, are presented in the following table, and the comparison cannot fail to be suggestive:

St. Louis 21 New York 29 San Francisco 21 New Orleans 37

Boston 24 Los Angeles 13

Chicago 24 San Diego 13

Philadelphia 25 Santa Barbara 13

Baltimore 27

“Cold with moisture leads to pulmonary diseases; heat with moisture leads to malarial fevers; and pulmonary and malarial affections are two of the main classes of mortal disease. Fevers carry off about fourteen per cent. (malarial fevers) of the people of the Atlantic States directly; but indirectly they lead to a much larger proportion of deaths, for they there attack nearly everybody

at some period of life, and by enfeebling their system, prepare many to die by attacks of other diseases. In 37 Massachusetts twenty-nine per cent. of all the deaths are caused by the respiratory organs; in London, twenty-six per cent.; in Michigan, twenty-four per cent., and in New York city, twenty per cent. Proceeding southward toward the Gulf of Mexico, consumption decreases, but the more rapidly fatal disease of pneumonia takes its place, together with meningitis and nervous disorganization. It is safe to say, that one half of the people of the Atlantic, Middle and Gulf States, die directly or indirectly by disorders in the functions of the respiratory organs, or by fevers. From both these classes of disease, California, from Point Conception to San Diego, especially, is comparatively free. Blodgett, who published his works on climatology in 1857, was so favorably impressed with the salubrious points of California meteorology, that he felt no hesitancy in declaring that not more than four per cent. of the natives of California would die with consumption.

“The best medicine for consumption is a dry, warm, equable climate, as well as a great preventive of that dreaded disease. The patient wants an abundant supply of dry, fresh air, and as much exercise as he can stand without too severely taxing his strength. If he has an income sufficient for support, he will find nothing better than camping out in the midst of the grand scenery to be found among the mountain ranges, such as the big trees of Calaveras, the Yosemite valley, the hot springs of Calsitoga, and the magnificent pineries of Santa Cruz and Monterey counties. If he wants a permanent residence, no place is better than that portion of the coast of California, from Santa Barbara to San Diego. This district is far superior to the Rivera, Madeira, Minnesota or Florida, which have been so highly recommended. The following figures, representing the mean temperature of January and July, and the average annual rain-fall (in inches) in these places, and also in San Diego and Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, afford a subject well worthy of consideration:

Jan. July. Rain-fall.

San Diego 51° 71° 10

Santa Barbara 54° 71° 15

St. Augustin 57° 30° 55

St. Paul 13° 73° 30

Mentone 30° 69° 23

Funchal 60° 70° 00

Los Angeles 52° 73° 18

### 38

“St. Augustin is too warm in summer, and too damp throughout the year; and, as before indicated, the combination of heat and moisture produces malaria, with all its attendant and everready agents, to conspire against health and life. St. Paul is too cold in winter, and too moist the year round.

At Mentone, Dr. Bennett, who is recognized as the chief authority in favor of that place, tells his British patients they should return home at the close of autumn. At Funchal, the atmosphere is wet to saturation; but as the climate is very equable—as a place to die at, perhaps it is as good as any to those who stand by the forlorn hope.

“Of paramount concern to the immigrant, is the healthfulness of the place which is to be the locality of his future labors and the home for himself and family. What, to him, are fair fields and flowering meadows, buried in the tropical growth of fertile soils and tropical suns, if they generate fever-producing miasma and surcharged vapor? What are soft and perfumed breezes, if they waft the seeds of pestilence and death? What are the bountiful harvests of golden grain, and rich, mellow fruits, and all the wealth the world can yield, if disease must annually visit the threshold, and death take away, one by one, the loved and beautiful blossoms of the family? Compare the carefully arranged statistics in the preceding table, and then, as a thinking person, resolve the difference, according to the inexorable dictum of facts, between it and Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego, with their multitudinous valleys, sheltered from the strong winds of the

desert toward Arizona, on one hand, and the breeze of the Pacific on the other. It is well known that some of the richest portions of the Great West are so fruitful of the causes of disease as almost to preclude settlement, especially by Americans. Thousands of immigrants from the New England States, from Germany and Ireland, and Scandinavia, and, in fact, all the nationalities of Europe have been induced by the American Railroad subsidized (land) companies, to seek homes in the north-west, along the line of road, in Indiana, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, etc. These corporations sow their pamphlets, translated in the various languages, broadcast over the United States and Europe. Look at the pitiable catalogue of men, women and children that were frozen to death in January, 1873, in the State of 39 Minnesota! Hear the Governor of Minnesota on the climate of that State; a State liberally advertised to cure consumption:

“Governor Austin, in a message to the Minnesota Legislature (1873), sums up the casualties in that State as follows: [this is upon the terrible snow storms and winter of January, 1873.] ‘Frozen to death and bodies found, sixty-one; missing, seven; died within a short period of amputation, two. Total fatal results, seventy. Injured by reason of entire or partial loss of hands or feet, thirty-one. Total casualties, one hundred and one.’

“The thermometer forty degress below zero! But if the people will bear in mind that these are private corporations, with vast subsidies of land for sale, organized for private profit, they can readily distinguish between the brilliant pretenses thus set forth, and the statements of the disinterested citizens, who look forward only to the true and legitimate development of the country. The dryness of the air, the character of the soil, which retains no stagnant pools, as do the Atlantic and Gulf States, to send forth poisonous exhalations—the snow-drifted waters of the mountains, cheerfulness of its scenery, and the almost total absence of fog, the brilliancy of its sunlight, conspire to give these southern counties a climate of unrivaled salubrity, and to make them the home of a glad, joyous, and prosperous people, to become great in intellectual endowments, as well as physical prowess. And while the winds from the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico—cool and delicious though they be—are scattering through the Atlantic States, broadcast, the fruits of that horrible disease, consumption, while clouds of disastrous malaria are exhaled from the over-watered Gulf States, prostrating millions of human beings with fevers and all the concomitants

attending a much-medicined and prostrated constitution, Southern California offers an almost absolute immunity from these calamities and ills of life. Instead of the broad, shallow lake, or the wide, marshy river, on the east, and the interminable, deep forest on the south, both sending out the elements detrimental to life, in the July and August suns, here, the sunny home has its broad fields of grain, or vineyards, ripening in the rising sun, and the sea breeze from the south, odored with new mown hay, and the blossoming of over a thousand orchards, surround it with health and pleasure.”

40

## CHAPTER V.

SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA IN WINTER—VIEWS OF NOTED WRITERS—JOHN SHIRLEY WARD MAKES A COMPARISON OF THE WINTERS OF TENNESSEE AND LOS ANGELES—SUMMER TIME IN LOS ANGELES.

WHAT is winter, indeed, in almost every portion of the temperate zone north, elsewhere, is here the perfection of all that is agreeable and health-inspiring. The winter solstice partakes of that charming interlude of weather between the eastern autumn and winter, called Indian summer. The same balmy zephyrs breathe a delicious atmosphere from October to March. While all is rude, and cold, and leafless, and flowerless, and changeable in all of the States east of the Sierras, in Los Angeles wind and weather are almost perfection; and heaven and earth seemingly conspire, in sunshine and blue sky, in leaf and blossom, and golden fruit, to make this period the very crown of the year. From the plaza, down the long hazy sweep of the main thoroughfare of the city, all is wrapped in verdure and bloom. The bright pepper, and acacia, and eucalyptus trees stand full against the darkness of the orange and the lemon, the latter shedding lustre rather than shadow, however, from all sides of their gracefully penciled towers of everlasting leafage. The grass in the gardens, on each hand, is like the “freshly-broken emeralds” that Dante saw; hyacinths and tube roses are springing up, and every slope is inhabited by modest members of the flowery kingdom, while the ivy and honeysuckles, that climb over the porches of pleasant domestic altars, glitter with fresh tips of constant growth; and everywhere there are roses—such roses as rival those of Pæstum,

or of the Bosphorus—white, cream, blood-red, and plush—freighting the very atmosphere with their incomparable odors and aromatic sweets.

The drives which abound are pleasant, historical, and exhilarating. You may drive out to the delightful orange groves of the Stonemans, the Wilsons, the Kewens and the Roses, and 41 feast your eyes upon a miniature Paradise, and a cluster of gardens only approached, poetically, by what Aladdin's might have been; or you may visit the old church of San Gabriel, where the splash of fountains mingled its melody with the chants of neophytes long before the close of the hostilities which secured us national fame and freedom; or you may dash down to a beach where the foaming billows of the Pacific roll distantly away to a tropical southern sea; and when you return by the soft starlight of heaven's imperishable garniture, you may sit in the coolness of the evening, away into the twilight shadows, till there comes stealing upon nocturnal zephyrs the ravishing sweetness of myriads of flowers, which lose their fragrance lifting their cups to catch the dew which falls from heaven; and you may listen to the uncaged mocking-bird in every grove, and in almost every garden, as it makes night musical with the mimic notes of the whole tribe of feathered songsters at rest, a warbling that only ceases upon the piping of the linnet, which thrills the city with its morning songs.

This is a picture of Los Angeles in winter; there is no unwarranted color, nor exaggeration about it; in fact, the story of this delightful city is not all told—it would take volumes to do it in detail. I have yet to meet a person not charmed with Los Angeles—especially in winter.

In this connection, I wish to quote a letter entire, from the Nashville (Tenn.) Rural Sun, dated, “Los Angeles, December 9, 1873,” and entitled “Winter in Tennessee and in Los Angeles,” written by Mr. John Shirley Ward, an editor of Nashville, but who has since moved, with his family, to Semi-tropical California:

“Editors Rural Sun:—I believe I promised, before leaving Tennessee, that I would occasionally write a letter for your readers. Without having prepared anything especially for this letter, I propose to jot down such thoughts as may occur while I am writing:

“No letter, however truthfully or graphically written, can convey to our readers a correct idea of this country. Its climatic peculiarities, and its productions, are independent of the laws which govern such things in Tennessee. In the Middle 42 States, at this season, winter holds all nature in its icy thrall. The winds shriek their sad dirges through leafless boughs; the fallen leaves whirl in eddies before the blast; the cattle, shivering with cold, hug closely the southern side of the barn, and the people, with closed doors, talk of their supply of coal or wood, and speculate as to the probable length of the winter. This is a faint picture of winter, even in Tennessee. Here is a glimpse of our winter in Los Angeles: The winter rains have begun. Sitting at my window, two beautiful pictures are spread out before my sight. In an open yard before me, fuschias swing their graceful pendants in the air, geraniums and heliotropes, roses and verbenas, and hundreds of other delicate flowers, mingle their perfumes; while the ripening oranges and lemons swing, like golden censors, amid their emerald foliage. The “May pea” continues to bloom, and the tomato still yields its daily fruit. The vineyards, preparatory to a renewal of life, have shed their leaves, yet, occasional clusters of the most delicious grapes may be found on the branches. As I raise my eyes from this tropical picture, and gaze toward the north, how the brow of the Sierra Madre glimmers and glitters in its robe of snow! The mountain sides, up to a certain height, are clothed with green grass, and the robe of snow, now sparkling in the sunlight, seems like the bridal veil which winter has hung on the blushing brow of this soft, sunny land. Here summer and winter stand face to face. Here Flora and the Snow-king exchange their compliments. This is no fancy sketch, but is literally true.

“We would not have you understand that we have no cold weather here. The weather now is just cool enough to make a little fire pleasant, and in some localities in this country there has been light frost. We never have extremes of heat or cold, and therein consists the excellence of this climate.

“The country for miles around this city will, in a few years, be a tropical orchard. The orange, lemon, English walnut, lime, fig, citron, olive, almond, grape, apricot, apple, peach, pear, pomegranate, plum and cherry, grow here to a great perfection, while vegetables of all kinds grow to almost fabulous sizes. I saw a sweet potato, a few days ago, which weighed ten pounds, and an onion weighing two and three fourths pounds. 43 Beets, well, they stand out of the ground

like stumps standing in a Tennessee “new-ground,” and you cannot pass any farm without being reminded they are “some pumpkins,” for they literally cover the ground.

“The future wealth of this country will be its tropical fruits. An orange, lemon, lime, or walnut orchard, is better than a gold mine. Mr. Rose, who owns one of the most delightful orange groves in the country, has five hundred bearing orange trees, and he has just sold his crop for the snug little sum of \$15,000.

“For the benefit of those who have money invested in bonds, or lying idle, we submit the following figures as to what can be done by an investment in the orange business:

100 acres of land \$6,000

7,000 five-year old orange trees 7,000

Interest on \$13,000, for five years, at ten per cent 6,500

Services for attention and cultivation five years 5,000

Taxes and irrigation 500

Total cost of orchard at end of five years \$25,000

Fruit of seven thousand orange trees, at \$10 per tree, 70,000

“Thus it will be seen that an investment of \$25,000 will pay, in five years, after allowing ten per cent. interest, the sum of \$45,000, and the yearly income, after the five years, would be \$70,000. This calculation is based on \$10 per tree, while Mr. Rose has just sold his for \$30 per tree. At the end of five years the orange orchard would be worth \$1,000 per acre, thus realizing \$100,000 from an investment of only \$25,000. These profits seem fabulous, yet they are not visionary, as the same results, on a smaller scale, are more than realized here, by many persons now in the business.



“A company might be formed by a few men, and they could select a reliable agent to carry out its objects, without being compelled to move here. There are twenty-five young men in Nashville who could spare \$600 cash each, thus making \$15,000, which amount would purchase the land and set the orchard, and then a small annual contribution from each, for five years, would insure them a handsome little fortune. Young men of 44 Tennessee, who are looking out for a safe investment for a few hundred dollars, examine these figures. As there is but a small area, even here, where oranges can be grown successfully, there is no danger of flooding the market. The lime, a very profitable crop, and the lemon and walnut, might be grown to give variety.”

I take the following from the Indianapolis Journal, written by Mr. D. M. Berry, an old western editor and politician, and a gentleman of culture and travel:

“LOS ANGELES, CAL., December, 1873.

“The ancient hymnist who asserted, ‘December’s as pleasant as May,’ no doubt had a vision of Southern California before him when he sent this poetical problem into a sinful and disbelieving world. The truth of the statement may be disputed on the other side of the Sierras, but here it is accepted like beef-steak, or any other necessity. Two weeks ago the first shower of the season came down, and to-day the mountains are slowly creeping into the clouds again, as their custom before a rain. The panorama of cliff, and cañon, and precipice, with flying, flashing fields of light, pursued by dark, swift shadows, makes of the northern horizon a scene of unchanging beauty. As I watch the scene in its rare, fantastic showings, and breathe the summer air, fragrant with the perfume of heliotrope and roses, it seems unreal to read of snow-bound trains in the Eastern and Middle States.

“To-day, along the San Gabriel river, you may see Mexicans riding on horseback to pick the lofty ears of ripe corn, which grow above the reach of pedestrians, while in the gardens the second crop is being gathered for a dinner of green corn, with luscious strawberries for dessert. A shepherd dog is watching a herd of cashmere goats, whose long, silken fleeces, glisten in the sunlight. A Californian girl of twelve, with rope halter, and minus a saddle, is riding a mustang, clothes-pin fashion, and dashes by at a speed that rivals Ross Browne’s Norway girl. Along the river myriads of wild geese

and ducks are thronging for a winter home, and daily receiving accessions to their numbers, from Oregon, Alaska, and Washington territories. If 45 John C. Wright, John Bradshaw, and Fred. P. Rush, were here, there would be three happy souls with but a single thought, and the latter would forget to make his usual 'motion to adjourn.'

"On the uplands, the wheat, and barley and rye, are sown on the unplowed fields, and a picturesque plowman, sitting on a gang-plow, covers six acres of seed per day, and leaves the rest for the winter to do. So seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, are all crowded into a single season, and, as there is no name for this complex period, the winter is used, with a mental reservation that it isn't winter.

"The orange groves are clothed in green and gold, and the burden on the trees is simply enormous. Mr. L. J. Rose has just sold the crop of oranges from his beautiful Sunnyside grove at \$30 per thousand. This price with fifteen hundred oranges per tree, and sixty trees per acre, makes an annual return of \$45, about, for each tree, and \$2,700 a year for each acre of land. Think of \$2,700 per acre for an annual crop, and that one man can easily care for ten acres alone, and may establish an income of \$27,000 a year, with his own labor.

"In the mountains, in the rear of the lands of Mr. Rose, the San Gabriel river has its source, and all along its mountain path, the gold miners are using its rapid current in washing the yellow grains from the gravelly cliffs; thence it is taken into irrigating ditches, and used again, to produce a golden crop of tropical fruits in the valley below.

"In John B. Gough's apostrophe to water, he might tack on an additional list of uses to which this much used, and much abused fluid, is subjected. For instance, after that burst about the "wild deer," which can here be seen, he might say something about the miners washing the sands, and their shirts, in the mountain stream, and the farmer using the next chance in raising corn and cabbages, while the balance runs on, to irrigate orange trees and wild geese, in the valley beyond. A few such practical observations might add length and strength to the apostrophe, and give some idea of the varied use of water on this coast."

But to the summer season. Now and then, as if to remind 46 one of the sweltering atmosphere in which the inhabitants of less favored climes are panting and perspiring, a warm day pays a flying visit to Los Angeles. They are so rare, however, as to be more welcome by way of contrast and reminder of the almost uniform delightful character of the climate, than otherwise. I asked a friend, the other day, whose way of life has led him, in the service of the United States Government, from post to post, over half of the habitable globe, how he was getting along. "Ah!" said he, "I am just simply luxuriating in your delightful climate. It is so pleasant that I shall forego business for a day or two, that I may enjoy it fully." The poet Bryant never wrote anything finer than his apostrophe to the west wind, commencing, "Spirit that breathest through my lattice."

Every day, almost without exception, that same evening wind, laden with suggestions of spice islands in the far Cathay, and moist with the spray of the western sea; comes up, with healing on its wings, and bringing a blessing with it. The fevered brow of the invalid, and the dripping forehead of the laborer, alike feel its beneficent influences, and I do not believe there is one of them all who would exchange places with the denizen of any other, even of the most favored land. I saw a paragraph, a day or two ago, in which it was stated that in the beautiful Clear Lake region, fish by the thousands were lying dead in the waters of the lake of that name. This is a common occurrence. The intense heat raises the water to such a temperature that the finny tribe cannot exist in their native element. The same phenomenon is frequently observable in the sloughs bordering on the Sacramento and other rivers. And yet these regions, where the mercury climbs to the top of the thermometer, and only the man who could do what Sidney Smith said he would like to do, take off his flesh and sit in his bones in the church steeple, could hope to keep cool, are thronged with fugitives from the cold, and raw and uncomfortable winds, which create a stampede from San Francisco with each recurring summer solstice. Here the average thermometer climbs with difficulty to eighty degrees; blankets are a necessity at night. The "blast of the wild horn" of the mosquito is almost forgotten music. The tourist has 47 only to sit in the shade and keep cool; and "the toiler, to his task-work bound," whatever else he may complain of, finds no fault with the temperature, which only braces him for his labors, and invigorates him after they are concluded.

The time is not far distant when Los Angeles will be a greater summer than winter resort, if such a thing be possible.

A Chicago gentleman, who had returned home, after spending more than a year in Los Angeles, speaks of his experience as follows, in the Chicago Tribune:

“I have slept four hundred nights in Los Angeles, and have not seen or heard a mosquito in my room. The covering every night, on my bed, has been a sheet, a double blanket, and a spread. In a few instances, in summer, I have thrown off the spread on account of warmth; but in no case, in winter, have I required extra covering. I think there has not been an evening, during this entire time, when a fire was absolutely necessary to one's comfort, although many times it might contribute to the comfort of persons of thin blood. I have worn my flannels, summer and winter alike, occasionally putting on my linen coat—the amount, or kind of wearing apparel, making but little difference in December or June.”

48

## CHAPTER VI.

A MATCHLESS PANORAMA—MAGNIFICENT STRETCHES OF VINEYARDS, AND ORANGE AND LEMON GROVES, IN THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES—BEAUDRY TERRACE.

A STROLL up Buena Vista street, on one of the matchless mornings which are the pride and boast of Los Angeles, will serve a double purpose to either resident or tourist. It will furnish him with an opportunity to look over and upon a panorama of “sea, and sky, and field,” which, whenever we look upon it, and we have seen it from almost every available point, seems to reveal some new and still more ravishing charm.

Berkleyans and East Oaklanders boast of the wide and splendid vista which embraces the metropolis, Tamalpais, the Bay of San Francisco, the Golden Gate and the Farralones; Santa Cruzans go into raptures over the long, semi-circular sweep of redwood-crowned hills, the glassy

bay of Monterey, and the mountains beyond, and the ocean in the distance, which stand revealed to the gazer from the hill-tops which surround their town, and well they may; but the denizen of Los Angeles, or the stranger within her gates, need only ascend the first eminence to the north of its business streets, to look out upon a scene which rivals in picturesque variety any vision which ever inspired the poet's pen, or fascinated the beholder's eye.

Her vineyards, and orange and lemon groves, and orchards of almost every known fruit, make Los Angeles the garden spot of Semi-tropical California. It is a collection of gardens six miles square, producing, at all times of the year, almost everything that grows under the sun.

But it is not alone the æsthetic taste of the rambler which is gratified. He sees everywhere around him the evidences of a constantly increasing prosperity, of the steady development of the boundless natural resources with which he is surrounded. He sees in the comfortable and tasteful buildings which have 49 lately been constructed, and are in process of construction, a sort of a dim, faint prophecy of what will be a very few years hence, multiplied a thousand fold, and beautified in proportion, by the constantly increasing wealth of the inhabitants. Elegant residences and villas will adorn the hill-sides, and every available building site will be considered a prize, which good taste and abundant means will struggle for the possession of. Those who have secured building lots there may well esteem themselves fortunate.

The following pages embrace sketches of a few, and only a few, of the beautiful homes of the city:

Mrs. H. Shaw's Los Angeles nursery, on San Pedro street, is one of the well-known places which the tourist thinks it necessary to visit, in order that he may say that he or she has completed the round of sight-seeing. The visitor is always sure of an hospitable reception from Dr. Shaw and his estimable wife. A glass of wine, and the other concomitants of a relishable lunch, is always on hand. The thirty-five acre lot comprising the nursery and adjacent ground, will, in a few years, be an orchard devoted exclusively to oranges, Sicily lemons and limes, twenty-five hundred of the two former, and one thousand trees of the latter, having been planted within the past year or two. At present, there are in full bearing upon the place two hundred orange, twenty limes,

twenty Sicily lemons, three hundred apricots, two hundred apples, mostly white pearmain; twenty walnuts, twenty peaches, of the choicest varieties; about as many almonds, and two hundred vines, selected varieties of the choicest foreign grapes, besides four acres of strawberries and other small fruits. There are about seventy-five thousand trees of the different varieties above enumerated in the nursery, which are being rapidly disposed of, but which will be replaced by more plantings, until the new orchards become productive, by which time the worthy couple think they need give themselves no further trouble in that direction.

Dr. Shaw came to this part of the country about twenty years ago, but did not turn his attention to semi-tropical fruit culture until several years later. When he made up his mind to do so, he made a voyage to Nicaragua, and returning brought with him seeds from oranges grown there, of a superior variety. His 50 seedlings are from fruit grown on the trees raised from the Nicaragua seed, and are justly renowned for their size and delicious flavor. His Sicily lemons are marvels of size and beauty. He gave me one that measured thirteen by fourteen inches, and two others but a trifle smaller. The lime trees are, at all times, loaded with ripe fruit and covered with blossoms, and it seemed to me that every twig had upon it limes of every size, from that of a grain of coffee, to the perfected fruit. Not less than ten crops mature yearly on each of these trees. The income from each tree ranges from \$50 to \$75 per annum. The limes are of the Mexican variety. A wealthy gentleman from the east, who has just purchased thirty-five acres of land in the western part of the city, has bargained for \$6,000 worth of trees from the nursery, to be delivered within the next twelve months. It is the purchaser's intention to make his new place one of the handsomest in the country, if the judicious use of wealth, seconded by good taste and the employment of the most skillful labor obtainable, can effect that object. In addition to the above, sales of trees to the value of nearly \$3,000 have been made from the nursery during the year 1874.

A perfect wealth of flowers surrounds the unpretending cottage in which these genial folks reside. They are looking forward, however, to the erection of a handsome homestead, where, with their little girl, an only child of eleven years, they expect to spend the autumn of their days, surrounded by all the comforts that wait on industry and prosperity. A goodly number of acres on the place are devoted to vegetable culture. Chinese labor is employed, and everything in that department shows

careful and successful cultivation. The Doctor found his wife in the city which Penn founded on the banks of the Delaware; and she, like all good Philadelphians, is looking forward eagerly, and with most pleasurable anticipations, to revisiting the old homestead on the occasion of the celebration of the centennial anniversary of our national birthday. Her family circle remains, as yet, unbroken, and it is not difficult to imagine how delightful such a re-union will be to all concerned. A very few years will transform Los Angeles nursery into an estate, perfect in its proportions, and complete in its appointments. From what I saw in my brief visit, I am sure that the same unstinted and unbounded hospitality with which I was welcomed, will always be extended to those who visit it, either as friends on social ends intent, or as strangers, desirous of seeing what nature, aided by her hand-maiden, labor, can accomplish on this soil and in this climate. My friends of the Los Angeles nursery are no niggards, but freely dispense those hospitalities which go so far toward gratifying the strangers within their gates.

Don Matteo Keller is another of the early settlers of Los Angeles. For twenty years he has been engaged in the culture of the vine, and of the various semi-tropical fruits, and has probably contributed as much as any one to demonstrate the capacities of the soil of this section of the country. Some years ago, when the State of California offered a premium for the production of the first bale of cotton, he set himself to work and secured it. He has also demonstrated the practicability of the culture of tobacco, so far as the same could be ascertained from the result of an experiment. At the time of my visit Mr. Keller was absent at San Francisco. His courteous representative, Mr. A. S. Storrs, formerly of Sherman, Texas, showed me around the place, which consists of seventy-five acres, fronting on Alameda street, in the very heart of the city. The most recent statement of the number of trees, etc., on the estate, gives four hundred orange, one thousand lemon and limes, one hundred and fifty walnuts, and seventy-five thousand vines. This is exclusive of the lower vineyard upon which are many more thousand vines.

As may well be supposed, Mr. Keller is largely engaged in the manufacture of the different wines; claret, port, white, maderia, sherry and angelica, as well as brandy. A glass of claret, handed to me by Mr. Storrs, was really a superior article. Some six-year-old brandy and some port, submitted to me for inspection, bore the test of taste and aroma satisfactorily, to me at least. Mr. Keller's wine

press, distillery, vaults, etc., are all upon the home place, and the tiers upon tiers of casks, barrels, puncheons, etc., in his cellars, presented an array which betokened abundance and success. Mr. Keller exports largely, and the products of his vineyard and distillery have a high reputation in the market. There are some two hundred thousand gallons on hand. Mr. Keller has built up his large and 52 remunerative property by hard knocks, industry and perseverance, like most of the successful men of this section. His place is one of the attractions of the city, and visitors rarely leave it without inspecting its flourishing and productive acres.

Among the early settlers of Los Angeles few have met a larger or better deserved measure of success than O. W. Childs, Esq. His orchards and nurseries in the western part of the city, are models of careful, systematic and successful cultivation. The orchard and nursery proper comprise about fifty acres, lying on the south side of Main street, about one mile west of the court house. The eastern boundary of the estate is a beautiful avenue of alternate walnut and apricot trees, than which I have seen nothing more lovely, even in this lovely region. Perhaps a better idea of the thorough manner in which these fifty acres have been utilized can be gained from an inventory of their contents than from an elaborate description. Bearing orange trees, three hundred; lemon, one hundred; lime, three hundred; non-bearing, but approaching maturity, five hundred of the three varieties; Italian chestnuts, one hundred; walnuts, three hundred; apricots, fifty; nectarines, fifty; apple trees, all choice varieties, one thousand; pear, three hundred; fig, twenty-five; several choice varieties peaches, two hundred; Languedoc almonds, five hundred; grape vines, among them several choice foreign varieties, ten thousand. Nearly all of these trees are in the full flush and splendor of maturity, and the vigor and perfectness of their foliage forms as pleasing a spectacle as the eye could wish to rest upon. Numerous as they are, however, they form but a fractional part of the immense number of trees of all the above named varieties to be seen on the place, in all stages of growth. The number of trees sold annually from the nursery may be set down at twenty thousand, although this is rather under than above the actual figures. Additions to the stock on hand are being constantly made, and so well established has become the reputation of Mr. Childs' seedlings, and all the products of his nursery, that he finds it difficult to meet the demand for them. I have already alluded to the evidences of careful and systematic cultivation which the whole place



presents. Plow, harrow and roller have done their work faithfully under intelligent supervision. The full grown Italian chestnut 53 trees in Mr. Childs' orchard are the handsomest, stateliest trees I have seen anywhere. Anything more symmetrical in out-line than the patriarch of this chestnut grove, cannot be imagined. These trees bear abundantly, and are destined to become important elements in the productive capacities of this region. Their adaptability to the soil and climate is fully demonstrated, and I candidly think that every man who is creating a homestead ought to have a few at least of these beautiful trees among his collection. Of course Mr. Childs commands the most perfect facilities for irrigation. On the northern side of Main street, directly opposite the orchard, stands the homestead of my fortunate and agreeable friend. Good taste and the liberal expenditure of money and labor, have made the five acres set apart for his residence and park, by Mr Childs, a miniature Eden. The residence is a two-story building, of Italian architecture, designed in such a manner as to embrace all modern conveniences, and furnished throughout with that rare and seldom met with consideration for the proprieties, which results in elegance without meretricious display, and comfort without any sacrifice of anything which can minister to a refined taste. The park in front is a pleasing diversity of walk and drive, parterre and lawn, and the almost countless varieties of every flower conceivable, bear tribute to the excellent qualities of the owner and his wife. This is even so; mean men and women do not, as a general rule, adorn their homes with these voiceless witnesses of a Creator's love and bounty. Among the ornamental trees to be seen here are the eucalyptus, Monterey pine and cypress, cedar, acacia, India rubber plant, two varieties; and last, and least in point of size, but to me almost the first in beauty, the golden arbor vitæ, a stranger to me heretofore, but graceful beyond description. Verbenas of every hue, heliotropes, roses, thirty varieties; woodbine; pinks without number; fuschia, all the choicest varieties; gladiolus, cactuses, tube roses; and the botanist himself only knows what else, ceaselessly blooming, go to make up a beautiful mosaic in this charming spot. Upon this five-acre homestead lot are fruit trees of every variety found in the orchard, and enumerated above, besides white and black mulberries, blackberries, straw and raspberries, and other small fruits, in numbers and quantities more than sufficient for all the 54 possible uses of the family. But three years have been required to make this model homestead the lovely spot it is, and it is as yet but in the very infancy of its productive capacities. Mr. Childs remarked to me that he expected to be able to demonstrate, in the course of two or

three years, by actual record of the product of these five acres, that that quantity of land, carefully cultivated, is ample for the support of a family in more than a comfortable—in an elegant manner. This reminds me of a remark made by Colonel B. D. Wilson, during conversation I had with him regarding the relative causes of success and failure among those who, with small means, undertake the fruit growing business in this part of the State. The Colonel said: “Men come here and think they must have forty, eighty, or one hundred and sixty acres of land in the fruit belt. Men without capital, or with but a small capital, will find that from five to ten acres will tax both their industry and their resources. Properly cultivated and industriously attended to, five or ten acres will demand the exercise of all their energies, and once developed to the productive point, will afford a good living, and in time, with economy, secure a competence.” There is a world of wisdom, and of sound and practical advice in the remark, which many will do well to heed.

Mr. Childs came to this county twenty-three years ago. He has seen the ups and downs of California life, has met with its successes and experienced its reverses. For much of the time an invalid, his native energy has borne him through the trials and discouragements incident to his career, and having at last secured all that can make life pleasant, it surely is not out of place for me to wish him many long years of unalloyed enjoyment and prosperity. His estate is a study for the new-comer, and a lesson, written in nature's own hand-writing, for the experimentalist.

Mr. D. V. Waldron owns thirty-five acres on the north-west corner of Main and Washington streets. The tract has been known for a long time as Washington Gardens, and has been much visited by strangers and others. The opening of travel upon the lines of horse-cars will make the gardens readily accessible, and there can be no doubt but that they will be thronged daily. These breathing-places for the tired denizens of 55 what “a gentleman from Washoe” called “brick and mortar cañons,” referring, of course, to the streets of cities, are necessities, and not only that, they are public benefactions. If the people cannot have public parks, with shady groves, and cozy nooks and free seats, they will hie themselves to private ones, and small's the blame. But there is little danger that these parks, public or private, will multiply too rapidly.

Mr. Waldron is doing a good thing in adorning and beautifying his fine property, and will doubtless reap a rich reward. He has been engaged in its improvement for only six years, but has succeeded already in making it one of the most attractive places in the vicinity. There are upon it about eight thousand vines, thirty full bearing orange trees, as many limes, and a general variety of all fruits found growing in this latitude, in quantities sufficient for home use, Mr. Waldron intending to confine his culture of fruit for market exclusively to semi-tropical productions. He has planted nearly fifteen hundred orange trees within the past year or two, and will continue to add to the number. Some of his six-year-old orange trees are remarkable for the growth they have attained. Twice as large at least as other trees of the same age, planted at the same time and in the same row, it is not easy to account for the difference in sizes. Still, they are there, and are well worth looking at. His lime trees, raised on the place, from the seed planted six years ago, have also attained a remarkable growth and are profuse and liberal bearers. The city water pipes not having, as yet, been laid down as far out as Mr. Waldron's place, he is compelled to irrigate by the old method, and is consequently constrained to delay for the present the completion of his garden walks and drives and the bowers and arbors he designs to erect and construct. He has, however, done a good deal in that direction, and the vine-covered trellises which he has completed form delightful retreats, where the visitor can recline at ease, shaded from the mid-day sun, and select his own nectar, or while away the hours in the companionship of friend or book. The gardens are well worthy of a visit from all. Good order and quiet are exacted from all, while perfect freedom from restraint is the privilege of the guest.

Mr. Waldron is associated with other gentlemen in the 56 construction of the Main street horse-car line, which will be pushed to an early construction. The completion of that enterprise will doubtless soon be followed by the introduction of a water system in that part of the city, which will enable him to irrigate his grounds by the use of pipes and hydrants, when he will at once develop his plan of a park. When that is done, the stranger who wishes to examine the orange groves and vineyards of Los Angeles, and the method pursued in their cultivation, at his leisure, without feeling the embarrassment which sometimes suggests the idea of intrusion on private grounds, will have ample opportunity to do so by taking a stroll through Washington gardens, which can be and ought to be

made to Los Angeles, what Woodward's gardens are to San Francisco, a place where families, and nurses and children, in short, where everybody can go and spend an hour, or a day, in healthful recreation, secure from annoyance, and sure of a pleasant respite from care and trouble.

Mr. Elijah H. Workman is the fortunate possessor of seven acres in the western part of the city, which in about four years' time he has managed to beautify, and adorn and improve, to an extent which, to any one not to some extent, at least, familiar with the wonder-working powers of the soil and climate, would seem rather to be the work of a quarter of a century than of less than one fifth of that term. Mr. Workman seems to have almost exhausted the whole field for selection in stocking his flower garden. To catalogue the numerous varieties would really do no good. The passer-by can view them from the street, while the visitor can obtain a nearer and more satisfactory view. I cannot forbear, however, making special mention of Mr. W.'s collection of fuschias, which are exceedingly rare, beautiful and perfect. The almost endless variety of roses with which his front yard is crowded, is also worthy special note. There are upon these seven acres one hundred and fifty orange trees seven years old, some of which will bear liberally this year, besides a number of matured trees which were transplanted when he removed to his place four years ago; seventy-five lemons; seventy-five full bearing limes, one hundred and twenty-five English walnuts, thirty-five of which are in full bearing; thirty peach trees, embracing some of the choicest varieties; besides 57 pears, plums, apricots, nectarines, pomegranates, and forty Languedoc almonds, bearing for the first time this year, but full of fruit. Among the exotics, as yet cultivated more for show than use, Mr. W. has the persimmon, hickory, eastern chestnut, and magnolia. I had almost forgotten to mention several choice varieties of apples and quinces. Of blackberries, raspberries and strawberries, there are also enough and to spare. Among the rarer plants are the gum-arabic tree and India rubber gum, and several banana stalks, upon one of which there is a bunch in process of ripening. Mr. Workman has recently planted a number of the bulbs of the Chinese banana, which, it is thought, is better adapted to this climate than the West Indian variety. All of the trees which I have enumerated, in fact, everything on the place except a few walnut trees in the front yard, have been planted within four years. Four years more, at furthest, will see everything in full bearing, and it will not be difficult for any one familiar with the values of the orange, lemon and lime crops of the country, to form

an estimate of the income to be derived from this seven-acre homestead. Mr. Workman remarked, however, although the products of the place would most certainly pay a handsome interest on the investment, that the rapid growth of the city in all directions seemed almost like a warning to him that the inevitable rise in the value of the property would render its subdivision necessary. He said that he had settled upon and built up the place in the hope of remaining upon it for life, and that, after having “worried through” the time of trial and discouragement, it seemed hard to think of parting with any of it. Let us hope that as his property increases in value, the value of the products of his place will increase with it, to such an extent as will enable him and his children, and their children, to snap their fingers at the tax collector, and remain for generations in possession of the paternal acres. After all, I shrewdly suspect that the only division of the property which will ever take place will be the parcelling off of building lots to the olive branches of the Workman family. So mote it be. There are in the neighborhood of Mr. Workman's place a number of other beautiful and interesting homesteads in process of improvement and development; among them those of Mr. J. F. Ward, who has 58 erected one of the handsomest and neatest residences in the city. His four acres will be adorned in the highest style of the landscape gardener. Also the places of Messrs. Bruning, Haley and Cruz, and the beautiful tract immediately to the east, belonging to Governor Downey, which has already been planted in orange trees, and will eventually, doubtless, become one of the handsomest places in the city.

“Casalinda” is the name of the charming residence of a young bachelor, T. Jeff. White, who lives in the south-eastern part of the city. We doubt if any tourist ever started out on a trip to San Gabriel who did not pause to admire the magnificent avenue of walnut trees which marks the approach to the homestead. The branches completely overarch the road, and their “thick, embowered shade” makes a twilight in the very noon of a cloudless day. Mr. White is the fortunate owner of about forty-seven acres, constantly appreciating in value, and already developed to a degree of productiveness and beauty which leaves really but little to be desired in the way of further improvements. There are upon the place about eleven thousand very productive vines, showing unmistakable evidences of the most careful and systematic cultivation. The orchards contain eighty walnut, two hundred and ten oranges, about forty lemons and limes, one hundred and twenty-five

peaches, besides apricots, pears, and other fruits. Mr. White is enlarging his orange groves, having planted nearly one hundred and fifty young trees during the present season.

Two weeping willows, by far the stateliest trees of the kind that I have ever looked upon, stand sentinel at the eastern end of the avenue; and, hidden by all, reposes his comfortable residence. Perhaps I have no business to say so, but I could not help thinking that, lovely as are its surroundings, it lacked that nameless grace and indefinable charm which can be found only where the presence of the gentler sex can be detected in a thousand things, from the draping of a curtain to the placing of a flower. I suppose that in due time my young friend will “take heart of grace,” and supply the only hiatus in his lovely home. We shall not be slow to congratulate him when he sees fit to gather orange blossoms from his own groves to deck the brow of the future mistress of “Casalinda.”

## 59

Immediately adjoining Mr. White's place is the twelve-acre homestead of Mr. Jno. D. Woodworth, who, three years ago, paid \$1,000 per acre for the privilege of calling them his own. There are upon these twelve acres seven thousand two hundred vines, eighty orange trees, forty lemons, fifty limes, and twenty-five apples; besides peaches, apricots, figs, and other fruits in abundance. This small but beautiful estate is the site of the first vineyard that was planted in the city of Los Angeles. From one of these vines, all of which, two thousand in number, are ninety years old, Mr. Woodworth gathered last season, seventy pounds of grapes. On another part of the tract are five thousand vines sixty-two years old. None of these patriarchal vines show signs of any diminution of vigor, but on the contrary, give evidences of more than an abundant yield. Their gnarled and sturdy trunks, if they had voices, could speak of events which are only dim memories in the minds of “the oldest inhabitants.” They have furnished wine for bridals and burials, and doubtless the blood of their grapes has served to commemorate the sacred mysteries of religion upon altars which have crumbled long since into dust. The orange trees on this place have attained their majority, being twenty-one years old, and are models of strength, beauty and symmetry. Mr. Woodworth took great pride in pointing out his lemons, some of which must be at least fifteen inches in circumference. A comfortable and roomy house, part of which smacks of antiquity, and bears the marks of old age,

furnishes a pleasant home to the proprietor, who, unlike his near neighbor, is in the “downhill of life,” but nevertheless has abated nothing of his zeal and energy in the cultivation of his choice and costly acres. A great variety of flowers are scattered in boundless profusion around the residence. I did think of cataloguing them as a matter of curiosity, but the idea escaped me as I wandered among them, feasting my senses upon their beauty and perfume.

About twenty-three years ago Mr. George Dalton came to these parts from England, with a capital consisting of a stout heart and a pair of stout arms, and set himself to work to improve his condition. He succeeded. He has deeded to three of his sons, who have attained to man's estate, handsome tracts of thirty acres each, and still retains fifty odd acres, upon 60 which is his homestead, and part of which he proposes to deed to his only remaining son, upon his attaining his majority, while the homestead will be reserved for the daughter. Upon this homestead tract are ten thousand vines eighteen years old, and eight thousand of younger growth, from which he manufactures yearly from three thousand to eight thousand gallons of wine, as the demand of the home trade which he has built up requires. The remainder of his grape crop he sells to neighboring vintners. He has also upon his place about eighty bearing orange trees, one thousand younger ones, thirty or forty limes, two hundred apples, one hundred pears, fifty walnuts, besides quinces, nectarines, apricots, peaches and other fruits. A large, roomy, comfortable and elegantly furnished residence, makes a cozy retreat for the old gentleman and the partner of his long struggles with adverse fortune—for be it known that he is no exception to the general rule, but has met with probably fully his share of the discouragements and delays which have waited upon every man, who, like him, has undertaken to build up a competency by honest labor and perserverance. He tells the old story about days when it was hard to make both ends meet, and has probably realized fully the force of the singer's words: “But the waiting time, my brothers, Is the hardest time of all.”

But he waited and worked, and now, when “in the downhill of life he finds he's declining,” he looks out upon his broad acres and pleasant orchards and fruitful vines, and says that seeing that he owes no man a dollar, and everything which he has around him is his own, he thinks he can enjoy himself. And I think he ought to be able to do so. Children and grandchildren gather around

him and make home pleasant. He ought to be happy. His vineyards are models of neatness and luxuriance.

There are few, if any, pleasanter places among the vineyards and orange groves of Los Angeles than the estate of Mr. Dalton. I trust the family circle may long remain unbroken, and in full enjoyment of its home-like comforts.

Colonel Norman C. Jones is the owner of forty-eight acres of 61 choice land, bounded on three sides by Kohler, Wolfskill and Bexar streets, which is already one of the prettiest places in Los Angeles, and is fully capable of being transformed into the equal of any. Col. Jones purchased it about a year ago. He found it pretty much in the rough beyond the mere fact that it had been planted in vineyards and oranges, but certainly nowhere in my wanderings throughout the city and county have I seen thriftier or finer vineyards and orchards than are to be found on Inverness. The orange trees especially are models of strength and symmetry, and in point of productiveness have proved everything that could be desired. A good deal of labor judiciously expended, however, has given him a neat, comfortable, cozy cottage, and a parterre adorned with many rare and beautiful flowers.

There are upon the place about thirty thousand vines, one hundred and fifty full-bearing orange trees, two hundred of younger growth; one hundred and fifty lemons, seventy-five limes, one hundred walnuts, besides any quantity of pears, apples, quinces, nectarines, apricots, and other fruits and berries. I know of no place which, with the expenditure of so small an amount of labor and money, can be transformed in so short a time into a perfectly appointed suburban home. The name which has been bestowed upon it is a tribute to the memories which suggest the owner's ancestry, who came from the neighborhood of that famous county seat in "Auld Scotia," which is world-famous by the name of Inverness. Half a block from the house is Inverness Station, on the Los Nietos road, at which the train stops at nine-thirty A.M., and four-thirty P.M. One of the most charming views imaginable is to be obtained from Col. Jones' front porch. The greater part of the city lies stretched out before you like a map, while the hills in the background rise and swell gradually, until they are lost in the loftier eminences of the mountain ranges far beyond. I can imagine no more agreeable mode of life than to be able to assist in the cultivation and adornment of



such a spot as Inverness, and after the labors of the day, have the privilege of sitting beneath one's own vine and fig tree, and gazing at will upon the beautiful and ever-shifting panorama which lies beyond.

The founder of the Wolfskill place arrived in Los Angeles in 1831, and not long after commenced the work of improving the place upon which his descendants now reside. To my view, one of the most charming and noticeable features of the place is the walnut grove covering about two acres. The trees were planted thirty years ago, at a distance from each other of forty feet each way. Their branches meet and interlace in every direction, and when in full summer foliage a more than twilight gloom pervades the grove. Mr. Louis Wolfskill informed me that in favorable season the crop of the two acres nets about \$500, something over \$8 to the tree. At present there are about two thousand bearing orange, five hundred lemon, and four hundred lime trees on the place. Each year will witness constant accessions to these numbers, from trees already planted and of different ages of growth. The orchard and grounds occupy about one hundred and thirty acres. When fully developed it will probably be difficult to find the same number of acres, elsewhere than in the heart of a flourishing city, more valuable or yielding a more liberal income. Long experience has made the present proprietors *au fait* in all that pertains to the culture of semi-tropical fruits, and the excellent condition of the soil shows at a glance that they do not intend to let the fair fame of the Wolfskill orchard suffer for want of due attention and careful cultivation. The Wolfskill place needs no encomium at a writer's hands. Its beauty and productiveness are common themes throughout the country.

Mr. Prudent Beaudry is not a speculator. On the contrary, he is a cool-headed, clear-headed man of business, who possesses at once the faculty of forecasting the future to a very considerable extent, in conjunction with the nerve and the means to back his judgment when he makes up his mind that an investment is likely to prove profitable. Two instances in his career as a real estate dealer go to prove this. A few years ago he purchased a tract of hill land in the north-east part of the city, at sheriff's sale, for something less than \$500. He was laughed at by the wiseacres, who asserted their belief that no house would ever be built on the tract. He has sold just about one third of the tract, and realized about \$5,000 for it. There are about forty residences on the portion sold. He purchased

in the neighborhood of forty acres in the western part of the 63 city, for about \$1,500, and has realized about \$30,000 from the sale of lots, and has Bellevue terrace left, which might possibly be bought for \$20,000. The terrace is a gem of a place, about six and one half acres in extent, sloping beautifully to the west and south, embellished with four hundred orange, one hundred and twenty-five lime and lemon, and seventy-five other fruit trees, besides a choice selection of foreign grapes, shrubbery, etc. A lovelier villa than this spot could be converted into cannot be imagined. Mr. Beaudry commenced operations here when he had to haul water from the zanjias in barrels to keep his young trees and vines alive. Now a network of pipes, with fifteen or twenty hydrants, supplied from his own reservoir, provides for full and complete irrigation.

I took a walk over that portion of the hills embraced in the Beaudry estate. A succession of lovely and constantly changing panoramas presented themselves at every step. From many points of view the ocean was visible at three points, Wilmington, the Pacific Salt Works, and beyond the Ballona. The city of Los Angeles, the mountain ranges which encircle it, the vast plains, dotted with orchards, grainfields, vineyards and homesteads, filled up the splendid picture which stretched before me in kaleidoscopic changes, each succeeding one seemingly more ravishingly beautiful than the one which preceded it. Mr. Beaudry has expended large sums of money in providing the means to enable the future residents on these hill lands to properly improve them. Away off to the east of the city, south of the ravine leading to the Jewish cemetery, Mr. Beaudry has constructed an immense reservoir, with a capacity of one million gallons. It is located on the brow of a hill one hundred feet higher than Fort Hill, and is supplied with water from a reservoir located opposite the junction of Main and Alameda streets, the water being forced up to the distributing reservoir by a No. 8 Hooker pump, with a capacity of fifty thousand gallons an hour. It will probably be some time before the whole supply of water will be needed by residents. In the meantime Mr. Beaudry will utilize it in a somewhat unusual manner. He has already laid some sixteen thousand feet of five-inch distributing pipe.

The streets laid off through his lands need grading, much of it being heavy and necessarily expensive work, both in cutting and filling. He proposes to blast where cutting is necessary, and where ravines are to be filled up he will build moveable dams of heavy timber, and then proceed to

hydraulic the loose earth into the depressions and cavities which nature forgot or neglected to fill up. The city of Los Angeles will necessarily be saved an immense expense, and the public-spirited gentleman above named will at once confer a great benefit, and greatly enhance the value of his property, and that of adjacent owners. The time is rapidly approaching when these hill lands will be covered with elegant homesteads and villas. Property which can be bought now upon the most reasonable terms, will, in a few years, be beyond the reach of men of moderate means. In the meantime, I take occasion to bear witness to the sagacity and public spirit of Mr. Beaudry. He has demonstrated, by his operations at Bellevue terrace, the fertility of the mesa lands, and conferred a benefit upon the community by relieving them of the curse of sterility, by the expenditure of large sums of money in the construction of his reservoirs and water works. A splendid fortune awaits him as the reward of his enterprise.

Captain Thom's place on Main street is a fine specimen of a country home in the heart of a city. His large and commodious residence stands about a hundred yards back of the sidewalk, and is embowered in a perfect wealth of flowers, shrubbery and fruit trees. It is a very good example of how much comfort and elegance in a domestic way, can be had for about \$8,000. The head of the household has an eye for the beautiful as well as the useful, and his grounds are laid out in admirable good taste. Orange and lemon and lime trees scatter the fragrance of their creamy flowers around, when they are not yielding their fruit in abundance. Figs of several varieties, one of them delicious beyond any figs I ever got hold of; grapes, twelve varieties; peaches, pears, apricots, nectarines, pecans, English walnuts, and half a dozen other sorts of fruits and nuts, abound on the less than two acres which constitute his homestead. A banana stock in bloom and several guava bushes add to the tropical appearance of the place. Among the ornamental trees are magnolia, five species of palm, and half a dozen varieties of cedar and pine. A stranger could get a pretty good idea of what this country can produce by an inspection of the Captain's grounds.

65

Diagonally across the street Col. J. J. Howard has built himself a residence which is justly accounted one of the handsomest and most attractive in the city. It is a model of convenience and comfort. A beautiful lawn, planted with rare evergreens, occupies the greater part of the Colonel's

grounds, while a splendid collection of rare and beautiful roses and other flowers fills up the complement of their adorning. Good taste and a keen eye for the beautiful have suggested and overlooked all the details of this gentleman's home, and I presume that very few visitors have walked or driven past it, who have not paused to admire it, and count the man happy who can call it his own. Such places as Captain Thom's and Colonel Howard's do good in a community. They at once create and stimulate a love for the pleasant and beautiful in the homes of its citizens, and by the mere force of example, continually add to its attractions, by inducing others to go and do likewise.

66

## CHAPTER VII.

CHOROGRAPHY OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY—ITS SOIL AND PRODUCTIVENESS—THE CONSTANTLY INCREASING DEMAND FOR SEMI- TROPICAL PRODUCTIONS—STOCK RAISING AND WOOL GROWING—DESCRIPTION OF A SHEEP RANCH—THE LARGE RANCHES OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY—A TABLE OF EXPORTS THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF—THE FIRST INTRODUCTION OF AMERICAN ELEMENT INTO LOS ANGELES COUNTY—THE CLIMATE AND HEALTHFULNESS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY—PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIONS BY CALIFORNIA EDITORS.

I will now present to the reader a chapter upon Los Angeles county at large, its chorography, soil and productions.

Ladies and gentlemen of culture and extended travel, who have visited this section, and who may be presumed, on account of their educated and cosmopolitan opinions, to be less enthusiastic, and, therefore, less liable to present contracted views than those “native and to the manner born,” declare, with one accord, that Los Angeles county is incomparable in the richness of its soil, and the diversity of its agricultural limit, and the picturesque loveliness and attractiveness of its location. Certain it is that nature has dispensed her gifts with a lavish hand. The climate, the healthfulness of which is a great desideratum, is almost all that could be desired, being hardly ever too warm, and

never too cold; presenting no great extremes, in fact, during any portion of the year. Almost every species of the vegetable kingdom, and all of the northern and semi-tropical productions of fruits flourish, and yield in great profusion. There is, indeed, no section of country under the sun, taking everything into consideration, where nature has been so lavish in her gifts. The great desideratum, a genial and healthful climate, constitutes a prime attraction. From Aurora's fanning zephyr to Cynthia's delicate breath, day in and day out, from one year's end to the other, the voluptuous atmosphere seems laden with balms from Hygeia; and for picturesqueness of situation, the whole 67 country is charming beyond description. One may feast his ravished gaze upon the solemn grandeur and boundless immensity of old ocean, upon the most symmetrical of hills and the ruggedest of mountains, majestically lifting their hoary heads to sky's azure dome, or enveloping themselves in wanton clouds of the most bewitching colors and exquisite pencilings; upon emerald valleys, prodigal with nutritious grasses and aromatic shrubs and flowers; upon sweeping plains, banqueting in bosky luxuriance; upon rivers and rills; while here and there over the vast expanse of landscape are farms and farm houses, orange groves and vineyards, and a multiplicity of other objects which may be taken in at one sweep of the vision. As regards fertility of soil, no greater tribute can be paid than the mere mention of the fact that all of the cereals, all northern and semi-tropical fruits, and all varieties of vegetables, are successfully cultivated and produced in rare profusion, while the greater part of that portion of country not under cultivation constitutes a vast pasture, over which roam bands of horses, cattle and sheep the year round.

Los Angeles county is of irregular shape, and contains four thousand square miles. It is bounded on the north by Kern county, on the east by San Bernardino, on the south by San Diego and the Pacific ocean, and on the west by Ventura. About thirty-five miles south of an imaginary line are a distinct chain of mountains, called the San Gabriel (or San Fernando) and San Bernardino ranges. These mountain chains extend in a direction southeasterly by east, and run parallel with the coast, on an average of about thirty-three miles from it. These elevations rise to the majestic height of from three to nearly nine thousand feet, and constitute the water-shed of the county, dividing it into sharply-defined and well-marked sections, altogether different in their geological and chorographical character. The water-shed on the north is drained by the Santa Clara river, which, after coursing

through a variety of country, of both a mineral and agricultural nature, finds its way to the sea at or near San Buenaventura. This section of the county, in the opinion of sagacious and experienced miners, contains fabulous deposits of mineral wealth. Gold mining is already carried on in Soledad cañon, at the head of the river, while there are 68 indications of alum, cinnabar, lead, silver and gold in many places in the same neighborhood.

But the real, undisputed wealth of Los Angeles County lies south of the San Gabriel and San Bernardino ranges, and constitutes a strip of land seventy-five miles long and thirty-six wide, with a southerly slope. This belt, or more properly, this zone, is entirely devoted to purposes of grazing and agriculture, to which it is admirably adapted. It is watered chiefly by three rivers—the Los Angeles, which takes its rise in the San Fernando Mission lands, and passes through Los Angeles city, and connecting with the San Gabriel river, after running forty-seven miles in a southeasterly direction, about six miles southeast of Wilmington, flows into the sea; the San Gabriel, which takes its rise in the mountains of the same name, and runs forty miles in a southwesterly direction, until it mingles its waters with the Los Angeles; and the Santa Ana, the principal stream in the county, which takes its rise in the San Bernardino mountains, and meanders nearly a hundred miles through fertile valleys, receiving a multiplicity of tributaries in its course, and emptying into the sea about twenty-one miles east of Wilmington. There are other small water-courses, the principal of which are the San Pascual, the Santa Anita, San Jose, Cucamonga, and several others, all of which are of great service for the purposes of irrigation in the valleys among the foothills, but none of which find their way to the sea, or to the waters of the larger rivers. I would add that large numbers of bountiful and inexhaustible springs exist in the San Gabriel and San Fernando valleys, and also in the many openings along the foothills of the mountains of the same name, the waters of which are made subservient to the purposes of irrigation upon several thousands of acres of generous lands. Indeed, the most extensive and most beautiful vineyards in the county are artificially watered from these never-failing springs.

Although there never has been, so I am informed, a scientific analyzation of the soil of Los Angeles county, it is known to be exceedingly fertile, and is composed mostly of sandy clay and vegetable

mould. The cultivation is at present carried on chiefly in the valleys watered by the above-named streams, and in other places adapted to certain grains and plants.

## 69

In what may be termed the agricultural zone of Los Angeles County, there are about 3,000 square miles; land under cultivation and irrigation, about 50 square miles; land under cultivation without irrigation, 50 square miles; the balance, 2,900 miles, being devoted to purposes of grazing, and used for stock-raising at present.

All of the grains, vegetables and fruits of the northern country, and all the semi-tropical productions are successfully raised in Los Angeles County. Wheat, barley, rye, corn, oats, peas, beans, Irish and Carolina potatoes, onions, etc., and apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, nectarines, prunes, apricots, quinces, oranges, lemons, limes, bananas, citrons, figs, olives, walnuts, almonds, grapes, and all of the melon and berry tribes, grow successfully and in great profusion. Wheat does not always do well, as it is easily injured by fogs. Almonds are very tender in blossom, and sometimes fail. Cherries and plums do not do well. All the other productions are sure. Oranges, lemons, and limes may be picked from the trees all the year round. Figs bear twice a year, as in many other places. The grape never fails. Corn yields at Los Nietos, and at the Monte, from 75 to 125 bushels to the acre; while great quantities of honey, wool, mutton, and beef are raised and sent to market annually, and are pronounced in San Francisco second to none in the State in quality.

The careful seeker after a pleasant and healthful home, and a revenue for its perpetuation, may ask, "Can the production of semi-tropical fruits, etc., be overdone?" It would be instructive, as well as interesting, to know, even approximately, how many lime, lemon and orange trees have been planted in Los Angeles County during the year 1874, to say nothing of the countless numbers shipped to other points, and planted in other counties in the southern part of the State, which are to a great extent devoted to the raising of semi-tropical fruits. No better commentary upon the flippant declarations of superficial observers and writers, to the effect that fruit culture is being overdone, than such an exhibit would prove, could be desired. The most noticeable fact in this connection, and the one which would first make itself apparent, would be the undeniable one that the heaviest

planters of new groves and orchards 70 are those who have been for the longest time, and the most extensively, engaged in their cultivation. The Wilsons, Roses, Wolfskills, and other gentlemen, who for many years have given their exclusive attention and best energies to these productions of the soil, and who have watched every indication of the market with a scrutiny as careful and intelligent as the mariner bestows upon his barometer or his compass, would hardly expend thousands of dollars in enlarging the boundaries of their orchards, if they were not fully satisfied that the demand would always equal, if it did not overrun the supply. They see that the population of California is increasing with marvelous rapidity; that San Francisco, alone, has, during the past season, furnished a market for the present exceptionally large crop. The completion of the southern transcontinental railroad, before the majority of the young trees just planted shall arrive at full maturity, is not an uncertain or a debatable question; and the immense field which will thereby be opened for the consumption of the peculiar productions of semi-tropical California, fully warrants these sagacious and experienced men, and those who are following their example, in developing to the utmost the productive capacities of their fertile acres. To-day, with all the lime groves which are in bearing in Los Angeles County, it is very difficult to procure enough to meet the home demand; and there has been no time during the season when they were not saleable at remunerative prices. So far from any danger existing that the production of semi-tropical fruits will be overdone, the true question to solve is, how to prepare to meet the constantly increasing demand.

A large portion of the lands of this section which cannot be irrigated are entirely adapted to purposes of ranching, and constitutes the finest grazing country in America. Either in the shape of grass, hay or seed, horses, cattle or sheep may feed all the year round; and in the way of springs, rivers, creeks and marshes, there is always an abundance of water, the only exception being the great drought a few years ago—a freak of nature which is liable to occur in any country, and which no man can account for or prevent.

And right here I may cite more conclusive and unmistakable evidences of the equability of the temperature of Semi-tropical 71 California, by stating that there is not a single barn or stable in Los Angeles County, except for carriage horses and livery purposes, and that feed grows, and stock roam the year round. The new grass commences to grow in December, and lasts as grass till June;



then it turns to hay, and then to seed. Thus, the stock feed on grass from the first of December until the first of June; upon hay (which makes itself), from the first of June until the first of October, and upon seed, from the first of October until the first of December, or until the commencement of the winter rains. Isn't semi-tropical California a wonderful country?

The importance of the wool-growing interests of Los Angeles County may be inferred from the fact that in 1867, the assessor's books returned 148,700 as the number of sheep in the country, while in 1874, the number returned amounts to, in round numbers, half a million. Deducting twenty per cent. from the average yield, and the wool clip of the county will amount to over 4,000,000 pounds. One of the most thoroughly and systematically managed sheep ranches of the country is that of J. Bixby & Co., known as "Cerritos," or "Little Hill," taking its name from a mound-like elevation at the southwestern extremity of the ranch. It is what is known as a five-league ranch, embracing about 25,000 acres, about equally divided into mesa, or upland and bottom land. Forty acres of corn from twelve to fifteen feet high (September, 1874), and which it is confidently believed will yield 100 bushels to every acre, attest the fertility of the soil. This evidence, however, is not needed; the wild mustard which grows only on rich and unctuous lands, attests its excellence. And one has only to stoop down and lift the mat of grass to find the seeds of burr, clover and alfileria in such quantities as to make it no longer a matter of wonder that all the sheep on the ranch are fat enough, each one of them, to grace the table at a Lord Mayor's feast. This burr clover and alfileria, be it remarked again for the benefit of the non-Californian, are self-curing grasses. They flourish knee high in the spring time; fade and wither with almost the first breath of summer; mature their seeds, and furnish from that time until the warm winter rains call forth the young grass an abundance of feed as fattening as oil cake.

## 72

Mr. J. Bixby, the manager of this extensive estate, has been engaged in the business of sheep raising for seventeen years, during which time he has carefully sought to bring his flocks up to their present standard. He has at present about 30,000 sheep on the ranch; 25,000 of which number belong to the

company, and are all Spanish merinos; they average ten pounds of wool each a year, there being two shearings, one in the spring and one in the fall.

The shearing pen at the season of either clip is a scene of great activity and interest. Forty shearers are employed, besides about twenty other men to assist in various ways; cooking, tying up the fleeces, baling and herding. The shearers are for the most part native Californians, and receive five cents per fleece for their work. A man shears from forty to eighty heads per day. They receive from "the head man," as each fleece is thrown over the counter, a check representing a five-cent piece. It is no uncommon thing for them to sit down, half a dozen or more of them, around a candle, after nightfall, and play monte until one or two of the party have the earnings of all the rest. Be that as it may, Saturday noon brings a cessation from labor, and it is generally Monday afternoon before they get well to work again. The shearing season on "Cerritos" Ranch thus lasts from five to six weeks. The natural desire which every man feels to have his work done promptly and reliably has led to the experiment of employing Chinese labor in this direction, which, if successful, will doubtless supplant the present laborers in this field.

Shearing over, the work of "dipping" for the scab commences. A tank, holding several hundred gallons, is partially filled with a wash of tobacco and sulphur. The sheep are driven in at one end, and pushed in, sinking head and all, and are allowed to remain a few moments, when they pass out upon an inclined platform, from which they are driven, when dry enough, and allowed to range the pasture free for the next six months. Mr. Bixby has just purchased a large boiler, and will hereafter prepare his sheep-wash by steaming the tobacco, a process which will be a large saving both of time and expense. There are ten artesian wells upon the ranch, ranging from one hundred to two hundred and fifteen feet in depth. Some have 73 flowed for seven years without any diminution of volume. No particular estimate of the amount of water flowing from either of them has been made, but one of them furnishes a stream which flows for nearly four miles. The number of these wells can be augmented, it is believed indefinitely, as occasion may require. In the space of an article like this, it is impossible to notice all the matters of interest upon a large and well conducted sheep farm like "Cerritos." It may be taken, however, as a fair example of many others to be found in Los Angeles County. It is doubtful, though, whether any other tract of similar extent could be purchased now

upon terms which make it a profitable investment for sheep-raising purposes. The time is not very far distant when only such tracts as cannot be irrigated will be relied upon for natural pasturage for either sheep or cattle in this section of country. The rapid influx of population is demanding and causing the partition and segregation of these large ranches. An intelligent husbandry of all the sources and supplies of water will very soon take the place of the present shiftless and wasteful mode of distribution. Experiment and observation leaves no doubt that one acre of alfalfa will pasture ten graded sheep, and that the wool so produced will be finer in texture and far cleaner than any now raised, and, as a matter of course, will command a higher price. Under the operation of this plan, 3,000 acres will pasture more sheep, and give far better returns, than the 250,000 acres of "Cerritos" ranch, admirably adapted as they are to the purpose.

The manor house attached to the ranch is an adobe, built about forty years ago, two stories in height, about one hundred feet in length, with wings one hundred and sixty feet long, projecting at right angles, containing kitchen, rooms for farm hands, carriage-house, blacksmith shop, etc. These wings, together with the main building, enclose three sides of a courtyard, the fourth being protected by a high adobe fence, with a gateway in the centre. It is the most spacious adobe country house in the county, and with its iron-barred windows, has a quaint, rather foreign look from without, but within the cosiness and comfort are all American.

A correspondent of an eastern paper gives the following description of the proprietor, his household, and the surroundings, 74 which is submitted by the author of this book with his unqualified endorsement:

"Mr. Jotham Bixby, the proprietor of Los Cerritos, is a genuine down-east Yankee, all the way from the State of Maine. Mrs. B. and her sister, most charming women, administer a hospitality, which combines the home-likeness and genuine comfort of New England with the large-heartedness and generosity of the Southern plantation in the old days. John Chinaman presides in the kitchen, but is not regarded as an unmixed blessing. The hall running through the house opens upon a spacious two-story verandah, which stretches along the entire length of the mansion, and across either end. Before this verandah lies the garden, watered by a windmill just outside the garden wall.

One can pluck oranges and lemons from the verandah, below or above, while along the walks the pomegranate and the fig mingle with the more familiar trees and plants. From the upper verandah one may pass out upon the flat roofs mentioned above, from which a wide view meets the eye. Yonder sleeps the blue Pacific; there is San Pedro harbor, and the town of Wilmington close by it; that is Gen. Banning's ranch; yonder is Santa Monica, a favorite watering place, and here almost at your feet runs the railroad."

Some writer has truthfully declared that the landed estates of European noblemen sink into insignificance, when compared with some of the ranchos of semi-tropical California. It is seldom that they are spoken of as embracing so many acres, but rather as extending over so many leagues. Independent of what are at present government lands, or what have been preempted since the occupation of Alta California by the United States, sixty grants were made in Los Angeles county by the Mexican rulers to various parties, all of which have since been confirmed. I give the annexed list, with the names of the parties, to whom the grants were confirmed, and the acreage of each one:

Pueblo, City of Los Angeles 17,172.37

San Francisco, J. Felix et al 102,025.95

Mission San Fernando (Church) 76.94

**75**

Ex Mission San Fernando, E. De Celis 121,619.24

Tujunga, D. W. Alexander et al 6,660.71

La Canada, J. R. Scott and B. Hays 5,832.71

San Pascual, Manuel Garfias 13,693.93

Santa Anita, Henry Dalton 13,319.06

Azuza, Henry Dalton 4,431.05

Azuza Duarto, A. Duarto 6,595.63

San Jose, H. Dalton et al 22,720.28

Rincon de la Brea, G. Ybarra 4,452.59

Los Noyales, M. de Jesus Garcia et al 460.72

Tract of da Pabla, de Jesus Courtenay 49.29

La Puerta, Julian Workman et al 48,790.55

Huarta de Custi, Victoria Reid 128.26

El Escorpion, Indian Urbana et al 1,110.00

San Gabriel Mission (Church) 190.69

Potrero de Felipe Lugo M. & M. V. Ronero 2,042.81

Potrero Grande, J. M. Sanchez 4,431.95

La Merced, F.P.F. Temple et al 2,363.75

San Antonio, A. M. Lugo 29,513.35

La Cienega, Anaria Abila et al 4,439.05

San Jose de Buenas Ayres, B. D. Wilson et al 4,438.69

La Ballona, Augustin Machada et al 13,919.90

Los Palos Verdes, J. L. Sepdiveda et al 3,629.43

San Pedro, Manuel Dominguez et al 43,119.13

Tajanta, E. Abila 8,570.27

La Habra, A. Pico and others 6,698.57

Los Coyotes, A. Pico and others 56,979.72

Los Alamitos, A. Stearns 17,789.79

La Bolsa Chica, Joaquin Ruiz 8,107.40

Los Bolsas, Ramon Yerba et al 34,486.53

Santiago de Santa Ana, B. Yerba et al 62,516.57

Cañon de Santa Ana, B. Yerba et al 13,328.53

El Rincon, B. Yerba et al 4,431.41

San Joaquin, J. Sepulveda 48,803.16

Canada de los Alisos, Jose Serano 10,688.81

Trabuco, Juan Foster 22,184.47

Mission Viejo de la Paz 46,432.65

Mission San Juan Capistrano (Church) 44.56

Santa Gertrudes, Samuel Carpenter 24,014.80

La Liebre, Jose Maria Flores 48,799.59

Castac, Jose Maria Cvaarubias 22,178.29

El Tejon, Jose Aquirre et al 97,616.78

Providencia, D. W. Alexander et al 4,438.68

Paso de Bariolo, Pio Pico 7,717.46

Redeo de los Aguas, Maria Rita Valdez 4,449.39

San Francisquita, Henry Dalton 8,852.40

Triumfo (unrecorded in book of patents)

Catalina Island, James Lick 48,825.48

Clemente Island (unrecorded)

Los Felis, Maria Ygnacia Berdugo 6,647.46

Malaga (unrecorded)

Los Pinos, Juan Foster 522.98

El Casiso, Juan Foster 167.51

De la Cienega, Juan Foster 447.25

The following is the Los Angeles and San Pedro Railroad Company's export report for the year, commencing January 1, 1873, and ending December 31, 1873:

POUNDS

Assorted Merchandize, 2,586 packages 246,500

Wine and brandy, gallons, 303,670 3,036,700

Wool, 10,488 bales 3,626,389

Bullion, 58,056 bars 4,826,741

Fruit, 14,342 boxes 1,003,940

Ore, 2,129 sacks 212,050

Skins, 437 bales 65,550

Green hides, 4,664 260,361

Dry hides, 5,574 94,758

Corn, 46,400 sacks 5,527,768

Corn meal and rye, 8,888 sacks 1,055,360

Oats, 34 sacks 2,511

Beans, 4,926 sacks 383,367

Rye, 2,579 sacks 286,420

Seed, 245 sacks 30,590

Wheat, 5,308 sacks 653,317

Pop corn, 240 sacks 29,092



Carried forward 21,341,415

**77**

Brought forward 21,341,414

Borax, 433 sacks 47,505

Nuts, 1,141 sacks 82,594

Hay, 787 bales 175,400

Hops, 96 bales 18,692

Eggs, 467 boxes 35,180

Honey, 1,625 boxes 199,680

Beeswax, 58 packages 2,904

Brea (asphaltum) 356,934

Oil, 97 barrels 38,800

Empty barrels and kegs, 44 2,640

Dried fruit, 475 packages 29,545

Tallow, 192 packages 36,037

Trees and cuttings, 72 packages 7,200

Shark fins and abalones, 442 packages 70,691

Wagons, 7 10,500

Horses, 11 11,000

Hogs, 1,194 268,650

Sheep, 17 1,700

Express freight 132,000

Total 24,479,045

The railroad company have furnished no statement of their freight receipts for 1874, but it is safe to say that there will be found by their next annual report a very appreciable increase in every article of export named in the above list, especially in the items of wine, brandy, grain, fruit, wool, asphaltum and orange, lemon and lime trees, which from the staple productions of the county. The shipments of bullion and ores will also be found to have very far more than doubled.

Los Angeles County contains a population of rising 26,000 souls, a little less than one third of whom are native Californians and Mexicans, and who live chiefly by raising stock, and by unskilled labor upon vineyards and ranches.

Los Angeles County was the scene of American labor and improvement as long ago as 1828-9, for it was about this time that Don Abel Stearns and John Temple came to this section; and I may term it the seafaring element. The arrival of Messrs. J. J. 78 Warner, William Wolfskill, Isaac Williams, and others, in 1832, may be said to constitute the Rocky Mountain element. In 1841 came B. D. Wilson, David Alexander, John Reed, William Workman, Daniel Sexton, John Rowland, and others, who started for California with the express purpose of making it their permanent abiding place. Most all of the above-named gentlemen or their sons are living in this county, nearly all of whom are rich, and owners of large tracts of lands and extensive vineyards and orchards. From 1841 to the present time, large numbers of Americans and foreigners have found their way to this section, many of whom have established themselves pleasantly and securely, and who are distinguished for their cosmopolitan views and sterling public spirit. I could only mention the

names of these gentlemen by referring to the poll list, and publishing them all. Suffice it to say, then, that the entire people seem to be anxious and untiring in their efforts to develop the country in which they live, and to advance its fame and interests at home and abroad. How eminently successful they have been, may be proven by the views given in a preceding chapter.

The climate of the county west of the mountains is incomparable, as may be seen by the following table for the year 1871, kept by Mr. Broderick, of this city:

MONTH. SUNRISE. 9 A.M. 3 P.M. 9 P.M.

January 40 55 64 50

February 41 56 64 48

March 40 60 69 54

April 53 66 73 57

May 56 65 71 60

June 61 70 77 64

July 66 74 80 67

August 65 75 81 69

September 61 75 85 67

October 59 74 79 62

November 49 67 69 57

December 47 57 62 51

The following table was kept at San Gabriel, in 1869:

79

MONTH. 7 A.M. 3 P.M. 9 P.M.

January 40 59 46

February 46 61 53

March 47 64 52

April 51 68 55

May 60 72 61

June 64 74 67

July 68 80 68

August 67 77 67

September 70 75 67

October 59 71 61

November 43 67 47

December 47 59 46

I will conclude this chapter by the production of two letters written by distinguished California editors, and at present proprietors of newspapers in adjoining counties. The first description is by Mr. Hudnut, editor of the Kern County *Courier*, and who has been often termed the most refined and graceful newspaper writer on the Pacific coast. Mr. Hudnut says:

“An interval of thirteen years has elapsed since our last visit to the City of the Angels, and the changes that had taken place in that time were greater than we expected to see. Of course we were familiar, or had a general idea of what had taken place in the county, but we expected to have seen it principally manifested in the country. This is not the case. True, the advance even there is of a marked and decided character, but the growth and improvement is principally in the city and its immediate environs. It appeared at least four times as large as we had previously known it, and the area of its orange groves, vineyards and gardens seemed to have extended in even greater proportions. Many fine, costly, city-like structures had arisen, hotels, banks and business houses. The hills, at the foot of which the original town was built, are becoming, because of the fine views obtained, a favorite locality for private residences, and many of them are already crowned with tasteful buildings, while a great deal of costly grading and excavating was being done to make places for more. The tendency of improvement in this direction adds greatly to the appearance of the city, and gives interest to the approach by any of the roads leading into it. One very fine building, on a lofty eminence, opposite the centre of the city, that affords accommodation to the public schools, is visible from a great distance, and is the central point of visual attraction to travelers as they converge thitherward. A few years ago it was thought the water did not suffice for the lands of the city, but with art and economy in its management, this was found a mistake. All within the corporate limits is now under the highest state of cultivation, an extensive aggregation of the finest gardens in the world, containing among their valuable products every kind of horticultural tree grown in either the temperate or semi-tropical regions of the earth, among which the orange, with its rich, dark green foliage contrasting with the bright yellow of its delicious fruit, predominates, and by degrees it was even found that water, having sufficed to perform its vivifying duty in town limits, could be spared beyond, and accordingly in many instances, it has been permitted to proceed on its fertilizing mission, and now, especially in the direction of Wilmington, innumerable young gardens of fruit and nut trees, especially the orange, and the vineyards may be seen carefully kept and in the most thriving condition. It is in this way that the country seems, and really is, an outgrowth of the city.

“The *dolce far niente* has not yet, in the slightest degree, weighed down the wings of American energy. This may be abundantly seen in their railroad building and other costly enterprises, and the indications of an extraordinary degree of public spirit that may be observed at every turn, and felt in the very atmosphere. They believe their city and county to be the choicest part of the earth, and are determined that no one shall have it his power to point out wherein it is wanting. Nor are the people in any other part of the State half as able to carry out any enterprise of public utility upon which they may determine. Trade and the movement of business may seem sluggish, yet the real aggregate prosperity of the city and county is unbounded. The exports exceed the imports in the proportion of at least three to one. Large numbers of people are either rich or rapidly becoming so. Yet this great and constant influx of wealth is a silent and hardly perceptible operation. The valuable productions of the country, chiefly wine, semi-tropical fruits, 81 wool, etc., employ but little labor. The financial affairs of the county are certainly in a most healthy condition, even if money is not quite so plentifully and generally circulated as a communist might wish. But by and by the men of wealth will begin to invest immense sums in building, in luxury, the gratification of taste, and the love of the beautiful. Then money, through the abundant employment that will be given the laboring classes, will circulate more freely. The people of a country that exports more than is imported, with the absolute certainty that this state of things is to continue, are justified in the indulgence of the most pleasing and the grandest anticipations. It is hard to make an investment of a public or private nature that is not sure to pay. Hence whatever is undertaken is engaged in with confidence and energy, and the interest that is taken does not slacken after the first novelty is over.”

The other extract is from the San Diego World, and is very pictorial and brief:

“We have never permitted ourselves to entertain a doubt but that of all the richly endowed counties of California, those which form the southern tier are destined to furnish the brightest exemplars of the ease, elegance, and opulence which lie open to men of moderate means, industry and enterprise on the Pacific coast, Los Angeles is, to-day, the most beautiful section in the United States. All the beauties which the curious eye of Childe Harold saw in Spain— ‘Vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills’

stud the country which intervene between Wilmington and Spadra. Great wealth has already been amassed there, and what Dr. Johnson called the ‘potentialities of untold wealth,’ are still to be found in Los Angeles County, in unstinted measure. Were the Congress of the United States to extend tomorrow, to the numerous and wealthy community of Los Angeles, one third the favor which for years have been lavished upon the few men who own the Onondago Salt Manufactory, in the State of New York, the wealth of Los Angeles would be trebled or quadrupled at a blow. Were a very slight protection given to American wines and brandies, and the subterfuges of 82 importers discouraged, in response to the spirited demand of Mr. Meyer Newmark, there would in ten years be twenty Anaheims in the ample spread of Santa Ana valley, and in the splendid sweep of the San Joaquin ranch. The beautiful country of the San José valley would then be too valuable to be devoted to alfalfa, or to the myriads of wild poppies and desert lilies which make its carpet of green like an exquisite spontaneous mosaic of nature.”

A correspondent of the Petaluma Argus, writing from Los Angeles, under date of April 13th, 1874, gives the following as some of the results of his observations:

“On every hand are trees bending under the weight of golden fruit, some bearing as high as 1,500 oranges. We saw English walnut trees over twenty feet high, and branching fifteen or twenty feet; apricots equally as high; olive trees fifteen feet or more in high; a palm tree eleven feet in circumference, and about thirty-six feet high. Vegetation grows to an extent which taxes the credulity of one not seeing it. I pulled a mustard stalk on uncultivated ground, six feet long, this early in the season. The malva growing by the roadside rises to the backs of the team. Many have the impression that the climate here is warmer than in Sonoma County, but such is not the case. The summers are as cool, while the winters are warmer, and we are saved the chilly winds direct from the ocean. For invalids, the place is equal to, or better, than Santa Barbara. The profits of semi-tropical fruit culture would not be credited if I told them. I will mention a few facts. Bearing orange orchards cannot be bought at any price. Thomas A. Garey bought ten acres for \$4,000, which he had been leasing. There were 430 orange trees, six to seven years old, which bear next year. He would not take \$8,000 for it. For a bed of seedling limes, costing in money \$100, he took \$2,000.

He has many varieties which he is testing to find the best, among which is a variety ripening for the first time. Four were hanging on one limb not over three fourths of an inch in diameter, while the fruit was each eighteen inches in circumference, and must weigh three and one half to four pounds each. A dwarf orange tree ten inches high had fourteen small-sized oranges on it.”

83

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE STAPLE PRODUCTIONS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY—THE CULTIVATION OF THE OLIVE, THE ORANGE, LEMON, LIME, CITRON, FIG, POMEGRANATE, ALMOND AND ENGLISH WALNUT—GOV. JOHN G. DOWNEY ON ORANGE CULTURE—THE CULTIVATION OF THE GRAPE, AND THE MANUFACTURE OF WINE AND BRANDY.

The staple productions of Los Angeles county are enumerated in the railroad table of exports published in the preceding chapter, and no such list of productions can be shown in a report of exports from any other section of the world. I claim that tabular statement as the crown of my book, because it presents figures which cannot betray the truth. The great staples, however, in an agricultural way, are the juices of the grape, the orange, olive, lemon, lime, citron, English walnut, fig, pomegranate and almond, and while it would take a large volume to elaborate upon their cultivation, I think I can present satisfactory information in one chapter.

The olive, the most noble of all the fruits of the world, was introduced into Semi-tropical California a hundred years ago, by the old Franciscan padres, who also brought with them the common sweet orange and the mission grape. The olive is not strictly a semi-tropical fruit, yet thrives the best in a dry country, like Mexico and the south of Europe. The olive is a native of the temperate sea coast ridges of Asia and Africa, but has been cultivated in all the countries in the south of Europe, since the dates of their existence. This noble fruit, to a great extent, constitutes the meat and bread and cream and butter of the people of Italy and Spain, and is largely used in a variety of ways in France and Mexico. In these countries the olive enters into almost every kind of cookery. Except for its invaluable oil in salad making, it is very little used in our country outside of California; and



here, Americans only use it in the form of pickle or oil. The natives, however, use it in a variety of ways; 84 in fact, a good Spanish dinner finds the olive prepared, in some way or the other, in every dish. In portions of Southern Europe a few olive trees will serve for the support of an entire family, who would starve on what could otherwise be raised on the same surface of soil. It is an evergreen, growing in this State to the height of from twenty-five to forty feet, but generally averaging thirty. It is a very pretty tree, with delicate branches, and little, narrow, bluish-green leaves, looking, in the distance, like a willow. It commences to bear from a shoot or cutting the sixth year, and without any care whatever, either in pruning, cultivating or watering, will live and grow for centuries. The tree and fruit of Mexico and California are larger and better than can be found in any other part of the world. The pickle is highly esteemed in California, and it is a noted fact that all children upon this coast are particularly fond of it. There is no secret attending the preparation, either of the pickle or the oil. The pickles are made by taking the olives from the tree in the unripe, but perfectly developed state, steeping them in ley water; after which they are washed, and bottled in salt and water, to which may be added fennel, or some kind of spice. The oil is made by crushing the fruit to a paste, and pressing it through a coarse hempen bag into hot water, from the surface of which the oil is skimmed off. The fancy article, or superior oil, is made from the pulp alone. The olive is a very hardy, strong tree. In many of the waste places in Southern Europe, and along the coast ridges of Asia and Africa, it may be seen growing about ten feet in height, along the stony highways, in rocky cañons, and in deserts and alkali flats. There is an olive orchard at San Diego, nearly a hundred years old, in a wonderful state of excellent bearing, although it has been neglected for thirty years. There is a celebrated plantation in Italy, near Terni, more than five miles in length, which has existed since the time of Pliny; while Judge Swift, of San Francisco, and Bishop Kip have seen the self-same trees which shaded Jesus when he delivered what Jefferson was pleased to say that he considered “the most beautiful thing in the English language.” There are from six to eight thousand olive trees in Los Angeles County, in fine bearing order, one third of which are in the old Mission gardens of San Gabriel, San Fernando, 85 and San Juan Capistrano. The crop is always a sure one, which is not the case with the foreign fruit.

The orange, that most delectable and luscious of all the family of semi-tropical fruits, is raised in Los Angeles with great success, and, commercially speaking, no where else in the State. The orange tribe includes the common orange, the lemon, lime and citron. This beautiful fruit is a native of Asia, and may well enjoy its reputation of being the golden apple of the Hesperides. The orange proper is raised all over the south of Europe, China, the Sandwich Islands, Mexico, Central America, the West Indies, Florida, and portions of Alabama, Louisiana, Texas and California. The most esteemed fruit is the common sweet orange, while there are the Maltese (red pulp), Mandarin (small, sweet China orange), St. Michael's (small, thin skin, very luscious, and often seedless), Seville (bitter, and only used for preserves), and the Bergamot (used by perfumers for the manufacture of essences).

The fruit of Los Angeles county is the common sweet orange, and in many respects combines the qualities of the Florida, Louisiana and the Havana orange; having the size of the former, the skin of the second, and the delicious flavor of the latter. The trees are stronger, and bear more luxuriantly than either of those mentioned above, and the fruit will last longer on the tree; is better adapted for shipment and market than the Florida orange, and will remain sound as long in box as the Havana, or even the Louisiana. The tree is an evergreen; and, aside from its fruit, is one of the most symmetrical and beautiful in the world. It is about twenty-five feet in height, and will cast shade twenty odd feet in diameter, and as perfect in its circumference as the penciling of a circle. The tree is raised from the seed. It has been a prevailing belief with many that this fruit should be grafted or raised from the bud; but Mr. Wilson, the most successful living orange grower in the county, declares that the fact has been demonstrated that the orange is most successfully propagated from the seed. It requires dry ground, which must be kept exceedingly moist, however, during the summer season, and constant care, until after it is transplanted, which takes place at the end of three years, after which time it pretty much takes care of itself, and requires water but five or six times during the dry season. The young tree is sometimes attacked by the gopher, and it is only by the exercise of unceasing vigilance and care that this subterranean marauder can be checked in his destructive movements. The tree commences bearing the eighth year; and if not stunted by the gopher, it becomes, in fourteen years, in full bearing order, and will yield from 1,500

to 3,000 oranges a year. At the age of seventeen it has attained its full size; and, in fruit season, it is the most attractive tree that grows. Probably no fruit in the world grows to a greater age. At the old Mission gardens at San Gabriel, there are a large number of trees in excellent bearing order, nearly ninety years old. Whoever has visited Versailles will remember the famous orange tree called the "Old Bourbon," one of the most luxuriant and beautiful trees in France, and which has borne fruit annually since 1431. The orange of Los Angeles blossoms in the spring, and the fruit ripens in December and January, and will remain upon the tree, if not picked, for a year. In June the tree contains buds and blossoms and all stages of fruit, from the tiny green to the golden ripe. The old trees will yield, on an average, from \$20 to \$40 a tree. Two years ago Mr. Wilson sold \$1,500 worth of oranges from 110 trees; and all those who have been entertained by this gentleman, or who have visited his place, know that at least one third of this production was used at Lake Vineyard or given away.

The Overland Monthly for June, 1874, published the following article on orange culture, from the pen of Ex-Governor John G. Downey. Born in Ireland in 1826, Governor Downey may be termed an American who has been greatly favored in life, having been largely successful in business and a special object of political preferment. He is one of the solid men of Los Angeles, and his check is good for a million. He came to Los Angeles from Washington in 1849, with small means, lots of business capacity, an indomitable will, coupled with a determination to go in and win. His strict integrity and sterling honesty of purpose is his leading characteristic, and dates from his youth up. He has been Governor of California, and it has been often said of him that he was the fairest and best. His administration is always termed the honest one, while it took place during the most calamitous times in the history of our nation. Five years ago 87 Gov. Downey owned 17,000 acres of choice agricultural lands upon the San Gabriel river. In accordance with plans long fostered, these lands were put into market in parcels, at easy rates, either for cash or long payments. These were the first lands put in the market in this way in Los Angeles county. The ex-Governor has a magnificent young orange grove right in the heart of the city. He says:

"The cultivation of the orange in California has deservedly attracted much attention, not only as a source of profit, but as an adjunct to the beauty of the garden, the farm, and the vineyard. There is

nothing that excites the interest of the refined and cultivated woman—maiden or housewife—like the orange grove; ever green; always in fruit or in blossom; symmetrical in shape, and commanding in size and appearance; filling the air with delicious perfume; feasting the eye with its beautiful contrast of deep green leaf, snow-white blossom, and beautiful golden fruit.

“Lest our people should be deterred from extending the cultivation of the orange by the many estimates made of the cost attending the planting and care of an acre, I have been induced to give my views on this interesting question, but not because I am dissatisfied with what has been said by others. On the contrary, I am pleased that Mr. Evans has entered into details on the subject, and through his article in the *Overland* many an intelligent mind will be induced to investigate this interest. But facts of history in relation to the orange orchards of this State should not be overlooked; and as Mr. Evans has been misinformed on some points, it will be only just to correct his errors.

“There never existed an idea that the orange would not grow beyond the spots selected by the Franciscan fathers; but in those days, though there was plenty of energy and intelligence among the Spanish pioneers, it was a difficult undertaking for the ranchero to build a fence to protect his orchard from the multitude of wild stock that surrounded him, even to the door of his pueblo home. The fathers had thousands of neophytes at their command, and to conceive an undertaking was simply to have it done, and quickly. As an evidence of 88 this, I will state that it was suggested on one occasion to Padre Tomas, of the San Gabriel Mission, that the vine would do well at that point, and his answer was: ‘I will try this spring an experiment of forty thousand vines!’—and forthwith it was accomplished. This same father used to raise all his own wheat, and load at San Pedro three Russian ships per year with this grain; receiving in return those commodities necessary for the life and industry of the three thousand Indians under his charge.

“The orchard of orange trees of San Gabriel was scarcely in bearing when Don Luis Vignes planted his orchard in Los Angeles. Next followed that of William Wolfskill—not Alfonzo—and next that of Don Manual Requena. These little orchards were inclosed by an adobe wall, as were those of the Missions of San Gabriel and San Fernando. Many of the old families followed these examples by

planting a few trees in their respective courtyards. I can safely say there was not a tree planted with a view to profit, and not an orange sold until long after the advent of the Americans. The fruit was cultivated for home use, and for the use of friends less fortunately situated.

“In the year 1853 Mathew Keller and Dr. Halsey obtained seeds from Central America and Hawaii, and planted nurseries. Dr. Halsey's nursery was the most extensive. While his plantation was very young, the doctor was crossed in some love matters, studied Andrew Jackson Davis more thoroughly than he did Downing, and went off on a spiritual mission East, leaving his nursery in care of Judge I. S. K. Ogier. The latter sold the nursery for a song to William Wolfskill, whose place was adjoining, and the orchard now the property of Miss Francisca Wolfskill is the result. It is a very pretty property—perhaps the largest bearing orange orchard in the United States. At least, I have not seen any as large in Florida, Louisiana, or in Cuba. It is a pleasure to look at, is a source of great profit, and could not be in better hands.

“The orchard of Mr. Wilson was once a portion of the Mission of San Gabriel. In the unconstitutional sale of the missions, this portion fell to Hugo Reed. Mr. Wilson bought in 1852, of Reed's widow. There were then on the place several fruitful trees, which are still in vigorous bearing, and will be for several generations. Mr. Wilson has industriously and intelligently 89 added to them; not at any great cost, for he raised his trees in his own nursery, and continues to raise them, so that he has them always on hand without expense.

“Now, here is the idea that I want to convey: every family can raise their own orange trees in pots, boxes, or in seed-beds. The lady of the house, her servant, or children, can water them, and with care, three-year-old trees can be forced to the size of those five or six years old, which receive ordinary or indifferent care. The trees are then right at hand to transplant, without injury to tap-root or fimbria, which cannot be said of those that are dug up in the nursery, hauled a distance, the earth shaken from the roots, and the little surface roots killed by exposure to the atmosphere. There is no necessity for digging immense holes to receive them, nor for removing the earth, and filling in with compost. Our soil, as a general thing, is rich enough. Manure will come in time, but should be used with judgment while the trees are young and growing. The utmost care must be taken that the

orange tree is not planted too deep. The nutriment-giving roots must be near the surface. If any of the barked trunk be submerged, the tree will languish, and ultimately die.

“An orange orchard must not be undertaken as a specialty by a poor man or a man of moderate means. It should be an incident to the farm, garden, or vineyard. To depend upon a young orange orchard for a living would try the purse and patience of persons moderately wealthy. I have never seen a tree bear in seven years from the seed. It would be safer to place the period at twelve.

“I am satisfied that favored localities, from the foot of the Shasta mountains to the boundary line below San Diego, will produce oranges. Where nature does not give protection, you can build high board fences, or plant triple rows of cedar or other forest trees around, and thus raise the temperature of the inclosure several degrees.

“Los Angeles appears to be the natural home of all the sub-tropical productions. In fact, the size of all the foreign varieties of the grape is largely increased. The Mission or Sherry grape of Los Angeles looks like a different fruit when compared with its fellow in Santa Clara, Napa or Sonoma. The 90 black Hamburg, and nearly all others, become almost twice their original size when acclimated in Los Angeles.

“The orange orchard is ‘a thing of beauty and a joy forever.’ It has a refined and softening influence. It has permanency and durability, and, so far, an extraordinary profit. For other reasons than the latter, the multiplication of orange plantations should be encouraged. In order to accomplish this desirable end, I will give a few practical suggestions. Let those who can, procure the seed of good-sized and well-flavored oranges; prepare their seedbeds, boxes or pots with good loamy soil, mixed with sand; then plant the seed, barely covering them, and keeping the surface moist with a sprinkler. A box two feet by four produced me one hundred healthy trees. Persons residing in the northern and middle counties, by pursuing this course, will have their trees from infancy acclimated to the latitude where they are destined to grow. The seedlings will be in perfect condition for transplanting; and, in fact, if care be taken, the individual tree will not show, by any

check in its growth, that it has been removed from where it first germinated. The item of tree-buying is a matter of fancy, and should not be set down as a necessity.

“The care and cultivation make another item, of which the expense is somewhat exaggerated. I have a thrifty young orange orchard, say ten acres. The man who takes care of three horses, one carriage and two buggies, attends and milks two cows, does general housework besides, and acts as the janitor of my buildings in the city, attends to this orchard, and keeps it in first-rate condition. Besides these duties, he raises all my hay and alfalfa, feeds my poultry, etc. It may thus be seen that the figuring of cost of cultivation is more ideal than real.

“Irrigation and its cost are also exaggerated. Twelve days' water a year I find sufficient. My assistant runs the plow oftener than the zanja.

“The farmer or stock raiser should plant orange, lemon and lime trees. The men and help they must necessarily have can be occasionally called to do all the work required, and not be missed at the end of the year by any consequent loss or neglect to other interest. Plows, harrows, cultivators and carts are already possessed, and the manure required to keep his orchard 91 mellow and rich is close at hand. The orange tree planted by the farmer, his son, wife or daughter, will be watched in all the progress of its growth to fruition with infinite pleasure. The period of reaping the pecuniary reward will soon roll round, and then the orange orchard will be a lasting heritage.

“The gentleman of wealth or of literary habits will find the same pleasure in this pursuit, and it will prove a most salutary relaxation from study and care in those intervals devoted to pruning and directing the size, symmetry and shape of his pets, for such they will prove to be.

“It will, I trust, be found from the foregoing, that the cost of an orange orchard will be mainly the individual effort put forth and not the amount in coin that has been expended. And if thus an acre of land, purchased at from \$30 to \$100, can be advanced to \$2,000 value in ten or twelve years, the investment will pay better than any other that can be suggested, to say nothing of the percentage of pleasure and satisfaction attending the process of development.”

The lemon tree, in many respects, favors the orange, but is less beautiful. The branches spread more awkwardly, and the foliage is of a lighter green, and less shapely and luxuriant. The Sicily lemon of California is conceded to be the finest lemon in the world, and is a better paying fruit even than the orange. It is easily grown, and takes care of itself better than the orange. It grows from a sprig or shoot, or sucker, and requires irrigation. It is as free from marauders as the pear, and is as hardy, and almost as sure. Eighty trees may be planted to the acre, and fruit may be picked all the year round. The tree is in full bearing order at sixteen years, and commences to yield well at ten. The profits of lemon-raising are enormous. Mr. Boyle picked from five trees, six years ago, five hundred dollars' worth of lemons, the trees having been planted by himself nineteen years ago. There is a species of this fruit called the Chinese lemon, which grows nearly as large as the citron. It grows on a bush, is very ornamental, and ripens luxuriantly all the year round. This lemon is not in demand at present, and falls to the ground and rots by the hundred bushels. It is a homely, unwieldy fruit, but will yet be used for preserves and for its oil. Its flavor for compounded drinks, and for pies, and to eat from 92 the bush, is unexcelled by the Sicily, yet it cannot be urged into the market for the present.

The lime, which is a very near relation of the lemon, is also raised with great profit—more so than even the lemon. It is a bush, more properly, and yields continuously. It is in leaf, bud, blossom, and all stages of fruit, the entire year round. The fruit is about one quarter the size of the lemon, but contains more juice, and is sharper in quality, but with a least bitter taste alone. It is used almost entirely for drinks and for medicinal purposes; and most people prefer its juice to the lemon for punches and cobbles, while all epicures pronounce it far superior to the lemon for oysters, salads, and for baked and broiled fish. Between two hundred and three hundred bushes may be raised to the acre. In all other respects the lime favors the other members of its family, and requires irrigation.

The citron grows upon a bush much resembling the Chinese lemon, and requires the same care. As this fruit is only used as a preserve, very little attention has as yet been paid to its cultivation.

The English walnut is a source of handsome profit, and grows to great perfection in Los Angeles County. The tree favors the common walnut, or butternut, in its shape and growth, but has a clean,



bright, slippery bark, and throws out its branches like a sycamore, and has but little foliage. It is an annual, and looks as bare in winter as a Vermont apple tree. It blossoms in the spring, and the fruit ripens in the fall and drops to the ground. Every nut falls to the ground, and, disengaging itself from its bark, or exterior shell, lies uninjured until it is picked up, be it a month or a year. It is unaffected either by frost, rain, heat, or cold, and requires no care whatever in its production, except irrigation. Their average yield is about \$30 to the tree, and it is regarded as a sure crop.

The almond tree is a puny-looking affair, and is the first tree to blossom after the cherry. It does not do so well as any of the above, yet will average \$100 to the acre.

Semi-tropical California cannot claim the fig entirely as its own. In fact, it grows from Del Norte to San Diego. From the central part of the State to the most southern, it bears two crops 93 a year, and very large ones. The fig is an awkward tree, and has but little foliage. It does not grow so large as the fig trees of Georgia and Florida, but produces more luxuriantly, and better fruit. Figs have never been prepared in the United States, so as to compare with the Smyrna production; therefore, a great deal of the fruit is wasted. To most people, the unpreserved fig is an acquired taste, like the banana, the tuna, the pomegranate, or tomato; many of the ladies of Los Angeles get up a dessert dish of figs, however, in which there is a happy incorporation of sugar and cream, which is easily acquired, I can assure you. There are upwards of three thousand fig trees in this country in superb bearing condition, and experiments are about to be made by parties who claim to be masters of the secret of the art of a successful manufacture.

The pomegranate, one of the most unique and singularly beautiful specimens of southern fruit, is a native of China. It grows here in great abundance, and is cultivated in all of the States south of the Potomac, and grows in warm places in Maryland and Ohio. The hedges of the fruit gardens in Genoa and Nice are made of it. It is a favorite fruit in Paris, and also in London, where it is used medicinally, being pleasant and cooling in fevers and inflammatory disorders. The tree is seldom over twelve feet in height, and is very beautiful, whether clad in its fine scarlet flowers or decked with gay fruit. The tree is propagated by either cuttings or seeds. The fruit is large as a medium sized apple, of a yellowish orange color, with a rich red cheek. The skin is hard, thin and leathery,

the interior consisting of sweet flavored seeds enveloped in pulp. A large calyx crowns it in a peculiar manner, which not only remains but increases in size after the flower has fallen. Rapin, the French poet, tells a pretty little mythological story respecting the pomegranate: "Bacchus once beguiled a lovely Scythian girl, whose head had been previously turned by the diviners having prophesied that she would some day wear a crown, and who therefore lent a willing ear to his suit. The fickle god, however, not long after abandoned her, when she soon died of grief. Touched at last, he metamorphosed her into a pomegranate tree, and placed on the summit of its fruit a crown (calyx), which he had denied to his mistress while living."

94

If California is not at present, indeed, the favorite grape-growing country of the world, it is destined, certainly, to attain that rank, and also to become the most extensive. Although there are several counties that produce large quantities of grapes, and are largely and successfully engaged in the manufacture of wines, Los Angeles is the oldest and best grape-growing district in the State. There is not a particle of doubt but that the wine interest of California is beginning to assume that vast importance which was foreseen for it by those who have paid attention to the subject.

The grape district of Los Angeles is about twenty miles from the ocean, and extends fifty odd miles through the low-grounds of a net of valleys. The soil is light and deep, middling warm, and although poor in appearance, rich and strong—and probably everlasting. The grape grown in this district is known to have been brought to this country by the Franciscan padres, nearly one hundred years ago, and is called the "Mission," and was formerly of the Malaga variety. The Mission grape is round, like a marble, about three quarters of an inch in diameter, and of a beautiful black when fully ripe, and full of very sweet juice, but little meat, and may be eaten, skins and all, in preference to any other production.

In the production of grapes, Semi-tropical California has advantages over all other vineyard countries of the world, and particularly Germany, France and Spain. There are no storms, no frosts, no insects to disturb either the vine, blossom, or fruit. From ten to fifteen, eighteen and twenty thousand pounds of grapes are grown to the acre, according to the age of the vine, which is almost

three times as much as can be raised per acre in Ohio or Europe. The labor in Europe and in Ohio is far less simple than in Los Angeles county, but the item is at once counterbalanced by high rates of labor.

The Los Angeles vineyards are planted with cuttings obtained at the January pruning. These cuttings are from vines from three to five years old, and from that portion of the vine that bore fruit the year previous. The vines are planted six feet six inches apart each way, giving about a thousand vines to the acre. In Sonoma, Napa, and other northern counties, eight feet is the usual distance. The holes for planting are generally made with a crowbar, 95 two inches deep, leaving two buds upon the vine above the surface. If the ground is dry, the cuttings need frequent irrigation during the first year. The second year they need to be irrigated but once or twice. The third year the vines begin to bear, averaging from three to six pounds each, but sometimes yielding from ten to twelve. The sixth year the vine is in full growth and full bearing order, but still improves up to its sixtieth year, when it begins to decay, yet continues to yield until a hundred (and sometimes many more) years old.

The manufacture of wine and brandy, as the reader may readily be aware, constitutes one of the chief features of money-making in Los Angeles county, and is a high branch of agriculture, as it is technically considered. The manufacture of wine commences about the first of October, or as soon as the grape shall obtain complete ripeness, which may be tested by pulling the fruit from the stem and leaving no juice upon it. The branches are cut off, and great care is exercised not to injure the fruit until it is ready for the press, when the bunches are cut from the branch, and the ripe, sound grapes selected from the unripe and rotten ones, and passed through a sieve, leaving the stems and leaves above.

There are, as is well known, two natural colors to wines—the white and the red. The white wine is the first and most natural. To make white wine, the pulp is pressed and removed so soon as the process of washing or pressing has ceased; if the wine is to be red, the pulp is kept standing from five to ten days, thus permanently communicating to the juice the coloring of the skin and meat.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE MINERAL DEPOSITS OF SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA—SOME FACTS ABOUT THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD—THE SAN GABRIEL PLACER MINES AND THE SOLEDAD QUARTZ LEADS—THE ZAPATA SILVER MINE—THE GREAT OIL REPOSITORIES OF VENTURA AND LOS ANGELES COUNTIES—THE MANUFACTURE OF SALT.

IT IS not generally known that the first discovery of gold in California was made in Los Angeles county—an event barely mentioned in the history of California, and never recognized in its poetry or song.

The excitement of 1848 may truthfully be called the era of gold, the commencement of which electrified both continents. But the discovery of the precious metal must ever bear the imprint of “Abel Stearns, Los Angeles County, California, 1833.” For here, in this delightful garden, teeming with fruits and flowers, Midas, of the golden touch, serenely wandered, leaving behind him sparkling footprints—quenching his thirst at many a babbling stream, which each in turn thereafter swept, like the Pactolus, over aurific sands.

The first gold known to exist in what is now California, was discovered by a native in the gravel hills of the upper border of Los Angeles county, in 1833. Don Abel Stearns, who came here from Boston in 1829, examined the precious particles; he subsequently sent specimens of the glittering dust to the Philadelphia mint, and received from that establishment shortly afterward not only a receipt therefor, but gold coins manufactured from the dust transmitted—and this in 1833, fifteen years prior to the real carnival of gold.

Mr. Charles Nordhoff, writing to the New York *Tribune*, pleasantly alludes to a country wagon in January filled with oranges, onions, wine, brandy, lemons, potatoes, strawberries, radishes, etc., as a happy way of illustrating the incomparable wealth of the agricultural and pomological varieties and seasons 97 of Los Angeles county. I now propose to add to the above articles a few sacks of gold

quartz, silver, copper, and tin ores; salt and asphaltum; also some slabs of marble, and a barrel or two of petroleum, all from Los Angeles county.

At present the gravel claims in the San Gabriel cañon are being worked successfully, and are attracting the attention of capitalists. These claims were first discovered in 1854, by Captain Hannager and party, of Los Angeles county. These men, however, possessed no experience whatever in mining, and made but five or six dollars per day. At about this time there were exciting discoveries in the northern counties, and early in the year 1855 Hannager and party abandoned the San Gabriel claims, and went to El Dorado. In 1858 a portion of the party returned; and, having had additional experience in the mines of the northern counties, in company with Henry Dockweiler, of Los Angeles, and others, went into placer mining, and took out from seven to ten dollars per day on an average.

In the spring of 1859 some parties made a prospecting tour of the whole cañon, and gave it as their judgment that the hills were rich of gold. Quite an excitement followed, and in a few months not less than seven hundred miners were at work in the placers, averaging, with indifferent facilities, from three to six dollars per day. This party, off and on, worked in the hills, most of the time under great disadvantages, until 1864. They packed all of their gravel in sacks from the hills to the river, and necessarily the average of dust fell away as they penetrated the dry cañons at long distances from the river.

In the month of February, 1865, the great Colorado river and Arizona Territory excitement sprung up, and at least 500 out of the 700 men at San Gabriel packed up their traps and left for the newly-reported placers. From this time up to the great storms of 1868, from 100 to 200 men earned a small livelihood by going over claims once worked. The freshet of 1868, however, caused a complete abandonment of all the mines, as the banks became saturated and dangerous, and the transportation of provisions impossible. From this time up to the summer of 1871, with the exception of a few Mexicans, who would 98 occasionally take up a jack load of provisions, and return with a few ounces of dust, no operations of importance occurred.

In July, 1871, however, Messrs. Matfield and Roberts, who had long entertained favorable opinions of introducing the system of hydraulic mining at the head of the cañon, commenced constructing flumes and ditches, the completion of which took place a short time after. The ditch of Messrs. Matfield and Roberts' claim is five miles in length, and is one of the most complete and substantial in the State. Everything connected with this company's claim has been entirely successful, particularly the clean-ups. While erecting flumes and ditches for hydraulic purposes involves expensive outlay, the system is generally productive, if the claims are at all rich, of large and satisfactory results.

The success achieved by the above named company has induced other gentlemen to proceed with the construction of hydraulic works, and already more flumes and ditches are in process of construction.

In a large way these mines may be said to have been almost entirely overlooked; partly on account of the attractiveness for capital and speculation presented in the northern mining counties, and partly owing to the imperishable and growing agricultural and pomological fame of this section. Ere long, however, Los Angeles county will make a fine showing in the gold market. And I may add here, singular as the fact may seem to some, that during the past eighteen years Messrs. Ducommon and Jones, merchants of Los Angeles, have purchased, in one way and another, over two million dollars' worth of gold dust taken from the placer claims of the San Gabriel river—while it is fair to presume that, among other merchants and to parties in San Francisco, have been distributed at least a like amount. The statistics of the San Francisco Mint show that in one year nearly forty thousand dollars' worth of dust was sent from Los Angeles county for coining purposes.

The existence of gold and silver quartz, and of copper and tin ores, is unmistakable. In 1861 considerable attention was turned toward Soledad cañon, induced by the discovery of copper. Gentlemen who had been conversant with the nature of copper veins, and the mode of the extraction of the metal, visited this 99 section, and reported favorably upon the indications. A great excitement followed, and nearly \$300,000 were immediately sunk in developments. Some of the most beautiful specimens of native copper ever seen were found, many of which were in the formation of leaves,

exquisitely frosted with silver. The ore when found was incomparably rich, and most of it contained eighty-five and ninety per cent. of metal; it was only found in chambers, however, there being no defined walls.

After the expenditure of vast sums of money, and the running of thousands of feet of tunnels and shafts, the copper mines were abandoned, as the ore could not be found in quantities to pay.

Upon the abandonment of the copper enterprise, in which one San Francisco firm spent and lost \$93,000, a large number of Mexicans and others were thrown out of employment, and left without means. Some of the former wandered about the sandhills a few miles north-west of the abandoned tunnels, and early in the spring of 1862 made several discoveries of gold-bearing quartz, the whole country, in fact, presenting indications of the existence of mountains of the precious metal.

The discoverers were too poor to work their claims; and owing to the failures in the copper district, which paralyzed everything in the neighborhood, they were unsuccessful in their attempts to sell, or even to get partners to assist them in their contemplated developments. In a while, however, some Mexicans got to work in two or three of the different claims, and put up ten arastras, and for nearly a year quietly took out rock, which yielded them from \$35 to \$40 per ton. In a short time thereafter the whole district was taken up, and some eight or ten claims were at once mechanically operated upon.

About twenty-four miles from Los Angeles, and three miles from the mouth of the San Gabriel cañon, is situated a silver-bearing lode, owned by Dr. Winston and others, and known as the Zapata mine. A vast amount of money has been spent upon this mine, which, in the words of Col. D. C. Buell, one of the most thorough and accomplished mineralogists and mining adepts in the world, is a mountain of silver. Already \$30,000 have been expended in tunneling the Zapata, which has been developed into a rich mine. Had it not been for an accident, in 100 which the timbering , or a portion of it, gave way, some few years ago, causing an abandonment of direct operations, no doubt exists but there would have been, to-day, in successful running order, as fine a silver mill as there is on the coast.

There are also evidences of tin in the mountains and detached spurs of the mountains along the southern and south-eastern borders of Los Angeles county; while near Anaheim vast deposits of a kind of marble exist.

The existence of inflammable fluid substances upon the coast of southern California, and particularly in Ventura and Los Angeles counties, has been known for eighty years; yet little or no importance was attached to this fact until the development of the great natural repositories of petroleum a few years ago in Pennsylvania. Really the indications of vast quantities of oil, in the shape either of natural springs of tar or beds of asphaltum, have, for more than half a century, been regarded, by the owners of ranches and stock, as a detriment to their property, inasmuch as they caused a loss of cattle and sheep, in which the value of their property chiefly consisted, by the animals being drowned in the vast pools of petroleum which exist in many places in Southern California.

The history of the search for oil in this section of the country is one to which I have given much earnest attention, and it is a matter of very great importance to our commercial and producing interests.

In the early part of the year 1864, Mr. John Wythe, a well-known and wealthy druggist of Philadelphia, while upon the Los Angeles steamer, off Santa Barbara, noticed, what may always be seen off that point, the swimming of oil upon the surface of the ocean, and at once became interested in it, remarking to the captain of the vessel:

“Sir, there are deposits of petroleum here somewhere; the only question is, whether they are in the mountains or under the sea.”

At this same time Prof. Silliman was upon the Pacific coast, and subsequently he and Mr. Wythe, upon the representation of the latter, proceeded to Santa Barbara county upon a tour of observation and investigation.



Arriving at San Buenaventura, the well-known scientific 101 gentlemen met a merchant named Gilbert, who not only directed them to the vast asphaltum beds upon the Ojai ranch, less than ten miles from the town, but informed them that he had a small refinery about seven miles up the river, at which he had manufactured, a year or two before, four hundred barrels of oil. Professor Silliman thereupon carefully examined the entire section, and made his views the subject of an elaborate report.

With an eye always open for big things, Professor Silliman at once wrote letters to certain wealthy gentlemen in New York and Philadelphia, in which he strongly recommended the purchase of the Ojai ranch, and the shipment of machinery for the manufacture of oil. The Professor said in one of his letters, which I was shown by Col. Thomas Scott the last time I was in Philadelphia:

“The property covers an area of 18,000 acres of land in one body, on which there are at least twenty natural oil wells, some of them of the largest size. The oil is struggling to the surface at every available point, and is running away down the rivers for miles and miles. Artesian wells will be fruitful along a double line of thirteen miles—say, for at least twenty-five miles in linear extent. The ranch is an old Spanish grant of four leagues of land, lately confirmed, and of perfect title. It has, as I have stated, about 18,000 acres in it of the finest land, watered by four rivers, and measures, in a straight line, in all, nearly thirteen miles— *but its great value is its almost fabulous wealth in the best oil.*”

The ranch was immediately purchased, machinery for the boring of wells, etc., was sent out from New York, comprising three engines, a refinery, furnace, retort, and all kinds of drill tools, piping material, barrels, etc., etc. Houses, workshops, and derricks were built, and other preparations were made for the boring of oil on an extensive scale, which commenced in June, 1855, and ceased in four years, after an expenditure of nearly \$200,000.

I visited this entire region in the fall of 1868, in company with Mr. Thomas K. Bard, the Superintendent, and made some elaborate notes thereon.

What is known as Well No. 1 is situated upon the bank of the San Antonio river, near a very large bed of soft asphaltum and a number of springs of tar, seven miles from San Buenaventura. It was sunk 500 feet without obtaining the fluid, notwithstanding its location is right by the midst of innumerable pools of oil and tar. The fact is, the shaft was improperly located, as has since been developed. It was located, as have been the wells in Los Angeles county (or at least all that I have visited), entirely away from the oil measures. The croppings are 150 yards above, at which point the oil oozes out in little streams; at a short distance this oil thickens into tar; when, finally, its lighter qualities evaporate, and it hardens into aspha-tum.

The second well was also improperly located, about five miles from the first one (or twelve miles from San Buenaventura), on the banks of the San Antonio river. This was sunk to the depth of 520 feet; but being similarly located as the first well, it shared the same fate. Very little oil was found near the surface, and that of a heavy and inferior grade.

The third well was located within a hundred yards of a large natural oil spring, some twenty miles from San Buenaventura. According to the views of experienced oil men, this well was located as near the apex of the mountain as expedient, and, of course, in close proximity to the oil measures. The superintendent had contracted with responsible parties to sink this well 1,500 feet, if necessary. But, while it was in process, with every indication of success, the president of the company arrived from New York; and, under the advice of Messrs. Jackson & Torrey, the celebrated chemists of that city, who acted upon professional theory only, ordered the sinking of the shaft upon the third well to be stopped, which had already reached the depth of 320 feet. A fourth well, which had been sunk to a depth of 300 feet, by a spring pole apparatus, and upon the same principle, relatively, as the third well, was also stopped. In the neighborhood of these two wells are large springs, and several natural running creeks of oil and tar, and vast beds of asphaltum.

Immediately upon suspending operations upon the location above alluded to, a fifth well was commenced in the same locality; and, upon the advice of Messrs. Jackson & Torrey, was located upon the outcroppings, and was contracted for 300 feet. This contractor was an inexperienced person, and failed to run his tubing straight; and was, therefore, compelled to

abandon his work at a depth of 100 feet. This well also sunk with a spring-pole, and developed, at eighty and a hundred feet, quite a quantity of oil, and for some time filled six barrels a day by pumping. After this failure, the sixth and last perpendicular well or shaft was sunk, a few yards from the fifth one. While this proved to be the most successful attempt of all, it nevertheless demonstrated the fact that the oil measures are near the apex, and not in the neighborhood of the outcrop. This well was bored by machinery to the depth of 550 feet, through gravel, boulders and quicksand. From the surface to a depth of 390 feet, tar and heavy oil was struck at every foot. At the 390 foot point the bore passed through a stratum of boulder four feet thick, below which point to the bottom, through a deposit of decomposed conglomerate, the well was sunk without a further show of oil.

What I have written concerning the oil, or petroleum measures and deposits of Ventura county, may, in a general way, be said of the discoveries and experiments in Los Angeles county, except that the deposits are more extensive in this county, and the oil superior in quality. In fact, oil of a grade all the way from fifty to fifty-nine has been taken out of some of the natural springs which abound.

These petroleum measures are located in a detached spur of the San Fernando mountains, about thirty-five miles from Los Angeles, or fifty-six from the anchorage. The bulk of the measures may be found where the mountains trend to the west, and is confined to a much smaller section of country than the deposits of San Buenaventura, but about the same distance, in a direct line, from the sea. The croppings are found in a strata of shale and sandstone, and may be seen oozing out of the ground, both from cañons and the side hills.

In the east, on Oil Creek, the stratification lies almost horizontal; here the stratification seems to be contorted into various angles. Nevertheless, the deposits of Santa Barbara and Los Angeles are strictly oil basins, and each constitutes the axis of 104 what may be technically termed a sulphur mountain, the stratification dipping on either side of the mountain to the axis.

It is seen on both sides of a mountain that at a certain stratification are all of the outcrops of oil. The tunneling process, which has been carried on in both of these counties, has proved that these beds of asphaltum, which exist in hundreds of places, is oil changed by oxydization. Where the shale has been exposed, oil is found flowing freely, but when the outcrop has been covered to any extent by slides and *debris*, it is invariably found to be changed into tar.

There are on foot, I understand, contemplated operations in this locality. If such is the case, let the company who operate procure the services of some expert, and let the search for light and saleable oil be made near the apex of the mountain, and in close proximity to the known petroleum measures, and not in the particular neighborhood of the outcrops.

There are a number of valuable asphaltum deposits in Los Angeles county, the principal ones being in the Cañada de la Brea, near Los Nietos, and the other on the plains near Cahuenga Pass, about seven miles from the ocean, and a little less than that distance from Los Angeles.

The latter beds are remarkable for their size and wealth, extending, here and there, over a large section of country, and known to be thirty feet in depth. It is here that Major Hancock has asphaltum works, and with six men prepares for market and shipment from two to three tons per day of a material manufactured by boiling. The crude brea, or asphaltum, is placed in large cauldrons, and boiled twelve hours, over a hot fire, during which the sediment is precipitated, and the scoria skimmed off; after which the preparation is run off into ditches charged with sand, through which the tar is moulded into shape for shipment. The reduction is just one third, in scoria and sediment, mostly the latter, and constitutes the entire fuel used for said reduction.

This prepared asphaltum enters largely into the construction of roofing and sidewalks in San Francisco, and into the manufacture of gas in Los Angeles.

Next to coal and iron, there is no mineral of such absolute necessity as salt. There are a number of saline springs and 105 salt beds in Southern California, and the manufacture of salt is carried

on extensively by Mr. Trudell, in Los Angeles county, at a point about thirteen miles from Los Angeles, and also by two firms in the city of San Diego, immediately on the bay of that name.

Two thirds of the salt used in San Francisco is manufactured at Alameda, one sixth is imported from the Gulf of California, and the other sixth finds its way from Los Angeles, San Diego, and some from Turk's Island, the great salt works of the world. Salt is obtained from sea water, generally, by either extreme cold or heat. Here it is procured through a system of solar evaporation.

While all salt made by solar evaporation undergoes the same process, I choose to give a description of its manufacture upon a large scale, as the most interesting, and will therefore present an account of the system of manufacture at Turk's Island, which is the most conspicuous place in the world for the production of salt, of which millions of bushels annually find their way into the markets of the world. On a small scale, the same process is pursued at Los Angeles and San Diego, these two places furnishing yearly large lots of salt of an excellent manufacture.

Lying under the intense rays of a tropical sun, the sea soon gives up its water and leaves its salt behind; and were it not for the influx of the mighty rivers of the tropics, and the general system of currents and tides, the ocean lying near the equator would soon become one vast sea of salt. For centuries advantage has been taken of this natural process, and, in the dry seasons, over a thousand natives are at work in the different stages of the preparation of salt for the market. The sea water is let into the basins, or pans, by a canal, cut through the beach, which separates the sea from the interior lagoons, and affords a good foundation for the town proper.

This beach is a few rods—perhaps ten or fifteen—in width, and back of this, extending toward the bluffs about a quarter of a mile, was originally a marsh, which has been converted into water-tanks. These tanks are shallow, with a varying depth of from eight to eighteen inches, the bottom made of stiff marl or clay, and they cover several hundred acres of this evaporating ground, divided into a great many compartments, varying from 106 a quarter of an acre to two or three acres in size. These are separated from each other by low stone walls, which serve also as walks. In the middle of these walls is an impervious clay, which prevents the passage of water from one tank to another, unless

by the little gateways or sluices, through which the supply is regulated. The water in these pans is found in all stages of evaporation. In some you see the clear, limpid water of the ocean; in others it has a roiled appearance, and, when far advanced in the process, it assumes a beautiful pink color. The first pond allows the subsidence of the mud and other physical impurities, and is, consequently, the deepest.

As the fluid runs from tank to tank, it gradually becomes thicker, giving up its water and becoming more and more concentrated, until it reaches the last and shallowest pan, where crystals appear on its surface. These first crystals are the purest, and are raked off with an iron hoe. Exposed for a still longer time, more crystals form, but these mostly collect on the bottom and sides, and are scraped off when the “mother liquor” is drawn away. They are then hauled in carts to the beach, where piles, like great, white snow-banks, may be seen from the ship's deck.

The salt is more or less impure—the chief impurity being chloride of magnesium—and, to get rid of this, the heaps are covered with straw and hay; the chloride of magnesium, being deliquescent, absorbs moisture from the atmosphere and drains off, leaving the pure chloride of sodium—common salt—behind. To produce the same result, sometimes slaked lime is placed in the last tanks. The making of salt by solar evaporation depends greatly upon the absence of rain; and Turk's Island has this advantage, as well as extreme heat in summer. In addition, the trade winds constantly agitate the surface of the ponds, and thus facilitate evaporation.

107

## **CHAPTER X.**

**IRRIGATION—THE PROCESS OF CULTIVATING LANDS BY THE INTRODUCTION OF WATER THROUGH ARTIFICIAL CANALS—GOVERNOR DOWNEY'S VIEWS ON IRRIGATION.**

IT must be understood that, during the dry months, all of the beautiful vineyards and orchards of Los Angeles have to be watered through an artificial process, a system of irrigation that can

be hardly comprehended in the east, where, even during the hottest months, the passing cloud is invited, by the moisture of the atmosphere, to sprinkle its contents upon the thirsty vegetation.

That nature has been bountiful in this section, all declare with one accord. Yet the entire success attending certain neat agriculture here, depends upon the artificial introduction of water upon the lands. A great deal, if not, indeed, all of this delightful garden, would have remained unreclaimed from the desert, were it not for the system of irrigation. It is the water, and not the land, comparatively speaking, that is the source of so much wealth in Los Angeles county. The question is not “how much land have you got?” but “how much water?” An acre of land, bounded by rich, swelling, irrigating ditches, is worth from \$30 to \$1,000 unimproved; lands which cannot be irrigated may be purchased for the same number of half-dimes.

The process of cultivating land by the introduction of water through artificial canals, etc., says an old work upon irrigation, is as old as the world itself, and has been carried on from time immemorial. As far back as the days of Moses, the process of irrigation was carried on. In fact, there are several beautiful passages in the Old Testament with reference to it. In the eleventh chapter of Deuteronomy, tenth verse, Moses clearly sets forth that the land of Egypt was cultivated entirely through the process of artificial irrigation. He says to the people:

“For the land whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as 108 the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out. There thou sowedst thy seed and *wateredst with thy foot*, as a garden of herbs; but the land whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven.”

“Wateredst with thy foot, “Moses says. This system of irrigation is fully described by Philo the Jewish philosopher of Alexandria, in his works on Egypt, and is the first and most tedious method known, and of course out of use in all scientific countries. The Assyrians and Babylonians, who had an immense system of canals and aqueducts, had an improved method, but a toilsome one, in which many men and oxen were employed, the water being brought from the river by wheels and sacks. This method, vastly improved, however, is at present in practice by the inhabitants along the

banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, and through which, according to Mr. Layard, all the beautiful gardens of Bagdad and Bussorah are watered. The gardens and farms along the river Nile, from the cataracts to the sea, are watered by means of the Persian wheel. In the days of ancient Rome, irrigation was an all-important feature in the system of agriculture. Whoever has visited that portion of Arizona Territory between Maricopa Wells and Camp McDowell, has seen the remains of many aqueducts of great magnitude. Prescott speaks of these, and also of the acequias that conveyed water to the beautiful gardens of Iztapalapan. In his remarks upon the costly and elaborate works constructed for the irrigation of lands in Peru, the great historian, in his Conquest, says: "Canals and aqueducts were seen crossing the low lands in all directions, and spreading over the country like a vast network, diffusing fertility and beauty around them." The vineyards of France, Italy and Spain, and many of the parks and conservatories of England, are watered by artificial canals, and so are the rice fields of the United States and the whole world.

There are many large and costly aqueducts in the world, the most elaborate and the most complete and expensive construction of modern times being the Croton aqueduct of New York. This required five years' labor to build it, and is forty miles in length, and cost \$12,000,000. It flows 27,000,000 gallons daily. All of the great cities, nearly, east are supplied with lake and river water through aqueducts. Boston is supplied by an 109 aqueduct nineteen miles; 12,000,000 gallons flowing daily. Jersey City is supplied with 3,000,000 gallons of water daily through an aqueduct eight miles in length. Lisbon has the most artistic aqueduct in the world, and surpasses all modern works, except the Croton, in extent and magnificence. It is nine miles in length, and is carried over valleys in some places 2,400 feet in a straight line, by several stupendous arches, the largest of which is nearly 300 feet in height, and has a span of 115 feet. The aqueduct building at Marseilles will, when finished, be the grandest conduit in the world. It has been nearly forty years in building, and has cost 225,000,000 francs, or about \$15,000,000. For a number of years it has been serviceable, admitting through its huge tube the fabulous amount of 200,000 gallons per minute, or 288,000,000 gallons per day of twenty-four hours. Louis XIV built at an enormous expense an aqueduct for supplying Versailles with water. The Maintenon bridge, built for supplying this aqueduct, is the most magnificent structure of the kind in the world. It is 4,400 feet in length, 200 feet in height,



and is constructed of three tiers of arches, one upon another, 242 in each tier, and of a span of fifty feet. The aqueduct, which once crossed the historical valley of Condesuyu, was the longest in the world, being nearly 600 miles in length. The city of Mexico was formerly supplied with water by the aqueduct of Chapultepec, built by Montezuma, and carried across the lake by masonry. The old Incas of Peru had vast aqueducts winding around the Andes, hundreds of miles in length. Jerusalem is and has been for many years supplied with water, through a ten-inch earthen pipe, from the "Pool of Solomon," near Bethlehem, a distance of six miles. Strabo said that whole rivers flowed through the streets of Rome. The same may be said of Salt Lake City, one of the most beautiful inland towns in the world. Rivers of water run in all its principal streets. It is estimated that 200,000 of cubic feet of pure spring water run through the streets of this famous city daily.

From the force of circumstances, there is much regularity attending the passage of water through the canals and minor ditches of the city of Los Angeles. Outside of the city, however, the situation of things is different. Much more country could be irrigated, if the systems of distribution of the water were more settled or defined. As it is, under the spirit of common law, derived from England, where irrigation is used to very little account for strictly agricultural purposes, the rights of the owners of lands to the use of water is very uncertain; and it is even doubtful, according to it, whether, indeed, any water from a stream could be used for purposes of irrigation. Some contend that the upper riparian proprietor has the first right to the water, and may use all he may deem necessary, or see fit; others say that the priority of occupation gives the first right; many claim that the water should be fairly and equally divided among all the riparian proprietors, while some even contend that momentum, and not substance, should regulate this matter; or, in other words, that those who own mills and machinery should have the first and sole use of a stream. These are the perplexities in England, and to some extent here.

Farming, under such circumstances, is a drawback. The distribution of all water should be controlled by an officer of the county government. In Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the south of France, where the system of irrigation is complete, all the weirs are owned and their waters divided by the governments. This, of course, would not be in harmony with our institutions. But there can be a head and a strong controlling arm, clothed with official power, whose duty it should be,

in the name and authority of government, to make an equal distribution of water to all riparian landholders. Artesian wells, windmills, and steam water-lifters, however, may at present be seen all over Los Angeles county, and there is getting to be quite a system in the distribution of river water in various parts of the county. Seven years ago no such thing as an artesian well was known in Semi-tropical California; now there are hundreds of flowing wells in Los Angeles county.

I will conclude this brief chapter, by presenting the admirable views of ex-Governor Downey on irrigation, in an address made by that gentleman in October, 1873, at a convention held in Los Angeles:

“Having been appointed a member of the committee to suggest means to increase the supply of irrigating facilities in this county, I submit the following views with all the humility, as I approach this subject of so much importance to Los Angeles 111 county and the people of the whole State, with a degree of fear that individual interests will clash with any system that may be proposed for the general good. First of all, the paucity of rain-fall renders irrigation a necessity for the greater part of our lands. Secondly, as a fertilizer, it perpetually renovates our fields, as the waters carry in solution nearly all the elements required for the organic composition of vegetable life. Thirdly, it enables the farmer to select his time of planting and harvesting; and, fourthly, it enables him to destroy the numerous pests that infest his soil, in the shape of squirrels, gophers, rats, etc. I do not propose to deprive any man of the use of water that he now has, nor do I think that any legislature would attempt to legislate away any rights vested or acquired; but for the good of the whole State, I suggest that the commonwealth assert its jurisdiction over every stream in the State, and enact such equitable laws as will extend their usefulness to their utmost capacity. The riparian rights, or proprietary rights, maintained in England, and recognized in many of our States as the law governing rivers and streams, do not apply to California. The laws of Spain and Mexico retained these in their sovereign capacity, and the State of California falls heir to this precious inheritance for the benefit of its citizens. It will be seen by an examination of the eight hundred and odd grants made to citizens of this State by those governments, that this right is expressly reserved to the nation as public *servitudis*. If, then, our legislature assumes its proper jurisdiction, it will be no

stretch of power to prescribe the mode and manner of the distribution of this important element, and settle at once a subject that has given so much annoyance.

“The law of proprietary rights existing in England was once the law of France and the other continental communities, but Louis XIV had the wisdom to see that it was embarrassing the welfare of the nation, and that wise monarch caused the nation to assume exclusive control of the arteries of the nation's wealth, and his example has been followed by others. The Republic of Chile has done likewise, and to this fact the beautiful systems of irrigation of Chile and Lombardy are indebted.

“There is, without doubt, sufficient water passing annually through this valley, under proper management, to irrigate all 112 the land between the mountains and the sea. Individual communities and settlers have neither the means nor sagacity to utilize it, and therefore the State should step in and say how it shall be done; whether the State can do it through its proper officers, or how companies, under proper restrictions, as to charges, shall do it. There should be no water allowed to run down to the sea in winter unutilized. It should be carried in a thousand conduits through the valley, and, rain or no rain, we should irrigate our lands in winter, thus destroying the vermin that honeycomb our subsoil, and that destroy and break capillary attraction. If we thus throw into our lands an additional number of inches of water, and break the surface as soon as a team can walk over it after irrigation, we will, with ordinary rain-fall, secure an abundant small grain crop, and keep our lands forever renovated. Our streams must be sheet-piled to bedrock at points where they emerge from the foothills, so as to bring their full flow to the surface, and then main ditches, ramified from the dam in wood, cement pipe or sheet iron, or earthen pipes. The loss from evaporation and absorption is so great that our slovenly open ditch system will not serve our purpose.

“It is unnecessary to review the practice of Egypt, Babylon and Syria, to show what irrigation did for those countries, nor allude to the perpetual renovation of the valley of the Nile, from natural and artificial irrigation. We have only to refer to the productiveness of comparative sand-hills here in this county, that have produced the same crops for seventy years in succession, without the aid of manure, and owe this to the ever-restoring qualities of irrigation; we refer to England, Ireland and

Scotland, that have a humid atmosphere and an average rainfall of twenty-seven inches per annum, and that have called in the aid of irrigation as a restorative to their lands, and made their meadows yield ten tons of hay per acre, when but one ton could be produced before. It must be borne in mind that our ditches should be always kept full, that we should keep our dams always in repair, that tree planting and vine planting cannot be successfully carried out, unless your ditch is ready to run behind you, and that it is no time to be called on to go to work on your ditches when you should be plowing, planting and seeding; and that if you neglect this, you will all want 113 water at the same time, and cannot possibly procure it. All who have the good fortune to have artesian wells, should have reservoirs; if not, they are but little use, and are only a willful waste of a gift of Providence, to be swallowed in the next squirrel hole, or a nuisance to impede transit or devitalize some flat that would otherwise be productive.

“It will be found that after winter irrigation is practiced thoroughly in our valley our land will require less water every year to produce a crop. It will pack the soil, or bring the particles of earth in immediate contact with each other, the capillary tubes will be perfected, and the current from the lower to the surface moisture will be maintained. Any observant man can see by the rapidity with which our soil dries in any year that the rainfall is insufficient to reach the lower moisture; the cause is, the dry strata between breaks the tubes, and the myriads of holes make a perfect honeycomb of the intermediate strata, thus completely preventing the rise of the moisture from below.

“The legislature should take bold ground on this subject, and compel well-owners to put on taps or build reservoirs, to be called upon at the proper time to perform their part in adding to the general wealth of the State. It is a rational conclusion to come to, that if every man who bores a well, and suffers the flow to be carried off by our trade-winds, perhaps to the valley of the Mississippi, we are the losers, and the fountain of supply will be exhausted. This suggestion may look like interfering with the private rights of citizens, but the maxim that partial evil is universal good comes in, and that every civilized man must surrender a portion of his natural liberty for the good of society, is also a maxim well understood, and happily appreciated in this Republic.

“Some of the ideas advanced may seem bold and novel, but when I first advanced the idea in my annual message, 1861, to the legislature, that stock raisers had a co-equal obligation to prevent trespass as the cultivator to defend, it was looked upon as equally novel and bold; the result, however, shows that land never assumed value, nor stock a price, in this county, until it was adopted, although some of my best friends denounced it as wild and visionary.

“There are but few localities in this county that water cannot 114 be had in from eight to thirty feet from the surface. Surely, then, any man can contrive means to water ten acres in trees with a simple lift-pump, windmill or horse power, and those who can afford it, could have an Ericsson engine, which is the cheapest and simplest means in which the agency of heat is brought to bear as a power. It can be started in the morning with a basket of chips or corn cobs, the door closed on it, and when the fuel goes out the engine stops its work, and there is neither danger nor trouble attending it. We should all have tanks or reservoirs, for when we want to use our water we must have it in a greater body than a pump or even an artesian well can supply it. Wherever there is a natural depression on our lands or a ravine, we should throw an embankment across it, and construct our ponds. They will be our greatest wealth, food for ducks and geese. You can raise your own fish, and these ponds will be found better than any manure pile, with the great advantage that its own gravity will distribute it on our fields without the aid of cart or shovel, only requiring intelligent direction to guide it in its message of good. Every owner of an artesian well has the power at hand to drive hydraulic rams; they are the cheapest motive power in existence, and nearer perpetual motion than any contrivance yet invented. They are always in repair, and can be used to raise the flow of your artesian wells to elevated tanks and reservoirs, which will enable the farmer to utilize his high or elevated slopes, and supply the economy of his chambers, kitchen and barn-yard.

“I have given this system of irrigation much thought; I have had much experience in the distribution of water; I have had friendly litigation as riparian proprietor, with my good friend, ex-Governor Pico. Fourteen years ago he had a few straggling Senorenos cultivating, perhaps, in all 1,000 acres, and he could not obtain water below him to irrigate sixty acres; he declared there was not water enough for himself. There is now 12,000 acres in cultivation on what was then my farm,

and with proper management we can irrigate to the sea with the same supply that then existed. The same example will apply to the Los Angeles and Santa Ana rivers. That it requires bold and comprehensive legislation will be apparent to all thinking men; that American citizens will submit to any equitable law, passed by 115 the legislature for the preservation and just distribution of the waters of our rivers and streams, their history in the past will warrant.

“That the time has arrived for legislative action to be taken is patent to all; that it should be general and properly guarded is manifest from the general voice of the whole people.”

116

## CHAPTER XI.

THE VALLEY OF THE SAN GABRIEL—THE LOMBARDY OF SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA—A MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA OF VINEYARDS AND ORANGE GROVES—STONEMAN's HOME—RANCHO DEL MOLINO—LAKE VINEYARD—SUNNY SLOPE—SANTA ANITA RANCH—AN EMINENT WRITER's OPINION OF SAN GABRIEL—THE OLD MISSION CHURCH AND THE CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

I NOW have the honor of transporting my readers to the famous and beautiful valley of San Gabriel (the Lombardy of California), about nine miles distant from the city of Los Angeles. No person visits Los Angeles who does not do San Gabriel.

It is related upon what is generally considered good authority, that a certain royal lady, upon her return from a visit to another royal personage of the opposite sex, to whose court she had been attracted by accounts of its unparalleled magnificence, remarked that “the half had not been told her” concerning its splendor. I had read and heard during a residence of several years in California, a great deal about the beauty, fertility and productiveness of San Gabriel, but the half thereof had never been told me, nor did I have any adequate conception of the true character either of the soil or climate of this portion of Los Angeles county. And looking back upon the estimates which I had formed and the conclusions at which I had arrived, it cannot seem otherwise to me than that there must have been either a very superficial knowledge of the facts in the case, an inability to

comprehend those facts, or else a studied purpose to misapprehend or misrepresent them upon the part of the writers to whom I had been accustomed to look for information on the subject. I find the climate and the climatic record, the topography and the available resources of this portion of Semi-tropical California, so utterly different from my preconceived opinions upon the subject, that I hardly know how to reconcile the fact as it exists with the idea as originally formed. It is claimed by 117 those residing in this immediate neighborhood that they live in the garden spot of the county; that what they style "the fruit belt" comprises within itself all the possible elements of perfection in soil and climate. I shall attempt a description of this particular section, and a detailed account of the magnificent estates thereon; after which I shall give my attention to the general features of the county, indulging, in the meantime, the hope that I shall be able to contribute something to the better understanding of the capacities of the soil of Los Angeles county for the sustenance of a population in itself sufficient to create and maintain a sovereign State. This fruit belt of San Gabriel, above referred to, occupies an area of about two miles in width by ten in length, its general trend being south-west to north-east, embracing the estates of F. Bacon, Esq., General Geo. Stoneman, Col. E. J. C. Kewen, Hon. B. D. Wilson, J. De B. Shorb, Esq., Col. Winston, L. H. Titus, Esq., L. J. Rose, W. S. Chapman, Esq., and the Santa Anita Ranch, the property of Messrs. Newmark and L. J. Rose, besides several small proprietors, who have purchased tracts of from ten to forty acres as homesteads, and which they are improving and utilizing by planting small orchards and nurseries. It would almost seem as if nature had fashioned this narrow belt as a theatre upon which to display the utmost prodigality of her productive powers.

The soil of this fruit belt is as various in appearance and in constituent elements as can be imagined. You pass in a walk of a hundred paces from a grayish, friable, sandy, and in many places, gravelly, surface to a black and spongy loam, and wonder how both can be utilized for the production of the same fruits. You will find on inquiring that the only question to be settled satisfactorily is the practicability of irrigation. Establish that, and you need not concern yourself very particularly about the color or elements of the soil. Plant your trees and vines, and you will gather your fruit in due season. The debris of centuries has left here an alluvium of exhaustless fertility, and the children's children of the present proprietors will plant new orchards and vineyards, and new generations

springing from their loins will reap and pluck when they are gone. How singularly the residents of the San Gabriel fruit belt are favored in the 118 all-important matter of water for irrigation will be fully understood from the sketches of the above-named estates which I shall hereafter furnish.

The lover of nature, whatever particular feature he or she may most particularly affect, can find in this highly favored region an epitome of all her charms. From an eminence not half a mile from Gen. Stoneman's house can be seen Wilmington harbor through a depression in the foothills, which "with verdure clad" seems like an emerald frame for the beautiful picture; beyond, the sea gleams like a mirror, and now and then the eye can follow an outward-bound vessel, and watch "Her tall masts fading to thinnest threads of gold,"

while dim, and seemingly far remote, the shadowy outline of Santa Catalina uprises like the type of those "happy isles" to which Ulysses thought he might attain, "And see the great Achilles whom he knew."

Looking westward, the line of vision is bounded by rolling foothills, while to the east the eye wanders over a broad and fertile plain, extending some twenty miles, its entire surface diversified with grove, orchard, vineyards, dwellings, school-houses, churches, and whatever else betokens the bounty of nature and the prosperity of man. To the north, the coast range lifts its towering summits, at the very base of which are seen the cottages of those who have sought out the fertile nooks which there abound; and looking thitherward, one might, with scarcely an effort of the imagination, deem that he had been transported to the very scenes which England's nobly-born but misanthropic poet has immortalized in *Manfred*; and listening, might almost expect to hear the "*Ranz des vaches*" floating downward from those Alpine heights, or, by distance mellowed, catch the faint and far-off music of "Pipes in the liberal air, mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd."

I spent a delightful hour with Gen. Stoneman at this point. At our very feet, half hidden in a bosky dell, already embowered in densest foliage, "A burnie wimpled doon the glen."



And if the Poet Laureate had never seen “The Brook,” which he has made famous in song, and had been one of us, he would have made this very stream to say, “I chatter over stony ways In little sharps and trebles. I bubble into eddying bays, I babble on the pebbles,”

And so on to the end of that “word painting” of a crystal stream, except that he could not have said that in its waters could be found, “Here and there a lusty trout, And here and there a grayling.”

But the fortunate owner of this beautiful stream intends to remedy all that, and at no distant day to stock the stream with trout as well as the capacious reservoir into which it debouches with black bass. Looking around me ere we turned our steps homeward, the words of the poet of the fields and forests of America came to my memory like an embodiment of the scene. Well might he exclaim, “Oh, there is not lost One of earth's charms; upon her bosom yet, After the flight of untold centuries, The freshness of her far beginning lies, And yet shall lie.”

The further mountains showed only ghostly outlines in the gathering gloom, and “Twilight grey Had in her sober livery all things clad,”

as we approached the house. We had seen the spire of the Episcopal church, which forms so pleasing a feature in the bosom of the valley, pale and fade from sight; the lofty walls of the old Mission of San Gabriel were no longer visible. Suddenly from out the silence and gathering shades fell upon our ears a chime so musical and sweet, so spiritually clear and delicate, that had honest John Bunyan heard it, he might well have deemed himself arrived at the land of Beulah, “where the sun shineth night and day,” and listening to the melody of the bells 120 wherewith the Pilgrim is greeted when he reaches that delightful country. I turned to my companion for a solution of the mystery. It was the hour of vespers at the old Mission. In an instant I was, in fancy at least, “In the Acadian land on the shores of the basin of Minas.” The rest of the picture. It is not painted by Longfellow in that matchless story wherein he has embalmed the memory, the life-long sorrow, the triumphant faith, the deathless love of the sweetest and saddest woman who ever lent a charm to poet's page? “Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs

of the village Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending, Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.”

Twenty-eight years ago, General Geo. Stoneman, then a lieutenant in the United States army, camped with his command, after a day's march, upon the spot which he is now converting into one of the most beautiful estates in California. To use his own language, the site which he has chosen as his homestead was “his first love”—that is to say, so far as regards his choice for a home. More fortunate than most men, he has lived to realize his dreams, and his selection does infinite credit to his taste. He purchased, some four years ago, five hundred acres, paying then for it an average price of \$50 per acre. He has disposed of about one hundred acres in small tracts at \$100 per acre, and the same land cannot be bought to-day for less than \$150 per acre. The four hundred acres remaining he has named “Los Robles,” the generic Spanish for “The Oaks,” a beautiful natural park of which skirts the southern boundary of his lands, which form a portion of the old Gallardo grant, formerly known as “Pasqualitos.” An extended and agreeable ramble, not long since, accompanied as I was by the General, over the entire estate, led me to the conclusion that he was the fortunate owner of the most beautiful property I had seen in Los Angeles county; but subsequent similar tours of observation over other estates in that section convinced me that I had visited a region where a man has no business whatever to concern himself in the least about degrees of comparison, since he can go in no direction without finding fresh miracles of loveliness unfolding themselves in ever-varying forms at every step he takes.

121

The bosky dell spoken of above is one of the loveliest nooks imaginable. If it is not like that “green nook” spoken of in “Festus,” “Shaded by larch and hornbeam, ash and yew,”

it is nevertheless so mantled with the verdure of the indigenous section as to make it “a most fit place for musing men,” and such it will be, when the carriage drives and walks, which will in due time follow its picturesque and irregular course, convert it into as charming a retreat as can be imagined. Numberless perennial springs keep the stream which winds through its dusky shade of even flow and temperature throughout the year. As I have previously intimated, it is General

Stoneman's intention to stock it thoroughly with trout. The reservoir into which it debouches is a deep, dark-looking tarn, where in due time the black bass of the eastern lakes will find themselves domesticated. The present supply of water obtained from the springs and streams alluded to, amounts to about 800,000 gallons daily, and can be increased almost indefinitely. Compared with some other estates in this neighborhood, in some particulars, at least, "Los Robles" is but in the infancy of its productive capacities. Nevertheless it is not idle. There are on the place 100,000 vines in full bearing, one hundred full-bearing orange trees, and nearly one hundred walnut trees. The vineyard is being rapidly enlarged by planting choice foreign varieties. His young orange, lemon and lime orchard embraces about 1,200 trees, to which new additions are being made each year. Upon the place are also to be found figs, pomegranates, olives, six varieties of apples, five of pears, three of peaches, four of plums, cherries, nectarines, almonds, apricots, citron, and several varieties of berries. The General is also experimenting with bananas, guavas and tamarinds. His vegetable garden, moreover, without which no home ought to be considered complete, shows a goodly assortment of those homely but succulent adjuncts of the table of a thrifty housewife.

The vintage of "Los Robles" amounted, in 1873, to about 20,000 gallons of wine, and a proportionate amount of brandy. General Stoneman having to commence *ab initio* in the construction of a wine-press and distillery, selected a location in which 122 he, to use his own expression, "determined to make steam power and the power of gravitation do all that could be done in the premises." His press, receiving vats, tanks, etc., were therefore built upon successive terraces, and from the first expression of the must, to its final delivery into packages for market, a succession of easy falls supplies and takes the place of the repeated handlings and pumpings which take up so much of the time and so large a share of the net profits of other less well-arranged establishments. The distillation of his brandy is effected by steam power, just exactly how I do not believe I can intelligently explain. The General, however, will take pleasure in explaining the *modus operandi*. He has provided himself with all the means and appliances for all necessary repair to his farm-tools and machinery; a portable army forge and complete kits of carpenters' and coopers' tools leave little room for delay when anything from a swingle-tree to the piston-rod of his steam engines gets out of order. He has introduced what seemed to me a most marked and valuable

improvement in the running gear of his plows. Instead of a swingle-tree twenty inches long, with iron ends to hold the traces in their place, he passes a leather trace over and around a fourteen-inch swingle-tree, and the result is that the horse or mule passes through the vineyard with the plow attached, without barking a vine or breaking off a bud.

Intelligence has set itself to work on General Stoneman's place with a view to "labor saving," and will accomplish the result aimed at. It is his intention to build large reservoirs at several points on his estate. At "Los Robles" I saw for the first time what I had often heard of an orange tree, upon which there were ripe fruit, fruit half grown, and orange blossoms lovely enough to adorn the brow of a bride. Near by was another marvel of nature; a rose-bush, the parent trunk of which is fifteen inches in diameter, some of the branches of which are full sixty feet in length, since they have climbed to the top of an oak tree, and depending thence, trail nearly upon the ground.

The interior arrangements of the General's homestead are in keeping with the beauty and wealth of the exterior. Books, new and old; pictures and engravings, rare and elegant, in 123 endless profusion; music; a hospitable and charming hostess, healthy and smiling and happy children; in short, all that can be desired to make a pleasant home, ought to make the possessor of "The Oaks" a contented man.

One hundred and one years ago, the San Franciscan fathers, who planted the Mission of San Gabriel, erected a building to be used as a storehouse and grist-mill. The walls of the structure remain to-day intact, and enclose the hospitable residence of Col. E. J. C. Kewen, who some dozen or so years ago selected some four hundred and fifty acres of the adjacent land as the site of his future residence. He found the old building roofless, floorless, doorless and windowless. The massive foundation walls five feet thick, flanked by heavy buttresses, and the upper walls, scarcely less massive, had, however, withstood the storms of nearly a century, and the building was soon converted into a comfortable and picturesque residence, which, embowered as it is in a tropical wealth of fruits and flowers, forms one of the chief attractions of the tourist and the stranger. Not only the tourist and the stranger, however, take it in in the round of visits. Col. Kewen's friends and acquaintance (and their name is legion) count themselves fortunate in possessing the *entree* to

the generous cheer, “the feast of reason and the flow of soul,” which he is ever ready to dispense with lavish hand. On my arrival at “The Mill,” I found my host busily at work superintending and assisting the work of arranging the beautiful parterre in front of his residence, and was speedily made to feel at home. Books and cigars were placed at my disposal, and I had nothing to do but “take mine ease.” A glance from the sitting-room window revealed a beautiful lake which lent a new and most attractive feature to the scenery, and at length, after a cozy bachelor dinner, the accomplished mistress of the mansion being absent on a visit to her friends, I accompanied my host on a ramble through his grounds. Other estates in the vicinity, whose proprietors have given their whole attention to their improvement, have, during the whole period which Col. Kewen has spent on his place, become more productive; but only a few years will elapse before the mill ranch will vie with its neighbors in affording a princely income to its genial proprietor, who for years past has been wrangling in law courts, but who now finds himself nearly ready to bid adieu to their interminable labyrinths. Two hundred acres of the ranch are enclosed, upon which there are 50,000 vines, which last year produced ninety tons of grapes, which were sold to neighboring vintners. There are 100 orange trees in bearing, and 2,500 of various ages which in a very few years will hang full of the golden fruit; 600 lemon and 500 lime trees, and 700 English walnut trees, all arrived at maturity, besides pecan, black walnut and hickory trees, which will soon swell the list of products. There are also, besides the fruits of the temperate zone, two banana trees which are in fruit; and have already attained a height of about eighteen feet. The Colonel is an enthusiast upon the subject of grain and fruit-growing, and now that he is in a position to give his undivided attention to his farm, it is as certain as anything can be that all its natural charms and advantages will be enhanced and developed by whatever a refined and cultivated and poetical taste can suggest in the premises. Already fountains, flowers and grassy lawns point to a future which will make “Rancho del Molino” a garden of Gul, and if the music of the “enamoured nightingale” shall be lacking, the mocking birds will furnish the melody to fill up the pauses of conversation of the cultivated men and women whose feet will instinctively turn thitherward as to one of the “Delphian vales, the Meccas of the mind.”

I write thus glowingly of the mill ranch, not from a desire to indulge in fulsome adulation, for I think that nothing is more foreign to my nature than a disposition to wander in that direction, but as a simple tribute to the pleasurable emotions which I experienced during my sojourn with my host, who was a stranger to me until I entered within his gates.

“Rancho del Molino” is another of those favored spots which, by location and surroundings, is exempt from any possibility of a failure of crops, the supply of water being perennial and capable of very great increase, not half the present supply being utilized.

I now proceed to Lake Vineyard, presided over by J. De Barth Shorb, Esq., son-in-law of the proprietor, Don Benito 125 Wilson, whose name is a household word in Los Angeles county. A portion of the original estate has been segregated, and is now the property of Mr. Shorb, and known as Mount Vineyard. Lake Vineyard consists of 1,300 acres; Mount Vineyard of 500; and eleven and one half miles of picket and capped board fence enclose and subdivide the two ranches. A few figures will give some idea of the extent of the operations on this estate. Lake Vineyard has 102,000 vines; Mount Vineyard 129,000. Bearing orange trees on the former, 1,600; on the latter, 450; young trees on the former, 750; on the latter, 1,200; lemon trees on each place, 250; limes on the two places, 300; olive trees, 500; walnut 450. The vintage of 1873 amounted to 75,000 gallons, exclusive of the spirit used in preparing the wine, and 5,000 gallons of brandy. There are in store in the cellars of Lake Vineyard between 85,000 and 90,000 gallons. There were shipped from the two orangeries during the present season, over one million of oranges. The lemon crop amounted to nearly, if not quite, 75,000. These figures ought to give some idea of the magnitude of the business carried on in the two vineyards, and the executive ability required for its successful management. Mr. Shorb, who has entire control of both estates, is fully equal to the emergency, and under his supervision, everything goes on like clock work. It must not be supposed, however, that the two vineyards comprise all that requires looking after. Immediately west of Lake Vineyard, a new estate has been founded, to which the name of Oak Knoll has been given, upon which 30,000 cuttings of the raisin grape and 1,275 orange trees have already been planted, with more to follow. “Oak Knoll” is projected on *mesa* (table land), probably two hundred feet above the level of the valley;

and not long since was a tangled jungle of scrub oaks, grease-wood and underbrush, but is now as clear of stumps as if it had been in cultivation for half a century. Three thousand feet of four-inch pipe convey the water necessary for irrigating purposes throughout the grounds, and hydrants at the proper distances furnish the water in such quantities as are required, and no greater. Besides the three vineyards, fifteen hundred acres in grain yearly require some attention, and large outlying tracts of pasture land furnish sustenance to a herd of about two hundred sleek and well-fed 126 cattle, most of them "Alderneys," and many of them pretty as a picture, in addition to which there is quite a *caballado* of well-blooded horses and mares. A walk or a drive over these estates furnishes, it may well be imagined, a constant succession of ever varying and enchanting scenes.

The cañons, through which access is gained to the table lands, equal in picturesque and irregular beauty any through which I have ever wandered, and I am tolerably familiar with the scenery of California, Arizona, Oregon and Nevada, to say nothing of all the other States and Territories, Mexico, Alaska, the Islands, and portions of Europe, Asia and Africa. In one of them, the rank luxuriance of the soil, and the tropical warmth of the climate, was better evidenced by the size and rank growth of the ferns, certainly not less than five feet in height, than by anything else I saw, albeit the immense oaks and the parasitic vines which had overspread them bore ample testimony in the same direction. Mr. Shorb, who at present, with his interesting family, occupies the old Lake Vineyard homestead, has chosen as the site for his future residence the brow of a commanding hill, the view from which embraces a panorama more perfect in its details than any upon which I have hitherto looked; the view of the harbor, the island beyond, and the ocean in all its majestic grandeur, being more clearly defined than from any other point I happened to reach. A magnificent natural park lies to the north of the spot selected for the dwelling-house. Art will only find it necessary to tone down the exuberance of nature, not supplement it with new devices, to make Mount Vineyard homestead a miracle of loveliness. Where so much has been done as has been by Mr. Shorb, and is being done to improve and utilize the natural resources of a great estate, it is a matter of impossibility within the limits of such a book as this to particularize. A gentleman of liberal education and enlarged views, and a careful student of whatever promises to inform him of new and advantageous processes, as well as of old, in farming, viniculture and fruit growing,

he spares no pains or expense to introduce whatever method will improve the soil and economize labor. He has already reclaimed several tracts of what has hitherto been considered worthless bog, by the construction of drains, using for the purpose the tiles with which many of the 127 old buildings of the early Spanish settlers were covered. It is his purpose to continue the work until there will be no more marsh on the estate. It is also his purpose to stock several of the streams and reservoirs on the estate with trout, bass and other fish.

Early in March, 1873, he received one hundred and fifty banana roots of a variety grown in the Sandwich Islands, at a point some two thousand feet above the sea level, in a climate much colder than is ever experienced in San Gabriel. He has selected a spot upon which the tomato and tobacco plants are never touched by the frost as the site of his banana grove, and will give that important experiment a full and complete trial. He is introducing other tropical fruits, among them the chiramoya, celebrated for its exquisite richness and delicacy of flavor. Of course time only can determine the result. The olive oil of his own expressing reminded me of the article which many years ago was dealt in by the merchant. It is a difficult task to find such now-a-days. Mr. Shorb expects to make the article an important item in his list of products. I have stated above that there are fifteen hundred acres on the estate sown to grain. In 1872 there were but three hundred acres, upon which the net profits, exclusive of the amount necessary for the use of the farm stock, was about four thousand dollars. The entire crop was grown upon mesa lands without irrigation. Deep plowing and thorough harrowing contributed largely to this gratifying result. If any doubt exists as to the practicability of raising abundant crops of the cereals on these mesa lands without irrigation in ordinary seasons, the result of the crops in '72 and '73, on the Wilson estate, ought to remove it.

The system of reservoirs determined upon by Messrs. Wilson and Shorb will enable them to husband an immense quantity of water. There will be no imperfect work about these reservoirs. Wherever the site of a dam is fixed upon, a canal or trench will be dug across the arroyo, and the soil removed to the hard pan upon which the superstructure will be raised. No room will be left for seepage, no root of tree or bush, along the track of which the water can find its treacherous way beginning with a silver thread and ending with a rushing torrent. Distributing pipes of iron, with patent iron gates, will regulate the supply 128 according to the demand. Instead of an ordinary



wooden flood gate, a twelve or fifteen-inch iron pipe, projecting over the top and beyond the outward base of the dam, will receive and discharge the flood waters, that in exceptional seasons may come down from the watershed. In due time iron pipes will convey the surplus water to the outlying tracts to the south of the estate, hundreds of acres of which will thus become available for the creation of new estates, where now only the wild flowers and grasses of this section are to be seen. Even then the waters will “be contrived a double debt to pay,” for Messrs. W. & S. have it in contemplation to erect a first-class turbine wheel flouring mill, which will have the first use of the water, and afterward distribute it to the adjoining farms. The greater part of their vintage, consisting of port, angelica, white wine and Mount Vineyard (the latter a sweet wine much prized at the East, and produced only upon a few tablonos on Mount Vineyard), is shipped directly to the East, and ranks deservedly high in the market.

I presume that there are no places in the State of California better or more widely known than “Sunny Slope,” the magnificent estate of L. J. Rose, Esq. Mr. Rose came to Los Angeles county thirteen years ago; and, after due inquiry and deliberation, selected this portion of the county as the site of his homestead. Modest and reasonable in his aspirations, he purchased some sixty acres, upon which there stood a small and dilapidated house, and one fig tree, and a few other evidences of former cultivation by the natives of this section of the country. A brief experience with his new purchase satisfied Mr. Rose that a modification of his plans was advisable, he finding that the water necessary for the irrigation of his original tract could only be secured by the purchase of the land embracing the fountain head of the supply; the consequence was, therefore, an additional purchase (the entire tract being part of the Santa Anita Ranch), which swelled his possessions to two thousand acres, and the incurring of a debt of three thousand dollars, which sum “a la California” (as the lamented Col. Evans would say), amounted to thirty thousand, principal and interest, before it was extinguished and the enterprising proprietor possessed a fee simple to this splendid property, created by his intelligent and well directed energy and industry.

129

Twelve hundred acres of this princely domain are under fence—all substantial picket—and divided into six fields, there being altogether about thirteen miles of fence. Within these enclosures there

are 135,000 Mission grape vines, 45,000 of choice foreign grapes; 500 orange trees bearing fruit, 5,500 orange trees of various ages; 100 lemon trees bearing fruit, 1,000 lemons coming on; 350 full-bearing English walnut trees, besides about 2,000 trees of other descriptions, embracing a'l the varieties named in my sketches of General Stoneman's Colonel Kewen's and Mr. Shorb's estates. Only about 300 of the 500 bearing orange trees have reached their full development, and the income for these 300 for the year 1875 is estimated at \$10,000. The curious in such matters can figure up for themselves what the probable income will be six or seven years hence, when the six thousand trees on the place are in full-bearing order.

Mr. Rose pays particular attention to the manufacture of wine and brandies. He does not hesitate to admit that he has met with such failures and discouragements in that direction, as almost invariably wait on inexperience, but claims that he has overcome these obstacles, and has already established a reputation for the products of the wine bearing his brand which secures for them a steady and constantly increasing demand. He points with pride to the fact that he has been supplying the extensive firm of Perkins & Stern, of New York, with the proceeds of his vintage for eleven years, and is now supplying them to the amount of \$30,000 per year.

Mr. Rose purchased in the fall of 1873 the entire crop of six vineyards in his vicinity, paying therefor, in the aggregate, some \$10,000. He manufactured 100,000 gallons of wine and 23,000 gallons of brandy. His wine (port and angelica) averages \$1 per gallon, white wine (a limited quantity only of which is made), 50 cents per gallon; brandy at one year old, \$2 per gallon. This gentleman has devoted much attention to experimenting, with a view to the successful production of a light dry table claret, and a hock of the same quality; and I do not hesitate to say that Rose's hock from the "Blue Elba" grape, and his claret from the "Zinfandel," are both destined to rank among the very highest table wines known to commerce. Connoisseurs pay the very highest tributes to their excellence. Mr. 130 Rose has four copper stills, of capacity for making 1,000 gallons of brandy daily, and three wine cellars with capacity of storage amounting to 200,000 gallons. It is his intention to increase the acreage of his vineyards, and the production of wines and brandy yearly, keeping them up to a uniform standard.

Mr. Rose, in addition to his extensive vinicultural and pomological operations, is devoting much time, money and attention to the improvement of stock. A visit to his large and well-arranged stables, at present under the charge of Mr. Henry McGregor, of Detroit, well known in the East as a careful and successful trainer, will afford an opportunity of seeing a number of as handsome specimens of horse-flesh as one would well wish to see. First on the list stands that well-known horse the "Moor," formerly known as "Beau Clay." The "Moor" is jet black, 15 hands and two inches in height, will be eight years old in July, 1875. In his memorable trial with "Longfellow," he trotted his two miles in 5:35, and repeated in about the same time on a slow track. The "Moor" comes of high-toned lineage. He is by "Clay Pilot" out of a thoroughbred dam. "Clay Pilot" by Neaves' "Cassius M. Clay," dam by Alexander's "Pilot, Jr." grand dam "Membrino Chief." He is doing good service, and his progeny are already attracting attention.

A mare of Tennessee birth was purchased by Mr. Rose from a gentleman named Barnes, who would part from her only on one condition, that she should be known as "Barnes' Idol." She is a bright sorrel, 15 h. 2 in. high, 4 years old, and trots down in the forties. She is a beauty, and comes of good family, her sire being "Idol," by "Membrino Chief," out of a thoroughbred mare by American "Eclipse."

"Sea Foam" is a dappled gray, 15 h. 3 in. high, six years old, by Elliston's "Rattler," dam by Hunt's "Highlander," has trotted in 2:50.

"Gretchen" is a black mare, 15 h. 2 in. high, eight years old, by "Membrino Pilot," dam "Kitty Kirkman" by "Davy Crockett." Goes round the track in the thirties.

"Sultana" is a bay mare, four years old, 16 h. 2 in. high, by "Delmonico," dam "Membrino Chief," g.d. by "Bay Messenger." "Sultana," by way of showing her mettle, trotted for trial on the Oakland track in 2:44 when a three-year-old.

There are some forty others, including a number of very fine two and three-year-olds by the "Moor," chief among which is the Los Angeles county pride and favorite, "Beautiful Bells," who, at one year old, trotted round the Los Angeles track in 3:19.

All the hay and grain used by Mr. Rose is raised by him on his estate. A great deal more might be said, but it seems to me that a very fair idea of what can be accomplished in a few years by well directed and intelligent industry and perseverance can be gathered from this sketch. Mr. Rose has just completed the erection of a large and elegantly-furnished residence, with all modern conveniences, gas, water-pipes, etc., throughout, at a cost of about \$15,000, where, with his interesting and hospitable family, he is enjoying the fruits of his labors. A well-selected library, musical instruments, and all the surroundings of a well-appointed home, bear witness to his appreciation of the refinements of life. Immediately in front of his dwelling is the famous orange avenue, consisting of a double row of trees three quarters of a mile in length.

Adjoining Mr. Rose's place on the east is the famous Santa Anita Ranch, in all probability the most beautiful piece of unimproved property in Semi-tropical California. This ranch comprises about 8,000 acres of the best quality of lands, embracing also one of the finest bodies of oak timber to be found anywhere. There are upon the place about 100,000 vines in maturity, and about 3,000 orange, lemon and lime trees. It is believed that the natural supply of water if fully utilized would be sufficient to irrigate the entire cultivatable area; but even if insufficient, it has already been demonstrated that artesian wells can be successfully sunk. One of these wells is near the house. Water was obtained at a depth of one hundred feet by the former proprietor, but he, being dissatisfied with the character of the soil at that depth, went down two hundred and seventy feet further, and at the depth of three hundred and seventy feet the supply obtained is constant, uniform and copious. I was unable to obtain a statement of the actual outflow. To the westward of the Santa Anita, I believe, the formation of the soil prevents the sinking of artesian wells. Messrs. Newmarks and Rose are the owners of this fine property, which I cannot describe more fully, my visit thereto having been brief, and in the absence of either of the owners. The entire tract is admirably suited for a colony, although at present I believe no effort is being made to bring about a sale, the

proprietors not having determined exactly in which shape to put it on the market. In natural beauty of location, fertility, etc., it is not surpassed. There remain a number of fine estates in this region which deserve more than a passing notice, but to describe all of them in detail would necessarily be to repeat much that I have said concerning the others. The estates of Messrs. Bacon, Winston, White, Titus, Chapman, Messenger, Tallant, Volney E. Howard, and others, are being developed to their fullest capacity, and in a very few years will vie with those which I have described in beauty and productiveness. Those, concerning which I have written, show forth the matured results of man's industry and energy and nature's bounty. They may and should be taken as types of that which is to be attained to by the exercise of sound judgment, rigid economy, and intelligent cultivation of the soil. There was no Aladin's lamp business about the creation of these magnificent estates. No enchanter's wand summoned up these orange groves, these fruitful vines, these waving fields of grain. Hard work and plenty of it wrought the miracle of transforming grove and thicket into these productive acres. One of these lords of the soil, who counts his income by the thousands, had to sell his own watch, his wife's watch and his favorite saddle horse, "the pet of the family," in the days of his early struggles with the stubborn soil, to get money to help him hold his own. Somewhere hereabouts lies the secret of the failure of many who came to this country. They read glowing accounts of the productiveness of the soil, wonderful statements of immense incomes from a single farm. They think similar fortunes await them. The first year's experiment is not by any means a realization of their expectations. On the contrary, quite the reverse. They are disappointed—it may be envy. They give up. They curse the country, and yet if the balance between what they started with, and what their wealthy and prosperous and successful neighbor started with, could be struck, in all human probability "their pile" would kick the beam.

### 133

Such men have yet to learn that California is, of all the places in the world, the place where men should always bear in mind the assertion made somewhere by somebody "there is no such word as fail." Aye! and live up to it too. There are more "ups and downs" in California than anywhere else "on the footstool." I met an old friend during my stay in this region. He used to "mine it." He lost his pile—a good many thousand dollars. He did not give up. He could work, and came down

into this country and went to work—plowed, reaped, drove wagon. He has saved up two or three thousand, is about to buy a few acres; in a few years will pick his own oranges, and sit under his own vine and fig tree, with none to molest and make him afraid. I have described a number of large estates. It is not given to all men to possess the creative and executive ability necessary to build up such properties. Some men are contending with the day of small things. Their lives run always in that groove. They succeed in a small way, and are content with their surroundings. There are many such in this region. Take one example. A near neighbor of Col. Kewen and Mr. Shorb was, five years ago, a tenant-at-will of Don Benito Wilson—a small tract of fifteen acres was allotted to him. In two years, by economy and hard labor, he owned those fifteen acres. To-day he owns nearly a hundred. He values his possessions at \$15,000; could probably obtain that amount for them. But it is the labor he has put upon the place, the orange and fruit trees and vines he has planted, the houses he has built, the fences he has put up, which gives the place its value. His children make his home pleasant, and when he crosses the threshold at evening, “Run to kiss their sire's return, And climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.”

This man was not disheartened by a first failure. In all probability he had suffered a dozen defeats, for there was silver in his hair before he commenced work where he now is; neither was he cast down by the prosperity of his neighbor. The secret of his success lay in two words, “economy and hard work.” The same result can be accomplished by whoever else will use the same means. The land is here, the opportunity is not wanting. Men who have the sound sense necessary to realize the situation will be made welcome. Those who imagine that any other combination of elements will give them a home or an estate in this valley had better keep away. The very air is slumberous to the slothful. Sleepy Hollow was not a circumstance to it. Rip Van Winkle's little nap of twenty years was a mere afternoon's siesta compared to the fit of drowsiness which will overtake them if they come here expecting to make a living without work. “Not poppy, nor mandragora, Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East can medicine them to such a sleep”

as will overtake them if they expect the earth in this locality to give forth her increase without being incited thereto by honest and continuous labor.

I will now quit the lovely San Gabriel Valley, personally; but I will leave the reader with Mr. James J. Ayers, one of the most graceful, reliable, and widely known of eminent California writers and journalists. He lately visited the Lombardy of Semi-tropical California, and stamps his impression as follows:

“There were four of us, with one of the finest turn-outs to be had in a Los Angeles stable, who skimmed away yesterday morning in the direction of San Gabriel Mission. The morning was delightful, and although the uplands and hills have, just now, a very dry and faded appearance, the evidence everywhere that hay and grain had waved in delightful freshness on those very spots but a few weeks ago, took from them the repulsive idea of dreariness and waste which attaches to perpetually desert places. Arriving at the Mission of San Gabriel, we drove through its quaint and picturesque avenue, skirted on either side by a limpid stream of irrigating water, and with here and there a cottage of modern architecture vainly struggling, amidst its dense foliage, for superior recognition among the weather-worn and ancient adobes which lord it in that curious old relic of a by-gone civilization, until we reached the monarch monument of them all, that old and rusty pile, the Mission Church. The bells were ringing for the morning service, and curiosity, more potent, we fear, with us than holier attraction, drew us inside the portals of the ancient temple. We were reminded by 135 quaint lettering on the columns which flank the door that there must be some people, arrogantly boastful of their higher civilization, who have at some time shocked and outraged the sense of propriety of the plain and primitive denizens of the Mission, for on one side we read. ‘Take off your hats,’ and on the other, ‘Behave yourselves.’ The letters were rudely drawn, but how much more rude and savage must have been the conduct that could have suggested such obvious behavior to an intelligent type of mankind from a people who, if they have no higher virtue, can put us to shame in the respect and veneration which they entertain for the House of God! Our stay was short, but we had time to take a hasty survey of the *enceinte* of this ancient pile. Its dinginess is hardly relieved by the bright ornamentation of the altar piece, and the old paintings that deck the walls are ensombered by the general gloom which pervades the building. It differs in nothing materially from the generality of old California Mission churches, except that it is furnished

with a row of pews on each side—an innovation which, however, we believe, is now being very generally followed.

“Emerging from the quiet old church, we drove back on the main street, until we reached the road leading into the Fruit Belt. Arriving at Mr. Rose's fine place, we drove up his beautiful orange alameda, observing that everything on the place was kept in the most precise condition of order, and that neatness was universal. Since we last visited this handsome orange plantation, Mr. Rose has completed his new residence. It is a very tasteful piece of large-cottage architecture, and sufficiently ornée to gratify any dilettanti taste. The mere drive through these grounds almost surfeits one with the variety and profuseness of nature, in this belt with her pomological generosity. One passes through avenues now lined with orange trees, again with limes and lemons, then with fine lusty English walnuts, and anon with peaches, figs, apricots, etc. All the fruits are now in fine condition, and the orange crop is particularly abundant and promising.

“From here we drove to the place of Mr. L. H. Titus, the ‘Dew Drop,’ one of the most beautiful and promising vineyard-orchards in the whole belt. The residence is picturesquely situated, embowered in a perfect wealth of shade and fruit trees. The largest mulberry tree we have ever seen throws its ample branches over the north porch. There is always a cool breeze stirring at this point, and a more lovely residence we have rarely seen. The barns and stables are in a hollow east of the house. Here we had the pleasure of seeing the renowned stallion ‘Echo,’ who had just made the trip down the coast. He looks spare, but his coat shone like polished rosewood. His eyes are bright with keenness and intelligence, and every point in him shows blood and speed. We found Mr. Titus inspecting a new carriage-house he is building out of adobes, covered with a composition of cement, quicklime, etc., which form one of the most smooth, glossy and compact mastics we have ever seen. The material for this building is preferred by Mr. Titus for various reasons: of temperature, durability and perfect rain-proof. Just beyond the stables is a very extensive reservoir, supplied by a series of springs, which rise a short distance from the plantation. It usually holds five feet of water, but there was only a depth of three feet yesterday. From this reservoir Mr. Titus has an underground pipe, which leads to a gate in the immediate vicinity of another series of flowing springs. These stand higher than the reservoir, and their water is gathered in a solid



volume, and emptied into a pipe which connects also with the gate mentioned. The pipe leading from the reservoir answers the twofold purpose of carrying the water from the great depository to the irrigating *acequias*, and of conveying the water from the last named springs to the reservoir. Both flows are governed by the single gate referred to. We have not seen a water system in the whole fruit belt which surpasses that of Mr. Titus. Of an ingenious turn of mind and with physical energy to suit, instead of sticking to the primitive and wasteful system of the old period, he has intersected his rows of trees and vines with perfect aqueducts, made by himself out of sand, cement and quicklime. They are there in permanent place, not subject to decay, without leakage, and performing their mission in the most satisfactory manner. We have, in very sight, a contrast which shows the results between intelligent irrigation and the old *laissez-faire* system. Mr. Titus has about four thousand six-year old trees watered from his cement *acequias*.<sup>137</sup> Alongside of his young orchard is another of the same age. The trees of Mr. Titus are large and flourishing, and all his limes and lemons are bearing prolifically. Those of his neighbor are small, thin, scant of foliage, and altogether tardy in growth. One set of trees is sleek and handsome, the other starved and stunted. By one system a man can irrigate three or four hundred trees in a day's work; by the other, to fully water two thousand would not overtask an active irrigator. We were greatly pleased with every evidence we saw, on this beautiful and rapidly-improving place, of thrift, intelligence, progress, and their inevitable concomitant—an elegant and cultured home, combining refinement with comfort, ease and family happiness. Here we found that large and cheerful hospitality which renders the guest, as it were, the giver instead of the recipient of favor; and we drove away from the beautiful home and its generous inmates with the most pleasant reflections.

“We had overstayed our time at the ‘Dewdrop,’ and found that the shadows were lengthening in the east, and yet we had only seen but a small proportion of the splendid attractions of the fruit belt. We therefore hurriedly drove into the orange grove avenues of Messrs. Wilson & Shorb, passed their fine, large family mansion, on the front of which we saw the innocence of youth enjoying itself; entered a perfect wealth of shade, from an orange grove which extended as far as the eye could reach, and then emerged out upon the border of the lake which suggested to Don Benito the name of his magnificent property. We soon sped out of the beautiful panorama of fruits, and

vines, and lakelets, and turned a lane which at once brought us into scenes of irregular beauty and bold picturesqueness. We were on the magnificent domain of the silver-tongued and poetic Colonel Kewen. Here we found the delightful irregularities of hill and dale, all submissive to the chaste design of a mind refined in the elaboration of nature into scenes of artful diversity. Here aspiring fountains, in full play, rising from rock-piled pyramids; there a winding avenue crossing a bridge spanning a mimic river; here a great willow weeping all over in the ample circumference of its extensive spread; there a poplar, in its pride of stateliness, bringing up the pomp of war and circumstance of cockade; here an ancient pear tree, drooping 138 under its heavy burden of production; there grand old sycamores, mouth-watering peach-bearers, and an endless variety of shrubs and plants. In the midst of this gorgeous profusion of giant growth and pigmy vegetation, rose the solid walls of the Kewen mansion. Not a door or *jalousie* in the house was closed, but all open as day, emblematic of the knightly hospitality of the courteous master and gentle mistress of this fruit-belt castle. But the shadows admonish us that we must hurry from this enchanting scene, and reluctantly we turned upon as lovely and picturesque a spot as ever gratified the longing eye of 'Persian king or rude Hindoo pariah.'

There are three old Mission structures in Los Angeles county, and among them none are more worthy of poetic notice than the Church of San Gabriel. I commend the following unsurpassed description, therefore, with its melody of sad and exquisite apostrophies, by a correspondent of the Los Angeles Star, in place of my own:

#### MISSION CHURCH OF SAN GABRIEL,

Near Los Angeles, Cal., March 31, 1874.

"The space of an hundred years is but a span in the cycles of the ages. But to the American, accustomed to fix the date of the settlement of California by his own race, within the lifetime of a generation, the sight of a building upon which the rains of a century have fallen, and upon which sun and moon and stars have shone while nearly four generations of men have been gathered to their fathers, suggests antiquity. So imperfect, and to a great extent to the general reader

inaccessible, are the records of the days when the Franciscan fathers planted the germs of their missions upon this coast, that legend and tradition, instead of the historic page, seem almost to be the proper media through which the acts of these apostles of the wilderness should be viewed. Scattered here and there in public and private libraries, however, are manuscripts and musty tomes, upon the pages of which the story of their self-denying and self-sacrificing labors is inscribed in letters which will gleam with the light which shows “a good deed in a naughty world,” when Time, the Destroyer, shall have leveled the temples which they builded to the dust, and the fate of Tyre shall have overtaken the cities which now mark the sites of the toilsome struggles with savage nature, and still more savage tribes, out of which they entered into their rest. To one whose wandering way of life has led him for hundreds of miles along the early pathways of these true pioneers of the Pacific coast, long decades after the “sandal shoon” of the first lone, wandering standard bearer of the Cross had left its swiftly-fading impress on the alluvium of the San Pedro and the shifting sands of the Gila and the Colorado, as my way of life has led me, surrounded as I was by all the appliances of governmental care and protection, there comes, perforce, in the retrospect of the trials which the missionary had necessarily to undergo, the dangers which he was forced to encounter, the numberless perils, which, like Saint Paul, he was daily and hourly in the very midst of, a realization of the sublimity of the faith which impelled him onward in the weary daily march; which inspired him with fortitude and courage, where other men's hearts would have failed them for fear. No martial music heralded his approach to the walled and sequestered cities of the Zuñi, or the scattered and squalid encampments of the Papago and the Pima. No serried rank of bayonets, no gleaming line of scabbardless swords interposed their walls of burnished steel between his defenseless breast, and the arrow and javelin of the barbarian, to whom the symbol of the strangers' faith was but a stumbling block, and who counted as foolishness the story of Jesus, the Mediator and Redeemer. No pealing organ broke the stillness of the desert, when rising at the hour of prime, the bearer of good tidings resumed his march over the regions where the genius of solitude seemed to have reared to itself a blzing throne among the wrecks of a worn-out world. If any sound save the inarticulate voices of nature broke the solemn and painful silence, it was perchance the utterance of a prayer for guidance, or the momentary and half-unconscious outburst of some song of hope and prophecy. And, surely, never since the words were written, did grander meaning link itself with the

Latin hymn, than when to the eye of faith the triumphs which awaited his Master's cause unfolded themselves 'in clear dream and solemn vision' to some such pilgrim of the desert, and with no listeners but the stars of heaven, and no choral 140 phonies but the winds, his zeal and ardor found utterance in the chant, 'Vexilla Regis prodeunt, Fulget, Crucis Mysterium.'\* \*

"The banners of heaven's king advance, The mystery of the cross shines forth." "Standing to-day in the shadow of the old Mission church of San Gabriel, these thoughts suggested themselves as I looked upon its time-worn walls. Long panoramas of desert journeyings, visions of old missions, some almost perfect in their preservation, like that of San Xavier del Bac, others merely grass-grown ruins, passed before me. Entering the church, my resonant foot-falls as I passed up the spacious aisle, seemed like echoes from an almost forgotten past. Memories of weary days in a barren land, thick strewn with memorials of the faith, whose emblems decked the altar which uprose before me, crowded upon me; and as I recalled my all but utter hopelessness of escape from the prison which disease and misfortune seemed to have builded for me in that burning clime, and compared the present with the past, it was as if a benediction had fallen upon me from invisible heights; and regaining the open air, and looking to the eastward, where the far-off Sierras shone in the light of the declining day, I could bear witness with the poet: 'That care and trial seem at last In memory's sunset air, Like mountain ranges overpast, In purple distance fair.'

"Lingering around the charmed precincts of this venerable pile, my foot-steps led me unconsciously to that portion of the grounds set apart as the City of the Dead. 'The frail memorials' erected to the memory of those who sleep in that consecrated ground were not, to me, at least, suggestive of such mournful feelings, as were the evidences of neglect apparent in the condition of the cemetery. It is a lonely place, that burial ground. The cross uplifts itself above full many a narrow mound. Here and there a solitary grave seems to have been forgotten by those who bore its occupant to his long home. Ah! 141 there are many such, the wide world over. Many, above which the hand of affection would rear monuments as beautiful and chaste as ever made the sculptor's art immortal, did not 'chill penury' forbid the execution of the pious task; but above such graves fall tears which consecrate, and around them cluster memories which make them beautiful forever. I have seen

them in the heart of the wilderness. I know of one upon whose narrow precincts the last rays of the setting sun fall like a halo through an opening in the forest trees. God's peace enfolds the little boy I laid away to rest forever in that far-off spot. Ah! LITTLE GUVVIE. If I could call thee back Across death's grewsome track, My baby, gone so early to thy Go— 'twere wrong to wish thee here, To tread with doubt and fear The burning shards thy father's feet have trod. My baby, my sweet child, 'Untempted, undefiled,' I love thee with an all-absorbing love; But called to give thee up, I can but drain the cup, Since softly falling from thy home above, In accents full and clear, The Savior's voice I hear, Calling little children to His gracious arms; In that sure haven blest I know thou hast found rest And art safe, forever safe, from sin and its alarms. My baby, o'er thy grave Wild flowers and grasses wave, And wild birds warble all their sweetest songs; Sweet be thy dreamless sleep, The while I wake and weep, God's rest is thine; His peace to thee belongs.

“Here, among these unmarked graves, might Evangeline have come if her long wanderings had led her to this, as they did to that, Mission of the Black Robes, where her Gabriel was to her ‘so near and yet so far.’ Here might she, in the solemn hush of eventide, have

142

‘Sat by some nameless grave and thought that perhaps, in its bosom He was already at rest, and longed to slumber beside him.’

“But it is time these musings had an end. It is the vesper hour. Long, long years ago, grandees and high-born dames, men and women of middle rank in life, and peasants, some bowed with age, and children of tender years, stood round a seething furnace in old Spain. Ornaments of gold and silver were flung into the fiery mass. Anon a chime of bells came from the master's hand. With prayer and chant and benediction, they were given to the keeping of a galleon bound for this far-off land. Propitious gales bore them in safety to the old embarcadero of the Mission of San Gabriel. For many and many a year they have clamored at prime and flung their silvery music on the evening air. The wedding feast has grown more joyous as they pealed out their congratulations; the solemn rites with which the dead are lain away have taken a deeper, if not a sadder, tinge, as they tolled a last farewell. Long be it before their voices shall grow silent in the land. They are but echoes of an

endless chain of sound. San Diego, San Xavier, St. Augustine, take up the choral strain and bear it along the shores of misty Atlantic until Canadian chapels catch the refrain. Santa Barbara watches for the pulsing waves of melody, and sends them north until the furthest bounds of civilization are reached, and speeding across the continent, St. Boniface, on the Red River of the North, peals out a jubilant welcome to the wandering airs which come laden with the dying murmurs of the Mission bells." "The voyageur smiles as he listens To the sound that grows apace, Well he knows the vesper ringing, Of the bells of St. Boniface. The bells of the Roman Mission That call from their turrets twain, To the boatman on the river To the hunter on the plain. And when the angel of shadow Rests his feet on wave and shore, And our eyes grow dim with longing, And our hearts grow faint at the oar, 143 Happy is he who heareth The signal of his release, In the bells of the holy city The chimes of eternal peace."

There is yet another structure that merits attention: The tourist, as he reaches the point which overlooks the broad and beautiful sweep of the valley in which are embraced the settlements of San Gabriel, El Monte, the Azusa and other focal points, sees, gleaming in the cloudless air, the spire of a little church. It stands apart, and seems, in its isolation, to be almost out of place. Not so. It is but a prophecy of houses yet to be built, which shall speak of liberal gifts from those who desire that upon their tombstones shall be written, "They builded a house unto the Lord."

Years ago a lady who desired that her love for the church, at whose altar she had learned the lessons of Faith, Hope and Charity, should take an abiding form, caused to be erected in Providence, Rhode Island, a house of worship, which was consecrated by the Bishop of her church to the service of her Redeemer. Chance led her steps to western fields; and, inspired by gratitude and faith, another edifice arose in Clermont, Iowa, devoted to the same faith. Yet, again, her wandering steps brought her to this western coast, and "the liberal soul," which had already erected two altars to the Eternal God, saw an opportunity again to commemorate its devotion to "the faith once delivered to the saints." The means for the erection of a Protestant Episcopal church were placed at the disposal of the Reverend Mr. Messenger by MRS. FRANCES JONES VINTON, of Providence, Rhode Island, and until the materials of which it is built are destroyed by the corroding touch of time, the spire of

the “Church of our Saviour” will lift its tapering point to heaven to bear witness to the lively faith which inspired its construction.

The cost of the simple and unpretending, but beautiful, house of worship was about \$4,000. The interior is 40x22 feet, exclusive of tower and vestry room, and it has been so constructed that if at any future time it shall be found necessary to enlarge it, the entire plan can be changed to a cruciform one, which will afford ample room for any congregation likely to 144 gather within its sacred precincts. With the exception of the labor contributed by the present pastor, Rev. Mr. Messenger, the entire expense of the construction of the edifice has been borne by the lady whose name I have already mentioned. Desirous of leaving nothing undone, she authorized the purchase of a bell, which was a month or two ago effected, at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Rev. Mr. Messenger, the pastor of the church, deserves credit for the faithful manner in which he has obeyed the behests of the founder of this beautiful memorial of a living faith. He has labored with his own hands to provide a subsistence for himself while he has supervised its erection, and has built up for himself a beautiful and attractive homestead. A tract of three or four acres adjoining the church has been set apart as a cemetery, and when adorned and improved, as it is intended it shall be, by the gentlemen having the matter in charge, it will indeed be a spot in which the mourner can, if anywhere, lay the dead away to rest, conscious that nature could surround the grave, nowhere in all the wide world, with lovelier or more beautiful scenes.

The time is not far distant when other temples will arise in the lovely region already adorned by the beautiful edifice now sketched. Let those which shall yet be built tower ever so proudly, not one of them will bear witness to a purer or more fervent faith than that which suggested and inspired the erection of the “Church of Our Saviour,” which adorns and beautifies the valley of San Gabriel.

145

## **CHAPTER XII.**

DESCRIPTION OF ANAHEIM—A GLANCE AT A NOTED COLONY—THE REALM OF  
HYGEIA—A SKETCH OF VINE LANDS—A GREAT WINEMAKER—ANECDOTE OF BEN

DREYFUS—A DRIVE AROUND THE SURROUNDINGS OF ANAHEIM—WESTMINSTER  
AND RICHLAND—ARTESIAN WELLS IN ABUNDANCE—SANTA ANA AND GOSPEL  
SWAMP—THE OLD MISSION RUINS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

THE next place of special interest in Semi-tropical California is Anaheim, distant by rail about twenty-seven miles from Los Angeles, and one of the most noted places in Los Angeles county.

The stranger, entering this pleasant little town from the north, as I did, meets, a mile or so out in the suburbs, with a marked suggestion of the future character of its surroundings in the handsome villa of Mr. Saxon (a whilom habitue of Wall street, New York); with its tastefully-arranged park. It will not be many years before numbers of wealthy men, like the gentleman just named, will emulate his example in retiring from the noise and bustle of commercial and stock dabbling life, and build comfortable and elegant retreats like his, in which to pass the evening of life, amid the beautiful scenery and health-giving surroundings of Semi-tropical California. The town itself, at first sight, does not differ materially from dozens of other small places which I have been in and passed through without stopping to admire. But the place has a history. I heard it from the lips of one of its pioneers; not, however, until I had been driven to Anaheim Landing, through one of the richest grazing countries I have ever passed through; and really after that drive, I did not think the founders of this colony had done much to brag of, seeing that they had had, as I supposed, a fertile plain out of which to carve their homesteads, and create their fifty odd vineyards, orchards and gardens.

146

But, mark you, I was mistaken. Anaheim was a cactus and sage-brush patch when it was purchased by the joint stock company who laid out the settlement. The ancient Californian who sold the original tract to the company, 1,165 acres at two dollars per acre, told the purchasers that it was not fit for a pasturage for goats. And, really, if one will take the trouble to walk out to the north-eastern boundary of the town and look at the cactus plains beyond, and realize that the entire space, now occupied by the colony, was just such a forbidding waste as that is now, he must necessarily admire the energy, industry and skill which has made such a wilderness blossom as the rose. The purchase



of the tract was consummated in August, 1857. Work was commenced on the twenty-ninth of September. From eighty to one hundred men were employed until January, 1858, when, according to the plan determined upon, the entire tract was subdivided into fifty twenty-acre lots, a town site with an equal number of building lots being reserved in the center, each colonist being entitled to a twenty-acre field and a town lot. In September, 1859, the sum of \$70,000 had been expended. Eight acres in each twenty-acre lot had been planted in vines. Twelve families arrived that year. The next year there were thirty, the year following the full complement had taken possession of their future homes where, with, possibly two or three exceptions, they remain until the present time, contented, prosperous and prospering. An irrigating ditch five miles in length, with cross ditches through the entire tract, was constructed, the borders planted with willow, sycamore or cottonwood, and to-day the green lanes formed by these trees cannot be excelled, I venture to say, in merry England, for picturesque and rural beauty.

There was a partial failure of the vintage in the dry season of '63 and '64, and in 1873 an untimely frost reduced the product to 300,000 as against 700,000 to 800,000 gallons, which is the present average yield. The original eight acres of vineyard which each colonist found planted to his hand on his arrival has been increased by subsequent plantings to, in many, in fact most cases, from fifteen to eighteen acres, the remaining acre or two being occupied by the dwelling houses, flower and kitchen gardens, alfalfa patches, fruit orchards, etc. One of these 147 twenty-acre tracts, which cost \$40 fourteen years ago, sold the other day for \$6,000, and is considered very cheap at that.

A walk or drive through the green lanes dividing the vineyards reveals upon each twenty-acre lot a neat, tasty, comfortable house, every one of which boasts its flower garden and grass plats. An air of thrift and homelike comfort is the prevailing characteristic. The public buildings consist of a Presbyterian and a Catholic church; a Masonic hall, which cost \$4,000; an Odd Fellows hall, costing \$9,000, the former a frame building, the latter a brick; two hotels, the Planters and the Anaheim; and a school house, costing about \$2,000. The lower portion of the Masonic hall building is also used for school purposes. There is also a comfortable public hall used for the purposes to which such buildings are usually applied. When Anaheim was first taken possession of by the colonists, there was not a settlement between the town and the ocean, a distance of some twelve or

thirteen miles. All that is changed, and I find myself somewhat at a loss to know just how to write of said transformation. The French, when they find themselves surrounded by a superabundance of the good and beautiful, either in nature or art, give it up, shrug their shoulders, and exclaim, “*un embarras du riches*,” and stay to admire or pass on to remember. It is even so with me in writing of this wonderful county of Los Angeles. I hardly know how to go about conveying any idea of the marvelous productiveness of soil and inexhaustible wealth of resources.

So rapid has been the growth of the town of late years, that it has been found necessary to increase the original limits to meet the demand for building lots. The town site now embraces 3,200 acres instead of 1,165, as originally laid out. It is not alone, however, as having successfully demonstrated the capacity of a repulsive looking cactus plantation for the successful production of grapes, oranges, grains, vegetables, small fruits, and in fact everything necessary to support life, that these plodding and irrepressible Anaheimers have, while benefitting themselves, conferred a benefit upon the entire country. Nearly in the center of the settlement, a parallelogram of Lombardy poplars, from eight inches to fifteen in diameter, and from sixty to seventy feet high, the growth of eight years, show 148 something of what can be effected in this region in the way of forest culture. If he is a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, how much greater benefactors are they, the influence of whose example will, in a few years at the most, transform miles upon miles of verdureless plains to a region of beautifully-diversified groves and orchards. But I shall revert to this particular topic again. The Anaheimers claim great virtue for their climate as a resort for invalids. A gentleman of wealth and a consumptive, who spent years in the search of a region in which he could prolong his days, if not obtain a new lease of life, kept a series of observations. Selecting Mentone in France, and Aiken in South Carolina, as the most favorable localities, he gives the result of his observations in the following statement:

During December, January and February, at Anaheim, an invalid could have been out of doors all day—eighty-one days. Confined indoors by bad weather, nine days.

At Mentone, during the corresponding months, there were of fair days, sixty-seven; there were of bad days, twenty-three.

At Aiken, during the corresponding months, there were of fair days, fifty-three; there were bad days, thirty-seven.

At Anaheim, rain thirteen days, strong winds three days.

At Mentone, rain twenty-eight days, strong winds twenty-three days.

At Aiken, rain fourteen days, snow one day and strong winds thirty-two days.

At Anaheim, average difference between wet and dry bulb,  $6\frac{1}{3}^{\circ}$ ; at Mentone,  $6^{\circ}$ ; at Aiken,  $5^{\circ}$ .

At Anaheim, average temperature, three months,  $61^{\circ}$ ; maximum,  $77\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ; minimum,  $49\frac{2}{3}^{\circ}$ .

At Mentone, average temperature, for three months,  $48\frac{1}{3}^{\circ}$ ; maximum,  $61\frac{1}{3}$ ; minimum,  $35\frac{1}{3}^{\circ}$ .

At Aiken, average temperature, for three months,  $53^{\circ}$ ; maximum,  $70^{\circ}$ ; minimum,  $30^{\circ}$ .

The author of the above statement feels confident that nowhere else in the world can atmospheric and climatic conditions so favorable to those suffering from pulmonary affections be found. I have heard similar testimony from the lips of many others.

149

One of the features of Anaheim is the establishment of Mr. B. Dreyfus, who owns about two hundred acres of the vineyards in this vicinity. His annual vintage, the season being propitious, averages about 175,000 gallons, the whole of which finds a market at the east. You have probably heard the story about the western cider maker. His cider had a reputation second to none. So did he—for stinginess. He was never known to offer a glass of his apple juice to anybody—that is, as a gift. He would furnish it, however, in any quantity on the production of the collateral. Finally, however, an individual who prided himself on his insinuating address, made a small bet that he would worm an invitation to drink out of the old cider hunks. “The man that bet” called on the cider maker. He praised his house, his orchard, his barns, his horses, his dogs, his wife, his children, and, as a *piece de resistance*, exclaimed “Mr. Hunks, the community owe you a debt of gratitude for

the reputation you have succeeded in establishing for the cider of this region. I am told that you make a very superior article.” The cider man was evidently pleased. He rose, smiling, stepped to the cellar door, and disappeared. Anon, he returned. He held a beaker of the amber fluid in his hand. He raised it tenderly toward the light. He gazed at it long and lovingly, slowly raised it to his lips, quaffed the contents to the utmost drop, and, handing the empty goblet to his visitor, remarked, “My friend, your head is eminently level. If you think I do not make good cider, just smell that glass.” The visitor aforesaid lost his bet, but that is neither here nor there.

Mr. Dreyfus has a reputation for wine making fully equal to that achieved by the cider man. He does not, however, ask his guests to smell the glass only, but sets the best he has before them. If, however, they do no more than smell the glass they will find that there lingers therein an aroma which renders “a bush” unnecessary. He informs me that the character of the wine formerly shipped east by California vintners had for a long time a depressing effect on the market, but that the prejudice thereby created has been measurably removed, and the future of the trade is well assured. Mr. D. has recently assumed control of the Cucamonga vineyard, and will, as a matter of course, largely increase his manufacture.

## 150

Between the town of Anaheim and the ocean, there intervene about twelve miles of a region which for all practical purposes may be called as level as a barn floor; although, as a matter of course, there are not wanting gullies and depressions, and a gradual fall as the sea is approached. The continuous and adjoining settlements extend out about three miles beyond the limits of the town. From that point to the ocean the use of the land is confined principally to sheep herding, although from the line of the road to the landing the farm houses of the Westminster colonists can be distinctly seen. My drive to the landing was through one continuous field of burr clover, wild alfalfa and alfileria. Here and there a sandy swale, marking the old bed of a water course, broke the continuity of this wonderful natural pasture, the rank luxuriance of which bespoke the extreme fertility of the soil. Of Anaheim landing, I consider it unnecessary to say anything further than that

it answers the purpose of an embarcadero. I do not think it has any very brilliant future, as a seaport, before it.

The day after my trip to the landing I was invited by Mr. Olden, Agent of the Los Angeles and San Bernardino Land Company, to accompany him in a drive over a route to the north and west of the line of the preceding day's jaunt. This was but a repetition of what I had already seen, so far as the character of the soil and scenery was concerned. Miles upon miles of succulent feed for horses, cattle and sheep, which, where it had been pastured the closest, was already renewing a vigorous growth. A little more than half way between Anaheim and the sea we drove up to a small farm house to inspect its surroundings. The proprietor is a Cornish miner, who, having saved up a few hundred dollars, concluded to give up underground work and try surface diggings. He has built himself a comfortable residence, with convenient outhouses; his corn bin had a good supply of the yellow grain; his vegetable garden, pig pen, sheep corral, and other adjuncts, bespoke prosperity and contentment. The most interesting feature about the place, however, was the artesian well, which from a depth of one hundred and seventy feet, sent up a generous stream of as clear and soft and beautiful water as ever the eye gazed upon. The supply furnished is far more than sufficient to irrigate his little farm of forty acres. His success in that direction, however, determines the practicability of obtaining a supply of water wherever needed in that portion of the country. Returning to Anaheim by a circuitous route, Mr. Olden drove through other equally favored regions; and when we reached the outer edge of the settlements we entered upon a succession of grain fields, which promised all that the most exacting husbandman could possibly wish. The feasibility of irrigation being established, the future of these lands is assured. Stock raisers will have their farms of three hundred and twenty or six hundred and forty acres—it may be more, or even less. Substantial fences will divide their tracts into pasturage lots. Alfalfa will take the place of the natural grasses. And as one division is exhausted the grazing herds will occupy another, and a constant succession of crops will make the herdsman independent of times and seasons. Large tracts are purchasable now at from fifteen to twenty-five dollars per acre. Smaller tracts, with improvements, at from forty to sixty dollars. The influx of purchasers and inquirers is great and constantly increasing, and those who wish to purchase at the above figures will do well to

make haste. The company are entering upon the construction of an immense ditch, which will be completed within eighteen months. The price of lands throughout this whole region will be inevitably increased thereby. There is no mistake about this. There is no exaggeration about the character of these lands, when they are stated to be inexhaustible in fertility. The only mistake which can be made in the premises is that which the inexperienced farmer will make, who may imagine that he can make an orange grove where nature intended there should be a dairy or a stock farm. The tide of population is just setting in hitherward. Beef and mutton, butter and cheese, eggs and milk, wool and corn and hay, will be in full as great demand as oranges and limes and lemons. The profits may not be as great, but the returns will be earlier and the risks not half so great. For years these magnificent lands have been held, in a great measure, inaccessible to the man of moderate means. But they are open now to the brains and muscle of those who have the courage and enterprise to grasp the situation. Those who have already gone into the land to possess it, and who have had the 152 patience to wait, and the industry to work, are doing well. They may not be surrounded by all the luxuries of a city life, but they have health, plenty of food, herds and flocks which are increasing yearly, and are assisting in their spheres toward building firm and sure the foundations of a prosperous community.

Leaving Anaheim in search of further information, my first trip brought me to a region of country lying a little to the southwest, known as Westminster Colony. Some four years ago, Rev. L. P. Webber, a Presbyterian clergyman, formerly of Salem county, New Jersey, secured some seven thousand acres of the lands of L.A. & S.B. Company as the site of a colony of agriculturists. He reserved to himself, as I understood it, the right of imposing certain restrictions upon the manufacture of wine or the distillation of spirits upon the lands of the colony, as also the privilege of deciding who should and who should not become purchasers of any portion of the lands. I did not find Mr. Webber, to whom I would naturally look for exact information in the premises, at home, and therefore am compelled to deal in generalities, for I found it extremely difficult to obtain statistics in that part of the country. I was credibly informed, however, that only about one thousand acres remain unsold out of the seven. Parties were sinking an artesian well upon Mr. Webber's premises at the time of my visit. They informed me that there were about forty wells in the colony,

ranging in depth from sixty-five to two hundred and twenty-five feet; that the flow from four of these wells is sufficient to irrigate one hundred and sixty acres each, and that the average flow is sufficient to irrigate from forty to sixty acres each. The lands of the colony are of the very first order as regards fertility and adaptability to the production of grain, roots, grasses, etc., as well as the hardier fruits. Experiments are being made with the semi-tropical fruits, but the result cannot be known for some time yet. A neat and commodious school house stands in the centre of the town plat, and is also used for purposes of divine worship on the Sabbath. It cost about one thousand five hundred dollars, and speaks well for the character of the colony. A good school house is the best advertisement a new settlement can have. Westminster is only the pioneer of a dozen similar 153 colonies which will spring up on the west side of the Santa Ana. Returning to Anaheim, I partook of a good dinner at the Planter's Hotel, and retired early. The next morning I started for Richland. The gentleman who drove the buggy headed straight for the old Rodriguez crossing, and we were soon in Richland.

There is no mistake about the nomenclature in this case. A prettier valley does not lay out of doors. It seemed, however, as if everybody who could give me any information was away from home. But a word or two about the valley. Seen from the crossing of the Santa Ana river, it rises gently to the foothills four or five miles distant, dotted here and there with farm houses of far more than ordinary pretensions, as regards architecture and finish. I cannot say that I like the prevailing brown, which seems to have been chosen as the proper colored paint. White would have formed a much prettier contrast to the emerald frame in which the picture is set. We drove to the store, which is in the centre of the settlement, hoping to be able to obtain a few items, but the proprietor was absent with a party engaged in determining the route of a ditch sixteen miles long, which is to bring water to this and the adjoining settlement of Santa Ana, Tustin City, etc. I met a gentleman near by, however, who seemed fully competent to tell me all I wanted to know, and made known to him my mission and my desires in the premises. To all of which he replied: "I have been here but little over a year. I mind my own business, and don't concern myself about my neighbors." This was not very encouraging; nevertheless I could not help thinking what a treasure such a man would be in some communities.

Captain Glassell, the agent of the tract, was also absent, and the best I could do was to look on and admire. The farms are generally small. The roads and by-ways are laid out at right angles, and if I traveled through any one of them, both sides of which were not planted with gum, walnut, locust, willow, sycamore or some other forest trees, I do not know it. Along some of them I noticed that gum and walnut trees were planted alternately, so close together that by the time the walnut trees are in bearing the gum trees will necessarily have to give way, and of course will furnish fence posts, lumber, etc. Almost every house had its flower garden in front, and masses 154 of verbena, gilli flower, heliotrope and other bright bloomers, lent a delightful variety to the charming scene. Thousands upon thousands of fruit trees have been set out, and the work still goes on. Richland proper is about three miles square, and embraces about 7,000 acres, only 1,500 of which remain unsold. There is a town plat in the centre of forty acres, with iron supply pipes in the principal streets. Unimproved land is held at from fifteen to twenty-five dollars per acre. After it has been plowed once, nothing short of sixty dollars can touch it. Improved places, when they change hands, readily bring one hundred dollars per acre. All of these improvements are the work of less than three years. There are about one hundred families in the settlement, and, as may be expected, they have built an elegant and comfortable school-house. I look upon the growth of Richland as being quite as phenomenal as the locality is beautiful; and upon the latter score I have simply to remark, that, being in a measure wedded to a love of Hogarth's line of beauty, I am not, as a general rule, an admirer of level tracts or valley scenery. But there is an indescribable charm about Richland. Let those who doubt it go and see for themselves. If, concerning it, I cannot conscientiously exclaim with the poet, "There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,"

I am certain there is no lovelier one. And yet it is only one of the beautiful localities to be found in this peerless region. There is no computing the future of Los Angeles county by ordinary methods of calculation.

There is nothing in the transition from Richland to Santa Ana to indicate the crossing of a division line; but upon reaching the latter town, the tourist finds himself among a grove of ancient gnarled and venerable sycamores, which add a certain picturesqueness to the landscape. Arriving at Santa



Ana, however, I found myself again in an artesian well district. There are two in the town within one hundred yards of each other. I could obtain no reliable estimate of the number which have already been sunk, but they are numerous. Water is obtained at a depth varying from sixty to three hundred feet. From one of them a constant five-inch stream leaps up to the light of day. Embracing the settlement known as Gospel Swamp, there 155 is here a settlement probably nine miles square—the home of over one hundred families. The farms vary in size from forty to two hundred and fifty acres, although the average would, probably, be from eighty to one hundred. So far as my observation extended the houses are neat and comfortable. The price of land varies from \$20 to \$100—the average, probably, from \$50 to \$80. There are two school-houses, neat, well built and commodious. As is the case in Richland, the road-sides are planted with forest and nut-bearing trees, and these, together with the fruit trees—of which every farm, however small, has its quota—must be numbered by the thousands. Barley, oats, rye, corn, wheat, beans and potatoes are the staples, and the crops are bountiful. These settlements are all the work of less than four years. Mr. McFadden, the owner of a large tract some two miles southeast of Santa Ana, has associated with him Mr. Collins, an experienced dairyman of Marin county, and they, with a herd of two hundred cows, propose to go into the business of cheese making. They are milking but eighty cows at present. Mr. Hamill has also gone into the dairy business on a smaller scale. These gentlemen are but the pioneers of a host who will soon follow them in this direction. They will not rely upon the natural pasturage, which is green the year round, but will plant largely of corn, pumpkins and beets to serve as stock feed. The corn crops of this section are spoken of as something enormous. I heard of stalks seventeen feet high, with five ears to a stalk. This, I thought, was pretty good for high. A ditch sixteen miles long is in process of construction, and this, together with the supply from artesian wells, will render this region independent of drouths. Circumstances prevented me from examining the resources and surroundings of this section as fully as I would like to have done, but I saw enough in my hurried visit to convince me that the praises bestowed upon it by its citizens were well deserved. I was informed that at the residence of Mr. Bowers, near Santa Ana, banana stocks were growing which had remained absolutely untouched by the frost, and at the same place could be seen tomato vines, upon which were blossoms and green and ripe fruit.

Keeping along in a generally southern direction from Santa Ana, the tourist comes upon a strange-looking Mexican town 156 called San Juan Capistrano, about thirty-three miles from Anaheim.

The Mission of San Juan Capistrano, or the remains of the Mission, situated in the town of that name, is another of those old ruins whose history constitutes a page in the early tales of California.

On the first day of November, 1776, the site was selected by the padre Gorgonio, who at once made arrangements for the commencement of the work. This was nearly twenty-two years before the building of the Mission of San Luis Rey; and at this time it was the intention of the padre in charge to make this Mission the most pretentious of all the edifices that had been erected. This was the seventh in regular order—the Missions of San Diego, San Carlos de Monterey, San Antonio de Padua, San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, and San Francisco de los Dolores, being already built or in process of erection.

These old ruins perpetuate the name and memory of a Franciscan friar of renowned eminence and reputation—San Juan, who was born in Capistrano, Italy. In his youth he was Platonic, and was seldom seen away from his home or school, although reared in a family celebrated for its wealth and great social worth. San Juan was at first educated as a lawyer, but from the start evinced a dislike for his profession, and grew morbid and morose as he penetrated the mysteries of the bar. Time passed on, and he practiced and gained a great case, in which a powerful man triumphed over one who was weak. This disturbed his little remaining peace of mind, and he at once abandoned the law. Subsequently he joined the order of St. Francis, and in a short time became a very holy man. He died a great number of years ago, leaving none to excel him in virtue, genius, and profound wisdom and education.

As I have stated, it was proposed by the padre Gorgonio to erect a pretentious-looking edifice at the place, and so he did. The church building was one of the noblest in its exhibition of workmanship. It was built of lime and stone, and was one hundred and fifty feet in length, one hundred in width, and had systems of corridors six hundred feet in total length. The interior of the church was as spacious as many of our modern cathedrals, being nearly eighty feet from pit to dome. The walls, which

157 are still standing, were of great strength, being nearly five feet in thickness, and as tenacious as concrete. The buildings were thirty years in process of erection, the resident and officiating friars for most of that time being padres Amunio and Mugarteguin. No church was so elaborately furnished; there being more imported woodwork about it and the adjoining dwellings than in any of the other Missions, a large portion of which remains and is in a good state of preservation.

On the morning of a December Sabbath, in 1812, at precisely seven o'clock, and when the church was filled with men and women singing praises to God, an earthquake occurred, during which the building was destroyed, and forty-seven persons perished. As this earthquake destroyed nothing else in the town, and as the dome of the church was imperfectly constructed, the impression is, and always has been, with those who are acquainted with the facts, that the catastrophe was less the effects of the earthquake than anything else. The old padre, in his notes upon this subject, says that the dome was not only imperfectly constructed, but that it slightly leaned from perpendicular. Nothing else about the church sustained the slightest injury. It seems that the roof of the building was surmounted by five domes, in the center of which was an immense tower or belfry, the latter of which was of heavy masonry. This tower was erected upon six columns, which, receiving the vibration, caused the tower to reel and fall, and, falling, broke in two, one part crushing in the roof and the other dropping on the outside into the street.

The Mission of San Juan Capistrano, like all of the others, saw its best days from 1820 to 1834, the latter year being the one in which the Mexican Congress made its crusade against the whole Mission system. During the latter year of its successful existence, padre Jose Maria Salvidea was the priest in charge, and is said to have been one of the most hospitable and generous of men. Like Antonio, of San Luis Rey, he took in the stranger and the traveler, and extended to all the comforts of his establishment. He kept a smaller retinue of servants than his brother Antonio, and was less a patron of horse racing and bull fighting, and in a multiplicity of respects less a monarch.

After the earthquake, that part of the building used as a 158 granary was fitted up for the exercise of religious ceremony; no attempt at repair ever having been made, by the padres in charge, of the church building. All of the other houses, however, were fitted up in a substantial and elaborate

manner, the corridors being erected so as to form a hollow square; said square, like the one of San Luis Rey, being generally devoted to the pastime of bull fighting.

In 1830 this mission owned or controlled several large tracts of land, over which pastured 40,000 cattle, 70,000 sheep, 5,000 horses, and a large number of mules, oxen and hogs. From the date of its foundation up to this time, there had been 4,790 natives converted and baptized, 1,702 marriages, and 3,947 deaths. In 1831 there were 1,400 residents of this Mission, including 350 young girls and misses in the nunnery.

The gardens and grounds comprised eighty acres, the former containing 400 odd olive trees, all of which are in excellent bearing order. There are also quite a number of pear trees remaining, as in most of the gardens, this being the favorite northern variety of fruit with the old padres. Several acres of these gardens were devoted to the vine, all traces of which, however, are gone. Remains of several palms may be seen, while the “*century plant*” thrives and blossoms *yearly*.

This Mission had a large soap manufactory, and also made large quantities of cloth and shoes; while its carpenter and blacksmith shops were the most extensive of any of the Missions. The San Juan river running as it did, and does, all the year round, was very favorable for artificial irrigation, a means of improvement which the old padres always took advantage of.

The fall of the Mission of San Juan Capistrano took place in 1833. The padres in charge watched the performances of the Mexican Congress in its debate upon the dividing up of the Mission property with great anxiety; and when the law passed giving to the Indians each an individual interest in their great possessions, padre Salvidea at once determined that the dividends should be small. He at once shipped to Spain all of the pictures and ornaments of the church, and gave out contracts for the immediate and indiscriminate slaughter of all the cattle, sheep and hogs, and for the transportation of several shiploads of hides, tallow, soap, oil, grain and wine; so that, upon the 159 arrival of General José Figueroa, hardly anything was left but the neophytes themselves. Thus fell the Mission of San Juan Capistrano.

A few months prior to the Mexican war, the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, La Purissima and San Miguel, with all of their beautiful grounds and gardens, were each in turn sold at public auction. The property here, including three gardens containing eighty acres of olives, and other fruits, was purchased by Don Juan Foster, now residing at Santa Margarita, the old home of Don Pio Pico, for eight hundred dollars. The buildings of the Mission were also included in the purchase, except a habitation for the priest, an apartment for a school-room, and a room for an office for a Justice of the Peace. To-day, this \$800 purchase is worth what the figure would describe with two more ciphers annexed; and this is but a small patch of Don Juan Foster's possessions—bless his old soul.

One of the most beautiful drives in Southern California is from San Luis Rey to San Juan Capistrano, and most especially that portion of it along the beach, and up the mouth of San Juan river. In approaching the town from this point, the tourist is first attracted by a great oven-shaped building, which proves to be the ruins of the old Mission church of San Juan Capistrano, and destroyed by an earthquake, as above mentioned. Upon nearing the ruins, the old walls look like an immense depot, until a close approach dispels the fancy. After the earthquake not a particle of the debris was touched, nor a mark of improvement made, until 1853, when the citizens of San Juan determined to repair the walls, rebuild the roof, and reequip the premises generally. Work was at once commenced, the broken walls being patched and extended with adobes. This, however, proved a failure, as the adobes, not being allowed sufficient time to dry, became shapeless, and fell to the ground in a mass of mud.

The interior of the corridor buildings, in many places, is in an excellent state of preservation. Much of the furniture, which was imported ninety odd years ago, is as substantial as when first manufactured. An old bench, upon which have been seated in succession padres Gorgonio, Amunio, Mugarteguin, Sunea, 160 Barronna, and Salvidea, graces the ruins as an article of schoolroom furniture.

Around about may be seen distributed large piles of dirt, etc., all of which, at one day or another, since 1776, were manufactories, nunneries, workshops, dwelling-houses, etc. This, and the ruins of

the church and its corridors, are all that remain of the once rich and celebrated Mission of San Juan Capistrano.

161

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE GREAT CORN-PRODUCING DISTRICTS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY—EL MONTE AND LOS NIETOS—A MAGNIFICENT RANCHO—SPADRA, THE PRESENT SOUTHERN TERMINUS OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

I WILL now take the reader through the extensive corn-producing districts of Los Angeles county, which have for their depots EL Monte and Los Nietos.

Los Nietos township comprises an area of from eight to ten miles square. Six years ago it was in a condition of primeval unproductiveness. Hardly a house was to be seen, except the scattered adobes of the native population. I do not know how I can better convey the idea of the rapid growth of the settlement, than by stating that there are now within the above defined limits seven public school districts, all of them provided with comfortable and well-furnished school-houses, costing from \$1,000 to \$4,000. The school-house in Gallatin is a two-story frame, thirty by fifty-six feet, and has in constant attendance over one hundred pupils, all living within one mile of the school-house. In addition to the above mentioned seven districts, there has recently been established the “Los Nietos Collegiate Institute,” the location of which is about one mile north of the railroad depot. It is under the superintendence of Rev. S. M. Adams. of the M. E. Church South. The building is a two-story frame, twenty-five by fifty feet, and there are already sixty pupils in attendance. A community comparatively so new as this, which has already made such rapid strides in the all-important direction of educating the rising generation, must possess within itself all the elements of permanence, stability and prosperity. I am informed that a large majority of the land-holders in the township own tracts ranging from ten to forty acres—in fact, that a fair average of ownership throughout would not exceed the last named number. Land in the town-ship ranges from \$20 to \$100 per acre, dependent upon location and improvement. Those of the residents with whom I

conversed were unstinted in their praise of the exhaustless fertility of the soil, claiming, moreover, that anything can be grown on their lands that can be grown in any part of the county. Corn is the staple crop of the region. The yield is dependent, as a matter of course, to some extent upon the favorableness of the season, and ranges from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five bushels per acre. A fair average would probably be seventy-five bushels. Like other grains it is sold principally by the cental. It has brought in dry seasons as high as two dollars per cental, and has touched as low a figure as fifty cents, at which latter price it can only be made remunerative by being converted into pork. Rye and barley are also favorite crops. and rarely if ever fail. Large quantities of beets are also raised for stock feed. Somebody weighed one in my presence, and it pulled down the beam at one hundred and thirty pounds. Assemblyman Venable informed me that he thought one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty tons an acre a moderate estimate of their productiveness. Peaches, pears, apples and walnuts have established their affinity for Los Nietos, and there are not wanting evidences of the adaptability of certain portions to the cultivation of the orange and its congeners. Whatever may be the result in the latter direction, however, the region in question possesses enough of the elements which go to make up a prosperous settlement to render it attractive to men of small means. During my stay in the neighborhood I heard not a single complaint (even at second hand), unless a disposition on the part of some to grumble, because it was so easy to make a living that in many instances the farming was careless and slipshod, could be called a complaint. And this, I think, is saying a good deal. The houses of the settlers, for the most part, wear an air of thrift and comfort, and the corn-bins full of golden grain certainly look as if there was little danger of famine in the land. Los Nietos bids fair to become a rival of El Monte as a pork-growing district, much attention being paid to that particular business. Gallatin has been for some years the post-office town, but the office has lately been removed to Downey City, the new town on the Los Angeles and Anaheim railroad. The new town site embraces one hundred and forty acres. It 163 has been subdivided into lots seventy by one hundred and forty-five feet, which are held at from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars. There are fifty buildings already erected in the new town.

My idea of El Monte, before I had seen it, grew out of what limited knowledge of the latin language I possessed. I knew the word *Monte* was the ablative case of the latin word for mountain, and supposed that on arriving at the above named locality I should find myself at the foot, at least, of some isolated peak from which the settlement derived its name. I found myself instead, however, in the centre of a luxuriant plantation of willows, cottonwood, etc., and on inquiry was informed that the term El Monte means a forest growth, or something to that effect. This locality has long borne the reputation of exceeding in the production of corn and bacon, which seem to be the staples of the region. A glance, however, at the surrounding fields furnishes good evidence that other grains than corn find a congenial soil in the vicinity. The village, which has grown up in the settlement, affords substantial proof of the prosperity of the neighborhood, inasmuch as three well-equipped stores are found necessary to supply the local demand for merchandise of the general description which is usually kept on hand in country establishments. The extreme moisture of the soil, in the greater part of the lands on the southern part of the township, renders fruit-growing somewhat precarious; but those who have selected the more elevated portions of even that part of El Monte manage to get an ample supply of peaches, pears, grapes, etc.

The immediate surroundings of the village are more than ordinarily picturesque. I do not think that I have seen lovelier lanes anywhere than are found to the south of the town. They serve admirably to show the capacity of other similar regions in Los Angeles county for forest culture, and are but the shadowing forth of what Richland, Santa Ana, Gospel Swamp, Westminster and other settlements will be when a few years have furnished growth to the thousands of trees which have been planted along the road-sides. Many of the farm-houses are more than ordinarily neat and commodious. Much of the land, however, being held only by leasehold tenure, the improvements are not, as a general rule, as substantial as ought to be expected, from the fact that this is one of the earliest settlements made by Americans in the county. It is worth any one's while, who desires to fully realize how beautiful the barren plains of this county can be made by tree-planting, to drive out to El Monte and through the willow and cottonwood lanes to the south of the town.



To enlarge upon the extraordinary fertility of these bottom lands, seems only like repeating the oft-told tale. Seventy-five to one hundred bushels of corn per acre is but the ordinary average, and other grains in proportion. Beets and other roots assume proportions which dwarf all ordinary growths. The bacon raised in the neighborhood, being for the most part grain-fed, ranks deservedly high in the market, and commands, wherever offered for sale, the most remunerative price. Strange to say, much of it finds a market right at home, many prosperous farmers not raising enough for their own use; so I was informed by Mr. McLean, one of the merchants of the place, who showed large supplies laid in to meet the home demand. This he accounted for by the number of farmers who occupy leased land, they finding it cheaper to purchase than to build the necessary fences and pens for their stock. I imagine that all this will be changed when the district is occupied by farmers owning their lands, a condition of affairs not likely, in my opinion, to be long postponed, the evident tendency being to the sale, by large land-owners, of their possessions in small tracts. Land in this section is held at from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars per acre; improved places, of course, bringing still higher figures.

A depot of the Southern Pacific Railroad, whose present terminus is at Spadra, has been established at El Monte, a fact which will, of course, aid materially in accelerating the growth and prosperity of the entire vicinity. El Monte has a Masonic and Granger Lodge, and a comfortable school-house, and, without making any great pretensions, is jogging along in the beaten path of prosperity.

Leaving El Monte, the tourist at once enters upon the magnificent domain called the San José Rancho. The San José Rancho consisted of about twenty-four thousand acres, of which Mr. Louis Phillips and Mr. H. Dalton now own about eight thousand acres each, and the heirs of Palomares the remainder. 165 A body of land more admirably situated for agricultural and pomological purposes it would be hard to conceive of. Beautifully diversified by hill and vale, and dotted here and there with natural forest growth, it needs only to be distributed in farms of moderate extent, among an industrious and energetic population, to become a garden spot indeed. The lands are not in the market at present, but the completion of the railroad to Spadra and its inevitable extension beyond must, in the very nature of things, render the subdivision and sale of the entire tract. Mr.

Phillips set forth the whole theory, when, in a conversation I had with him upon the subject, he said that these large tracts of land would be held by the present owners for grazing and wool and stock-growing purposes, until the money they would bring would prove more profitable at interest than the increase of the herds, or the clip of the flock. That time is very near at hand. Glancing over a late number of a Sacramento paper, I noticed a statement, to the effect that the second-class cars of the Central Pacific Railroad were insufficient to accommodate the rapidly increasing emigration, and that a number of first-class cars had to be pressed into service in that direction. The same paper added, that the emigration seemed to be of the most desirable sort, very few of those coming remaining about the cities, but starting out at once for the country, either to seek employment on farms or to purchase lands. Let Los Angeles county be made as accessible to this incoming tide as are Sacramento and the adjoining counties, and the demand for lands would soon become so lively that large holders would be glad, indeed, to sell. Mr. Phillips' eight thousand acres are about equally divided between upland and lowland. He pastures from five thousand to six thousand sheep, and nearly three hundred head of cattle. He plants about eight hundred acres in grain, barley, wheat and rye yearly. His crops have been uniformly good for six years, and that without any irrigation whatever. Four years ago he planted wheat, not knowing but that rust would render his labor useless; but he was not troubled with it, and has for four years raised crops of that cereal, which were as good as he could desire. For myself, I believe that every one of those rolling hills will, except in exceptionally dry seasons, produce bountiful crops of as good wheat as can be grown. Many of 166 them are covered with handsome forests of a native walnut, the nut of which is not equal to the cultivated variety, but furnish an excellent mast for hogs. Cut up these eight thousand acres into two hundred farms of forty acres each, and look in vain elsewhere for a lovelier or more productive pastoral region. The fruit trees and vines on Messrs. Phillips' and Rubottom's places, and those of other neighboring residents, furnish abundant evidence that everything which can add to the beauty or comfort of a farmers' home can be successfully grown anywhere on the San José Rancho. The heirs of Palomares pasture about three thousand sheep and three hundred head of cattle on their part of the property, and put about two hundred acres in grain yearly. Their lands are of the same general character, and the same can be said of those of Mr. Dalton, who has some sixty acres of vineyard. There are several school-houses on the rancho, for one of which, that in the

Palomares District, I saw at the depot, at Spadra, a consignment of the latest and most approved style of iron-seated school furniture. A comparatively young community, which goes to work in that style, is by no means a bad place to look for a home among. Between the San José Rancho and El Monte lies the Puente Ranch, owned by Mr. Workman and the heirs of John Rowland, deceased, an immense body of forty-eight thousand acres, only some eight hundred of which have passed into second hands. This ranch differs in no material respect from the contiguous tracts. It is well watered, and in time must become the seat of thriving communities.

Spadra is the present terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad, as it stretches out Gorgonio Pass-wards, and is about thirty miles from Los Angeles. Uncle Billy Rubottom named it. He says that some of the pleasantest days of his life were passed at Spadra Bluffs, on the Arkansas river, and he named the settlement as a memorial thereof. Seven or eight years ago he found himself evicted from his homestead by a decision of the courts, and casting about for a place to commence life anew, he selected the pleasant spot where he now holds some two hundred acres. Uncle Billy's beautiful homestead was a part of the San Jose Rancho, and is as pretty a piece of vally and hill land as anybody owns in that section of country. He set about improving it as soon as he bought it. His orange trees, 167 seven years old, give promise of a liberal yield in the coming season. The love of his old home in the States seems to be one of Rubottom's master passions. I have read of emigrants from the Green Isle who would not leave the old sod without a box or pot full of their native soil, and a root of the shamrock to boot. As soon as my old friend found himself settled on his own ground, he "sent home" for reminders of his early associations. Walk out into his garden, and you will see, first of all, a yellow poplar; near by a persimmon tree, and a few steps beyond a dogwood bush, whose white flowers unfolded themselves during my stay. A red haw was beautiful in the delicate green of its serrated leaves. Red elm and slippery elm, ash, black mulberry, Chickasaw plum, black walnut and chestnut, and blackberry vines, the roots of which first drew their sustenance from Missouri and Arkansas soil, all testify to the pains the old man has taken to renew the surroundings of his youth. Seeds and slips and rooted scions from his collection are in great demand among those who hail from the same region as himself. In one corner of his lot I saw the tender, green shoots of the poke-root peeping up from the ground. This homely weed

furnishes greens equal to spinach in the spring time; in the fall its berries serve as rough for rustic belles, and on a pinch, for ink for a country place when “store truck” is scarce; and a decoction made from the roots is “handy to have about the house” when the disagreeable complaint which requires a good deal of sulphur to cure happens to be prevalent in a neighborhood. In addition to the above, the garden is well stocked with grapes, peaches, pears, apples, etc., and one of the nicest strawberry beds. Quite a village has grown up around the wayside inn presided over by Uncle Billy. He secured the postoffice for his section, and served for a while as P. M., but the office has now passed into the hands of A. B. Caldwell. The depot of the railroad company is neither a small, nor an inconvenient, nor an unsightly building, but I think I hazard nothing in saying that it is altogether inadequate to the wants of the station. It was full of wool, produce and merchandise all the time I was in the neighborhood, and I am very sure the trade which will centre there has only just begun to develop itself.

Rubottom keeps a hotel, and knows how to keep it. The 168 traveler need not expect any fancy French dishes; but if he can put up with clean, plain country fare, well cooked, and plenty of it, such as roast beef, mutton and pork, ham and eggs, vegetables in season, pork and greens, buttermilk, strawberries and cream, and such like, including corn bread made as nobody but an expert can make it, it is his own fault if he goes away hungry, and I haven't the slightest sympathy with him. About forty people manage to keep healthy and fat on what they get to eat there. I lay it all to his buttermilk. He has completed an addition of twelve rooms to his house, and he was so busy putting up bedsteads and fitting spring mattresses to them, the morning I left there, that I couldn't ask him any more questions, so that, probably, I failed to find out all about his affairs. This much I can say for the old gentleman and his motherly wife: they did all in their power to make my stay with them agreeable, and I take pleasure in recommending them as kind and attentive hosts, and hospitable people. As a natural consequence, Mr. R.'s success and prosperity has set several speculative individuals to thinking that he has too good a thing all to himself, and they have been pestering him to sell out. My advice to him is, not to do it. He has got a piece of property that will “keep” and improve with age; and he is getting along in years almost too far to send back to Missouri for more sassafras, red haw, poplar and persimmon trees; and those on his place are too old to move, and he

would get homesick without them; and, as for the rest, if anybody wants to keep a Frenchified hotel, let them build one for themselves. Stick to your persimmons, Uncle Billy. When Mr. Rubottom settled on his present homestead, he and Mr. Louis Phillips were the only persons, not of Spanish extraction, between El Monte and that place to the west. They have seen many changes in those seven years. They will see many more in the next seven years to come. There will be thousands where there are hundreds now. The “San Jose,” the “Puente,” the “Santa Ana del Chino,” and other ranchos, will be human hives. Farm houses and villas will dot the plains, and crown the beautiful rolling hills which surround them, and school-houses and churches will take the places of huts of the herders and vaqueros. I hope my old friend will live many years to enjoy the competence he has arned by hard labor and many struggles with adverse fortune.

169

#### **CHAPTER XIV.**

##### **WILMINGTON—ITS HARBOR, BEACH AND BREAKWATER—THE WILSON COLLEGE— THE WILMINGTON WOOL DEPOT—A PEN PICTURE.**

ALL ocean tourists for Los Angeles arrive first at Wilmington, the harbor or port town of the city above named, and a vast expanse of interior. A few pages descriptive of this city may contribute in some degree to bringing about a better understanding of the natural advantages with which its locality is so richly endowed, and its indisputable importance as a distributing point for the commerce of a region which is an empire in itself, rich in all the elements of prosperity, which may be paralleled but which certainly cannot be surpassed by any region of similar extent in all this broad land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific or from the lakes to the gulf. Portions of what I shall say may seem like a twice-told tale, but will, nevertheless, in my opinion, be necessary to round out and complete the whole.

Wilmington, as originally laid out, embraces twenty-four hundred acres of table land, susceptible (with the exception of a small strip running diagonally from the northwest to the southeast) of the highest state of cultivation, producing, wherever the experiment has been tried, all the semi-

tropical fruits which are raised anywhere else in this portion of the state, and whatever else, either of the cereal or vegetable world, is necessary for the sustenance or comfort of man. Upon the grounds of General Banning are to be seen beautiful specimens of the eucalyptus, six years old, sixty and seventy feet in height, and as much as eighteen inches in diameter; various species of the conifer tribe of equally rapid and luxuriant growth, and orange trees bearing fruit of flavor equal to any in the county. At the residence of Don David Alexander I saw a grape-vine, which was a cutting two years ago, and which bore its first crop last season. That crop consisted of one hundred and fifty bunches of grapes, a white variety, delicious to the taste and perfect in their growth and development. On the same place are tomato vines, on 170 which were blossoms and green and ripe tomatoes. There had not been frost enough to wither the leaves or detract from the plants' vitality and productiveness. A pepper tree, the seed of which was planted six years ago, has attained a circumference of over two feet, and its spreading branches cover a superficies large enough to shelter half a company of infantry from the noonday heat. I mention these things simply to establish the fact, that here on the very verge of the ocean the climatic conditions are as favorable as could possibly be desired. The first crops of the season can be obtained without irrigation, and a second crop yields abundantly where water can be obtained.

The supply of water is inexhaustible. There are no surface streams, but underlying the town-site is a never-failing supply to be obtained at a depth of from five to twenty-eight feet. There is scarcely a house in the town which has not its own well, and the water is as pure and healthful as can be desired. In a number of instances there are windmills, with tanks attached, by means of which ample supplies for irrigation, as well as all other purposes, are obtained. The town-site slopes gently from the rear to the front, rendering the work of drainage practical and easy.

Beef and mutton of the finest quality are delivered to the vessels obtaining their supplies here at six cents per pound, and retailed at from eight to ten cents. Butter of the finest quality is sold at twenty cents per pound. The bay abounds in fish; halibut, whiting, sea bass, flounders, and other varieties. Clams and cockles can be had for the picking up, and it is in contemplation to establish extensive oyster beds.

One of the great sights at Wilmington is its Breakwater. The work was commenced in 1871, and delivered to the Government in 1873, nominally completed, although some work has been done on it since. The adage that “appearances are deceptive” never impressed itself more forcibly on my mind than when I stood face to face with the massive timbers which form the Wilmington Breakwater, and saw the heavy clamps and bolts which keep these timbers in their places. I presume full descriptions of the size of these timbers are familiar to all California readers, as are also of the ponderous rocks which constitute that portion of the work known as the “Rip-Raps,” 171 extending from Dead Man's Island to where the timber work commences. I consider it therefore unnecessary to go into those details. What is really of interest to know is, whether the work is accomplishing the purpose for which it was designed. I unhesitatingly assert that it is doing that very thing in the most complete and satisfactory manner imaginable. It has increased the area of Rattlesnake Island at its northeastern extremity by some seven hundred or eight hundred feet. The sand, which hitherto had had free course to the channel, obstructed by the Breakwater, has accumulated in such quantities as to produce the effect mentioned above. Below this point, and toward Dead Man's Island, the same effect has been produced, although in a lesser degree. The accumulations of sand, however, have been of such an extent as to relieve those interested of any fear whatever of damage from the *teredo navalis*, that much dreaded enemy of piles and wharves.

Viewed merely in the light of an obstacle to the encroachment of the sea sands upon the channel, the Breakwater is a pronounced success. But it would hardly be worth the sum which has been expended upon it, if it were not accomplishing active work as well as passively resisting the work of the winds and waves. It is the universal testimony of all parties competent to form an opinion, that a constant improvement of the channel is going on. The tide confined within narrow limits finds an increased force in its outward flow. This account of the work alluded to may not be entirely satisfactory to the scientific reader. But the scientist must bear in mind that I am writing for the general eye. I give facts and results; and the result of the construction of the Breakwater and the facts of the case are, that it is accomplishing the work it was intended to accomplish, to wit: the protection of the channel, and more too—that is to say, the deepening of the channel and the

dredging of the bar; that it is a splendid, solid, substantial, enduring monument to the skill and fidelity of Captain Sears, U.S.E.C., the gentleman who supervised its construction.

A few words about the Wilson College of Wilmington. Hon. B. D. Wilson recently, with characteristic generosity, gave to the Los Angeles conference of the M. E. Church South ten acres of land and two extensive buildings, with a view to the 172 establishment of an institution of learning. The college building proper contains to the left of the hall two rooms, one on the first floor and one on the upper, each forty by forty-five feet, with two rooms each eighteen by forty-five to the left; of these the upper room of the two last named is arranged for the reception and accommodation of a large library and philosophical apparatus; the lower and corresponding room is used for a recitation room. The upper large room is used for similar purposes, while the lower will be utilized as a chapel, exhibition room, etc. The other building, which contains sixteen well finished rooms, are fitted up for the accommodation of boarders. The conference have selected Rev. A. M. Campbell as President. No more delightful locality for such an institution could be imagined, and the friends of a liberal and thorough education (and the Wilson College proposes to be thorough in its work) should lend their moral and material support to the enterprise. Wealthy and devoted friends of the institution are determined to make it a success, and it is not improbable that within a short time other and still more extensive buildings will be purchased and made a part of the belongings of the college.

The rapidly-increasing importance of the wool trade of California, and notably so of this the southern portion of the State, forms one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the growth and development of the industrial resources of the State. Unfortunately for the great interestsinvolved, certain base practices resorted to by a few evil-disposed men have resulted to some extent in impairing the confidence of foreign buyers in California packages. Under the operation, however, of the establishment of grading and packing depots in various portions of the State, this serious difficulty will soon be entirely overcome, and California wool will assume its proper place in the markets of the world. To meet the growing demands of this portion of the State in that direction, the Wilmington wool depot has recently been established. The proprietors are E. M. McDonald, of Wilmington, and J. E. Perkins, of San Francisco. They have purchased one of



the large warehouses erected here by the Government during the war, the dimensions of which are one hundred and eighty by forty feet, with a capacity of storing two thousand bales. The operations of the firm during 173 the present year (1874) will be confined to storing, grading, repacking and selling on commission. They are also prepared to make advances on shipments to an amount equal to two thirds the current value, at seven per cent. interest per annum. Next year (1875) it is their intention to be prepared to scour and burr the entire clip which will find its outlet at this point, ample machinery for which will be erected. The advantages to accrue from this enterprise will be apparent at a glance. The exact value of every man's clip will be known; the freight on waste, no inconsiderable item, will be saved; shipments will be made direct to the east by the Panama line, and a saving of at least three cents per pound in freightage will inure directly to the benefit of the consumer. The "scoured and burred" pound of wool is the basis of price, the average shrinkage is sixty per cent., and when it is remembered that under the present system the producer pays not only lighterage at Wilmington, freight to San Francisco, and drayage and storage, before his wool starts on its final journey to the east, the advantages which will follow the establishment of this depot cannot fail to be realized at a glance. The enterprise meets with the cordial endorsement and co-operation of the wool-growers of Los Angeles county, so far as they have been consulted and heard from on the subject. The wonderful growth of this industry may be understood from two facts: In 1862 the wool clip of the entire State was 2,600,000 pounds. In 1873 the shipments from Wilmington and Anaheim amounted to 7,000,000 pounds. This year it is confidently believed over 10,000,000 pounds will be shipped from these two points. The clip of 1862 attracted eastern buyers to this coast. Under the new aspect of affairs we may reasonably expect eastern buyers to compete in our own market for the fleece of our rapidly-increasing flocks.

Speaking of the beach at Wilmington, a pictorial writer of the Los Angeles Star says: "Sometimes, insensibly, unpremeditatedly, against my better judgment, in fact, in spite of myself, I grow poetical in feeling, if not in very deed. If my thoughts do not 'blossom in verse and bourgeon in rhyme,' it is because—well, never mind why. I used to make 'woful ballads to my mistress' eyebrow;' that was in my salad days, my green youth, so to speak. I am growing wiser. I strive to be practical; I 174 endeavor to emulate Gradgrind. If it were possible 'facts and figures and figures and facts' should

monopolize my thoughts. They would be my daily dole to the universe, or at least that portion of it to which I contribute anything in 'the beaten way' of written or of printed thoughts. But as I have previously remarked, on certain occasions 'the old time comes over me,' never more so than when, up to a few days since, I was wont to recall a panorama of rare and exquisite beauty, upon which I used to gaze entranced, as day after day some fresh beauty unfolded itself to my never-wearying eyes. A long semi-circular sweep of hills, wooded to within almost a stone's throw of a placid bay, beyond which just a glimpse of the broad expanse of ocean seemed like a suggestion of the Infinite, was to me a source of never-ending delight. Circumstances, 'fate, fore-ordination,' or whatever else controls men's destinies, shut out that vision of surpassing loveliness from my sight forever, and for years I have been a sufferer from nostalgia. The French, I believe, call it '*mal du pays*.' In good old Saxon, the complaint is called 'home sickness.' I did not believe that ever again my waking senses would be permitted to revel in the intoxication of spirit which follows the advent of a new joy, strong enough to roll the stone above the sepulchre, in which, sooner or later, every dead grief is buried and shut out from sight, if not from memory, forever. I say I did not so believe, until I was made one of a party who were driven behind my friend Palmer's spanking sorrel team, out to and along that matchless beach of sand and shells, which is destined to become world-famous, by the name of Wilmington beach. I wish I could command 'the vision and the faculty divine.' The eye, and heart, and pen of the poet; the enthusiasm of as yet not disenchanted youth; the freshness of feeling which belongs only to those who have not drunken of that 'cup of grief where floats the fennel's bitter leaf,' will all meet there some day, and from the creative elements of the person of the man or woman in whom these attributes exist, will be given to the world a pen picture which it 'will not willingly let die.' But cold indeed must be the heart and unskillful the pen which could not give some faint idea of the scene upon which tens of thousands will yet gaze enraptured, and return again and yet again to drink their fill of the glory of nature's handiwork, and 175 looking 'from nature up to nature's God,' thank Him that He hath traced with Almighty hand a picture so full of wondrous and unspeakable grandeur and beauty. Wilmington beach was, until within a few months past, a *terra incognita*, so far at least as its accessibility was concerned. The gentleman who pioneered the way to its enjoyment does not care to be mentioned in connection with his discovery of the somewhat circuitous route by which it is reached. So let that pass. Come

with me in imagination, and when you can do so, come in a buggy, or on horse-back, or in an ox-cart—anyhow, come and feast your eyes upon a panorama, which once seen can never be forgotten—before the ever-varying splendor of which, whatever I, at least, have seen of earthly beauty, is dwarfed into littleness, and, seen through memory's glass, seems as the work of pigmies by the side of some colossal structure of the days when there were giants in the land. Expectation was wrought up to its utmost tension by the glowing descriptions given by my companions of the scene upon which we were about to enter. A lover of the ocean before I had ever seen it, a dweller in dreams 'by the sad sea wave,' ere ever the murmur of the slow incoming tide or the roar of its waters, lashed to fury by the storm, had fallen upon my ears, I was not unprepared to enjoy the drive in a quiet, self-satisfied sort of way. But when emerging from the roadway I saw stretching before us for miles a level floor, upon which our horses' hoofs left scarcely an imprint, I was perforce silent with excess of admiration. Just such a standpoint would one choose if called upon to watch "The first beam glittering on a sail Which brings our friends up from the under world."

Or look upon "The last that reddens over one That sinks with all we love below the verge."

Upon some such shining beach must have grated the keel of the shallop of the worn and weary king, who, bidding his friends farewell, exclaimed: "My purpose holds To sail beyond the sunset and the baths Of all the western stars until I die."

## 176

Above us the mid-day sun gleamed from an undimmed zenith, and the waste of waters, just stirred to lightest ripples by the west wind, shone like a floor of shattered diamonds, while the island of Santa Catalina, uprising from the bosom of the deep—massive and rugged in its grand proportions, but seen afar through the ambient air—was "softened all and tempered into beauty," and relieved the eye, which might else have been pained with the monotony of the vast expanse, "As some light, fleecy cloudlet, floating along Like golden down from some high angel's wing, Breaks, but relieves and beautifies the blue."

Far off to the east the San Juan and San Iago mountains reared their frowning ramparts, clothed by distance in an azure hue, while to the north the lofty peaks of the San Jacinto and San Bernardino lifted their summits to the very skies, and snowclad Cucamongo—monarch of the coast range—towered above his fellows, and stood calm and immovable, “Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun,”

type of eternal rest, awful in his solitary grandeur, sublime in cold and hushed and immutable repose. Stretching far away to the north, and again approaching the sea a hundred miles away, the coast range rose, a bastion fringed with stately pines, and seemed to hold in a loving embrace the thousand homes which nestle in the valleys and crown the fertile foot-hills of the region round about. Nothing was left to be desired. Earth, air, sea, sky, were instinct with the majesty of eternity, and the mere physical pleasure of the hour was reduced to insignificance by the sublimity of the emotions born of the vision which can never fade. Let those who think the picture overdrawn see for themselves. Thousands yet unborn will feel their souls expand “to the dimensions of their Almighty Architect,” as they gaze upon it; and when generations yet unborn shall have become as the dust of forgotten races, those who come after them will catch inspiration from the glowing theme.”

177

## CHAPTER XV.

SUBURBAN SETTLEMENTS—THE SAN GABRIEL ORANGE ASSOCIATION—FAIR OAKS—WHAT A MAN OF INDUSTRY CAN DO WITH FORTY DOLLARS IN NINE YEARS—LA BELLE CASCADE—EAST LOS ANGELES—SAN FERNANDO—THE OLD MISSION AND ITS GARDENS—EUGENE GARNIER'S SHEEP RANCH.

I made a pretty thorough inspection of the lands and improvements of the San Gabriel Orange Association in June, 1874. Major E. Locke, recently from Indianapolis, and Judge Eaton, of Fair Oaks, the President of the Association, and Mr. D. M. Berry, Secretary, were my cicerones, so that it is not at all probable that much of the surroundings of many of the facts in the case escaped my observation. I had occasion some few weeks previously to pass along the southern boundary of

the tract purchased by the Association—which, by the way, is better known in Los Angeles as the Indiana Colony; and, to speak frankly, I did not think that the colony had been very fortunate in the selection of lands. I was mistaken. They own, jointly and severally, about four thousand acres of first-class land, and the site of what will, in a very few years, be one of the most flourishing settlements and prosperous communities in Semi-tropical California or anywhere else. The tract purchased by the Association is the southwest corner of the San Pasqual Rancho. The stock in the company was limited to one hundred shares of fifteen acres each. The number of shareholders at present is about thirty, who hold all the shares, some of which are, perhaps, for sale; but when I state as facts that Mr. Clapp, the Treasurer, has refused one hundred dollars per acre for his allotment, that one gentleman sold out his at an advance of eight hundred dollars over cost, that Major Locke paid a bonus of four hundred dollars to the original owner from whom he purchased his thirty acres, intending purchasers of shares in the S.G.O.A. may know something of what they must expect if they make up their minds that they 178 want any of the shares. A most fortunate spirit of harmony was found to exist among the shareholders at the time of the distribution of lots; and it so happened that every member got exactly the tract he wanted. That usually perplexing question in matters of this sort was settled long ago, and it is unnecessary further to refer to the matter. The distribution of the fifteen hundred acres leaves a tract of about thirteen hundred acres at the northern extremity, and one of about eleven hundred at the southern. By the terms of the articles of the Association, these outlying tracts are held in common by the shareholders, each one being entitled to his proportionate share, either upon the event of a further distribution, or in the event of a sale—a most unlikely contingency—to a proportionate share of the proceeds. At present there is every probability that the northern outlying tract will be planted in vines, preference being given to the raisin grape and other choice foreign varieties, while the southern will be reserved for pasture and fuel-furnishing purposes and a park. A magnificent forest adorns the southern boundary of the tract, which has been placed under the supervision of a forester, part of whose duties it will be to see to it that the plan of the early Missionary Fathers is carried out, to wit: that only the limbs of the trees shall be cut for firewood, leaving the grand old trunks to reproduce fresh supplies from year to year. A portion of the forest constitutes even now *in puris naturalibus*, a beautiful natural park, in which, as I returned home, a merry party were enjoying a day's recreation. The entire tract

is bounded on the west by the Arroyo Seco, and extends across that ravine, embracing the large supply of wood now growing therein. The southern, eastern and northern boundaries impinge upon adjacent ranches.

The plan of the settlement shows an avenue about seventy feet wide, running through the centre, with miniature parks, round, oval, oblong and otherwise shaped, laid out at half mile intervals, and known as Park avenue. On the eastern line Fair Oaks avenue runs the whole length; while on the western line it is intended to construct a wide carriage road, following the sinuosities of Arroyo Seco, winding in and out, and under among the grand and beautiful live oaks and sycamores, which grow upon its banks. This carriage road will be something over five miles long, and it is simply the truth when I say that it will nowhere be surpassed, if, indeed, anywhere equaled, for picturesque, romantic and charmingly diversified beauty. About one hundred acres of the choicest land in the tract have been set apart and dedicated for school, church, park and carriage road purposes. Nor has it been forgotten to reserve a beautiful and commanding site for a cemetery. A great deal of the land is treeless, but there is enough of natural forest growth, and that, too, of the most pleasing and attractive character, to make it beautiful. There are a number of springs on the tract, but water for family use and irrigating purposes will be obtained from perennial sources. The association have already expended about twenty thousand dollars in the construction of a reservoir, and in laying down about three miles of iron pipe, one mile of which is eleven inch, and the remainder seven inch. The reservoir is six hundred feet long, one hundred and fifty feet wide at the centre, it being oval, with two compartments, ten feet deep, with an aggregate capacity of 1,500,000 gallons; although if filled to the brim it would hold nearly double that amount. Three miles north of the reservoir is the *toma*, that is to say, the place from which the water supply is taken. Suffice it to say, that the source from which the supply is taken has been relied upon for many years, and has never failed. Here is met for the first time a granite formation, exhibiting unmistakable evidences of upheaval, and evidently preventing, just at that point, the further subterranean flow of the supply constantly flowing downward from the mountains. The water rises here, and is conveyed in a substantial flume, built above the highest flood line, alongside of and anchored to the jutting granite, to a sand box, and thence into the iron pipes which feed the reservoir. The reservoir is sixty

feet at least above the highest point of the company's land. As soon as practicable, distributing pipes will be laid along the whole length of Park avenue, and thence distributed as occasion requires. One hundred thousand grape vines have already beenplanted, and a number of shareholders are busy improving their lots. Some fifteen or twenty families are expected to arrive and take possession of and improve their lots during the “winter” of 1874.

I was the guest, during my stay, of Mr. Charles Watts, of Chicago, who has erected a comfortable cottage, and keeps 180 bachelor hall in good style. He ought to quit that sort of business, however. The officers of the Association are as follows: Benj. S. Eaton, President; D. M. Berry, Secretary; Wm. S. Clapp, Treasurer; and N. R. Gibson, of Peoria, Civil Engineer. No name has as yet been selected for the new town which is to spring up in the locality I have attempted to describe. Whatever the name may be by which it is hereafter to be known, if the plans exhibited to me are carried out, a few years will make it a successful rival in point of beauty and productiveness of any place in Southern California. That these plans will be carried out, the character of the gentlemen who inaugurated the enterprise and are carrying it on furnish a sufficient guarantee. The holders of shares in the Association who are yet to arrive cannot fail to be charmed with their future homes. The harmony which has prevailed so far, and the energy which has been manifested in the furtherance of the plans of the Association, furnish excellent models for future associations of the same character. There is room in Los Angeles county for very many more such enterprises.

The entire tract was purchased at the rate of \$8 66 per acre, Mr. Berry, the Secretary, formerly of Indianapolis, selecting it in preference to a dozen other tracts in this and other counties which he was strongly urged to purchase.

“Fair Oaks,” the homestead of Judge Benjamin J. Eaton, about twelve miles north-east of Los Angeles, is one of the most noteworthy spots, aside from its picturesque and beautiful locality, to be found in Los Angeles county. Here are to be seen eighty thousand grape vines, some forty thousand of which are from seven to eight years old, *none of which have ever been irrigated*, but all of which are flourishing splendidly and producing large crops, which yield a wine too heavy perhaps for table use, but nevertheless of superior body and boquet. Fair Oaks is the scene of a stubborn,

resolute, unyielding hand-to-hand fight with many of the most repellant features of nature. The entire tract was covered eight years ago with an almost impenetrable jungle of white sage, chemisal, grease-wood and scrub oak. The only water accessible was to be found in a rough cañon, a mile or two to the north, the only mode of approach to which can discount the rocky road to Dublin any day in the 181 year. Judge Eaton had forty dollars to commence the world with anew, and he was offered a bond for a deed to one hundred and twenty acres of the tract, conditioned upon his bringing water upon the tract. Being blessed with a wife who stood ready to second his efforts, he went to work; rod by rod he fought his way up the arroyo to the mouth of the cañon, hauling wood into town to help “keep the pot boiling,” working barefooted on the side-hill in the construction of his ditch, fighting the jungle, and planting vines as fast as he could redeem a few acres from the primeval curse of barrenness, clinging to the theory that the soil, if thoroughly cultivated, would need no irrigation, until, as I have said, he has eighty thousand vines, more than half of which are yielding abundantly. Having entitled himself to the one hundred and twenty acres, as “nominated in the bond,” he met with an opportunity to purchase, at almost a nominal rate, two hundred acres, with an unpretending but comfortable residence upon it, where, with his interesting and agreeable family, he is domiciled for life. In addition to his vines, he has about three hundred orange, lemon and lime trees, besides figs, apples, pears, peaches, etc. His vintage in 1873 amounted to over five thousand gallons, beside a considerable quantity of brandy. He has been asked seriously whether he would take \$25,000 for his estate, which now comprises only about two hundred acres, he having sold one hundred and thirty-five acres to Mr. Charles Ellis, at remunerative rates. If this is not accomplishing a good deal in less than nine years, considering that he had only a capital of forty dollars, and industry and energy to start with, I don't know what ought to be considered a good deal in like circumstances. During the day I spent with the Judge, I had the pleasure of accompanying him and his family to a beautiful picnic ground, in what was formerly known as Precipice, but is now called Eatoncañon. About three fourths of a mile up the cañon is a waterfall, probably forty feet in height, falling sheer over a rocky ledge into a limpid pool below. We (the party) spent a few most delightful hours there, and being unable to find any evidence of any name having been bestowed upon it, we concluded to give it a name, and tossing a bumper of the Judge's Sultana wine into the foaming spray, we christened it “La Belle Cascade,” after the 182 Judge's youngest



daughter. One of the editors of the Los Angeles Star had the honor of performing the ceremony, and if mischievous Miss Olive, the Judge's eldest, a hazel-eyed young gazelle of eleven, hadn't at the most critical point given him a push which sent him up to his knees in the water, he might have made a speech; as it was, he didn't. It was a pleasant day we spent up there in the heart of the mountains, and I hope to repeat the experience. Hundreds have visited the spot before us, and those who want to spend a pleasant day with nature in her wildest and loveliest moods, can't do better than to hunt out "La Belle Cascade." Judge Eaton's residence commands one of the most varied and beautiful views imaginable. El Monte, Los Nietos, the ocean, San Gabriel, and many other points of interest, are visible from his porch. A dozen magnificent live oaks surround the homestead, near enough for all the shade required, and not so close as to shut out the sunlight. I have visited no more interesting spot than "Fair Oaks." Without committing myself to the Judge's theory, that irrigation is not necessary for successful viniculture, I assert that the result of his experiments in that direction form a most interesting study. Whether it is some peculiarity of the soil or not, is a question that ought to be thoroughly sifted and determined. Dr. Edwards, formerly of El Monte, and Mr. Charles Ellis, his near neighbors, are pursuing the same plan.

Duarte, about fifteen miles from Los Angeles, is the site of another of those settlements whose phenomenally rapid growth is doing so much to populate Los Angeles county, and develop its hitherto latent resources. It comprises, so I was informed by ex-Assemblyman Ellis, a tract of nearly twenty-five hundred acres, and was about a year ago almost without a settlement. Its northern line skirts the foothills, and thence sloping gently to the south, it merges into El Monte district proper. The soil is for the most part a rich, gravelly loam, and having a sunny exposure, I am at a loss to know why all that is claimed for it, as the equal of San Gabriel as a fruit-growing region, should not be realized. Be it understood that the settlers on the Duarte are sticklers for their particular region in the above regard. The tract was laid off in forty-acre lots, of which forty have already been sold, and thirty families have taken up their residence in the 183 settlement. That they are of the kind who build up a country, may be inferred from the fact that there are fifty children attending the public school. A new and commodious school-house, twenty-four by thirty, built of the very best materials, was completed in June, 1874; and on the twenty-third of that month was dedicated

to the cause of education. My friends, John E. Tipton and lady, dispensed the hospitalities of the occasion. The rejoicings were ushered in by a dance, which commenced about two o'clock, and was kept up until dinner was announced. A bountiful supply of good things had been provided, which were enjoyed to the utmost, moistened occasionally by a glass of port wine from L. H. Titus' Dew Drop rancho. An hour or so was spent in conversation, enlivened by music from friend Tipton's violin, and a song from his little six-year-old daughter, Bertie, who acquitted herself remarkably well. Dancing was then resumed, and kept up until nearly four o'clock, when the company dispersed and sought their homes. The trustees deserve great credit for erecting so useful and ornamental a building in so new a district. Two irrigating ditches, aggregating ten miles in length, have been completed, insuring an abundant supply of water. A large acreage of potatoes, barley, corn and rye, has already been planted. Some fifteen hundred orange trees have already been planted in the settlement, and the other fruit trees planted must be counted by the thousand. Mr. Ellis, who is the agent for the property, owns one hundred and sixty acres. He has planted four acres in English walnuts, and three acres in the Alexander white (raisin) grape, beside oranges, and other varieties of grapes. A banana stock, growing near his temporary house, had remained unscathed through the winter. He spoke of a neighboring garden where the tomato vine was perennial, and flowers, green fruit and ripe, could even there be seen. The old orchard and vineyard of Dr. Beardsley gives abundant evidence of the perfection to which fruit trees, from oranges down to peaches, can attain withtime and proper care, in the Duarte region. Land is held at from thirty to forty dollars per acre. East of the Duarte lies the Asuza rancho, which, pressed as I was for time, I had not an opportunity of visiting. Mr. Ellis, however, informed me that it partook of the general characteristics of the Duarte, and was being rapidly settled up 184 with a thrifty and energetic population. Time, patience and industry will transform these new settlements into thriving towns, and but a few years will elapse before the sunny slopes of the Duarte and Asuza will rival the best-developed sections of the county in beauty and productiveness. Nature has been lavish of her gifts, and it only remains for the recipients of her bounty to do their parts.

East Los Angeles is a suburb of the city proper, and is only one mile and a half from the heart of the latter. This suburb is destined to become the very prettiest "attachment" to the city proper, and is

now being put into attractive shape by ex-Governor Downey, Doctor Griffin, and Hancock Johnston (the latter a noble son of that illustrious Confederate officer, who gave up his life for the South at Shiloh, General Albert Sidney Johnston), the proprietors thereof. As I own a house lot at East Los Angeles, I will present an opinion, not my own, but a paragraph from a San Francisco paper by some tourist, who visited Semi-tropical California in July last:

“A visit to the neighboring rancho of Dr. John S. Griffin will gratify every lover of fine grain fields, if he finds no pleasure in the many other matters of interest thereon. The Doctor and his nephew, Mr. Hancock M. Johnston, who are cultivating the farm together, have about three hundred and fifty acres in rye, which stands about six feet high, and is unquestionably good for forty bushels to the acre on the average; three hundred and fifty acres bearded barley, good for a like amount, and two hundred acres Russian barley, the beardless variety, which they calculate to get fifty bushels an acre from. They have also other fields Russian barley, which they are now cutting for hay, and which turn out about three and a half tons to the acre. These fields are within a mile or two of Los Angeles, and are only samples of what may be seen throughout the county. The entire estate consists of about two thousand acres, one hundred and seventy of which have been reserved as a town site, known as East Los Angeles, about which I propose to say a few words before I get through. The Doctor has reserved about thirty acres near the centre of the tract as a homestead, which is now occupied by Mr. Johnston. With the present and projected improvements it 185 will, in a year or two, be one of the most beautiful in the county. An extensive park in the front of the residence is planted with English walnuts, Italian chestnuts, pecans, almonds and the choicest varieties of foreign grapes, besides oranges, lemons, limes, olives and pomegranates. Vegetables and melons are abundant in season, and a very choice selection of flowers and shrubbery, among which are the palm, India rubber plant and magnolia, add a decidedly homelike charm to the surroundings. A noticeable feature of this particular place is, that the water for irrigating the park, orchard and garden is supplied by two wind-mills, one of them an old fashioned concern, the other one of the small-sized Holliday patent. The wells are twenty-eight feet deep, and the tank attached to the Holliday mill, which holds six thousand gallons, can be filled in a few hours, the mill working an ordinary San Jose pump. Dr. Griffin proposes to build a reservoir of much greater

capacity than the one now in use, and to test systematically and thoroughly the question as to how much land a large-sized Holliday wind-mill can provide with water for irrigation for fruit-growing purposes. He prefers the Holliday mill for the experiment, and feels confident that he will be able to demonstrate successfully that thousands of acres can be made available for culture, which for want of natural running streams must for the present, at least, remain idle. He is now having three-inch iron pipe laid through his premises, with a view to utilizing and economizing the supply of water. The result of his experiment will doubtless constitute an instructive chapter in the history of this section. The Doctor and Mr. Johnston have some very handsome young horses, the progeny of 'Beau Clay' and 'Overland,' which they expect will give good accounts of themselves. On another part of the ranch a windmill supplies an abundance of water from a fifty-foot well for a large herd of horses and cows and a band of twelve hundred sheep. As before remarked, a town site occupies a portion of the ranch. About forty acres thereof have been subdivided into lots. Downey Avenue, one hundred feet wide, runs through the center of this portion of the plot. Some thirty-five lots have been sold. Eight-inch mains, connecting with the Los Angeles city water works, have been laid through that portion of the tract thus subdivided, and purchasers erecting houses can be at 186 once supplied with water on the same terms as residents of that city. The proprietors are ready to give a deed of a lot to any party who will agree to build a residence at once. No lots are sold except upon condition that the purchaser shall fence the same and plant a given number of trees. The site for the depot of the Southern Pacific Railroad is but a few hundred feet southwest of the town limits, and the work-shops of the same company will be located only one half mile east, on the Spadra road. The entire site presents a succession of handsome and eligible business and residence lots, the facilities for drainage being of the first class. Much of the future growth of Los Angeles must inevitably be in that direction, and the installment plan, upon which sales are made, offers excellent opportunities for investment to men of small means as well as large. There is no one thing which adorns a home in Los Angeles which will not flourish equally well in East Los Angeles."

A glance at the new town of San Fernando will conclude this chapter. I will first copy a description of the new place, as given by a correspondent, who participated in an excursion to San Fernando on the fifth day of July, 1874, and who genially writes:

“When Senator Maclay purchased the San Fernando ranch, he laid the foundation for one of the most thriving and prosperous settlements on the Pacific coast. He was the possessor of means, energy and will. He became convinced in his own mind that those broad and fertile acres only needed the hand of industry to make them ‘blossom as the rose.’ For years they had lain idle; for many long years. More than a hundred years ago missionaries from old Spain saw in its surroundings the possibilities of a magnificent future. Their plans miscarried; they built a church and a commodious and elegant residence. The arcades suggest the Alhambra; they are full of memories of the past: they were the scenes of hospitable entertainment; they are the same to-day; at least, they were Sunday. The proprietor of the old Mission exerted himself to make everybody feel at home; milk and honey, and wine, and, in addition, all the substantials were spread out on a profuse board. Music filled up the pauses between the libations, and beautiful women lent 187 the charm of their presence to the occasion. The Senator was happy; he was at home; he was surrounded by all that makes life beautiful. We shall not very soon forget his efforts to make our stay agreeable; he is a host, and such a host. We almost feel disposed to drop into the custom of that individual whose name we forget, but who is relegated to immortality in the pages of Dickens, and drop into poetry; but we forbear. Let us confine ourselves to facts. There are fifty-seven thousand acres in the San Fernando ranch. Oranges, lemons, limes, walnuts, in fact, all semi-tropical productions, flourish at the old Mission. Anything that the heart of man can desire can be produced on the generous soil of the San Fernando ranch; there is not the slightest doubt about it. Mr. Flood has raised one thousand quintals of wheat there this year; barley and rye grow naturally. Do not understand us as saying that the San Fernando ranch is an exception. Dry seasons occur in California, but it is certain that when wheat, rye and barley can be raised anywhere, they can be raised on the San Fernando ranch. Senator Maclay offers his land for sale in small parcels. The purchaser can buy twenty, forty, or one hundred and sixty acres; he can also be sure when he does buy, that he will have water enough for all ordinary purposes, and that is a great desideratum in this country. There are numerous springs on the San Fernando ranch; the ancient mariner would have found no difficulty in quenching his thirst in this locality. Water bubbles up from springs, flows through pipes, is delivered to people at their doors, and is found in abundance wherever it is wanted. In a few years San Fernando will be adorned with groves and orchards. It will become the

site of a resort of seekers after health. It is removed from everything which can, in a sanitary point of view, be considered deleterious. The sea breeze wanders there, but is tempered by its passage over the twenty miles of intervening plains. Surrounded on all sides by hills, it is a garden spot.

“In a business point of view, it possesses rare advantages. It is the terminus of the Southern Pacific railroad for the present, and it is likely to remain so for some time. At present there are nearly sixteen hundred mules and eighty teamsters employed in the freighting business, which centers at that point.”

188

I visited the Mission of San Fernando on March 1st, 1871, and prepared the following sketch for this book at that time—three years before Senator Maclay pounced down upon a portion of its broad surroundings:

Standing here, upon the steps of this venerable corridor, and looking far back through the dim vista of time, one's mind may easily reach, and linger upon, the sacred panorama of scenes which transpired during the halcyon days of the Mission Fathers; when padre Permin Francisco Lasnen stood time and again under the royal arch—now bird-nested and owl-inhabited—(above my head) with his officially unmolested arms folded across his bosom, and, with his vision, taking in all the vast expanse of mountain, valley and plain, and a veritable picture of the “cattle upon a thousand hills,” undisturbed in the calm reality of “I'm monarch of all I survey; My right there is none to dispute; From the center all 'round to the sea I'm lord of the fowl and the brute.”

San Fernando Rey was the seventeenth of the Missions founded, and was named in honor of Ferdinand III, King of Castile and Leon, whom history points out as the one who effectually broke the Arabian power in Spain, and who first carried the career of conquest through Murcia and Andalusia.

The Mission was founded at the expense of Charles IV, of Spain, and of the Marquis of Branciforte, Viceroy of Mexico. The Indian name of the locality was Achois Comihabit; the ceremonies took place on the 8th of September, 1797, only a few days after the arrival of padre Fermin Francisco

Lasnen, who blessed the water and the place. Immediately after the consecration, padre Francisco Dumetz was placed in charge, and remained several years. The first marriage took place on the 8th of October, 1797, just one month after the ceremonies of consecration, and Laureano and Marcela were joined in the holy bonds of wedlock by padre Dumetz, according to the customs of the Roman Catholic church, in the presence of a large number of Indians and two soldiers of the presidio of San Diego, and padre Juan Cortez, who had arrived from Monterey the day 189 before. Up to 1847 there had been nine hundred and twenty-three marriages at the Mission of San Fernando; two thousand one hundred and forty deaths, and three thousand one hundred and forty-nine legitimate births and baptisms. Curiously enough, the first legitimate birth was a male child to the parents of the first wedlock—Laureano and Marcela—and occurred on the 29th day of July, 1798, and was an episode of pleasant and unrestrained commotion. There was a perfect carnival of joy over the legitimate appearance of this little eleven-pound Indian, and padre Dumetz, who had the honor of maturing the plans for the circumstance, nearly went beside himself with rapture. The little domestic idol was at once baptized, and called Fernandito, and in this interesting first chapter is incorporated the last one in the momentous history of the first born of the Mission of San Fernando.

There were at one time nearly a mile and a half of buildings, including residences, work-shops, schools and store-houses, nearly all of which are in ruins. There is, however, one noble structure left standing, which is now the residence of Gen. Andres Pico. This edifice was erected as an abode for the padres and their servants, and was the most substantial of any of its kind, from the Mission Dolores to San Diego. It is now in a state of rare preservation. It is three hundred feet long, and eighty feet wide between the walls, which are four feet thick. The building is two-stories high; the walls, which are most perfect as specimens of solid masonry, support a roof of tile, which must weigh several hundred tons at least; the rafters, being cut and hewn in the mountains, many miles away, and which are as smooth as surface lumber; made so through the mode of transportation, having been dragged over the ground by oxen and Indians, and every once in a while turned over so that each side could be “planed” alike.

The great attraction of the building is its corridor, three hundred feet in length, nearly, and made of arches and columns of the most superb masonry, with a tile roof and a brick floor. The penitentiary-

looking windows are all barred with heavy English twisted rod iron, and the massive doors are made to swing with a shivering creak, like the turning of ponderous gates on rusty castle hinges.

## 190

The interior constitutes a vast collection of rooms, unlike any other “private residence” in America. Here is a reception room, which was probably where the old padres sat and toasted their shins, and drank their native wine, and chatted of times at home, and of boyhood days in Spain. This is thirty-five by forty feet; adjoining is the dining room, thirty-five by seventy feet; it looks as massive at night as if it had been carved out of solid rock; then there is the kitchen, in which could be produced a dinner for the standing army of California when it attacked the American eagle on its perch at San Pasqual; and there are great square twenty-four by twenty-four feet chambers, like unto the sleeping apartments of the house of Pindarus, from which many a fervent supplication has ascended to the portals of God; and there is a library, or private apartment, twenty-five by forty feet, where have been hoarded hundreds of thousands of Spanish doubloons, and in which the *major-domo* used to report at the close of each evening repast; near by is the store-room, eighty by twenty feet, with a wine cellar underneath of the same dimensions. In this store-room, locked up in an old Spanish chest, are many of the ancient trinkets of the church, some of which are of solid silver; including censors, naveta, incensevessels, a box of sacred forms, with a portion of an old form and a cross. Among the curiosities which have been carefully treasured by Gen. Pico, and which he permitted me to examine, are portions of two of the tallow candles used at the first mass nearly seventy-five years ago, which was performed by padre Lasnen, in commemoration of the nativity of the Holy Virgin; also the original cattle brands; old flint-lock guns and spears, half a dozen camaras, or cannon, and an old pair of copper scales, made in 1796—and (this is private) in one corner—or, more properly, at one end—of the store-room (which marks the present occupant as one of Epicurus' sons) were promiscuous elevations of empty vessels, upon which were such hieroglyphics as “Chateau Larose,” “East India Pale Ale,” “Veuve Chicquot,” “Chataubriand,” “Tennetts,” “Krug Private Cuvee,” and such, which made my mouth Good Templar (water), notwithstanding the cobwebby emptiness of the vessels aforesaid.



The old church near by, and which presents that sameness for which all similar structures are noted, looks hoary with time and decay. Its exterior seems a sign of “No admittance, on account of my shaky condition;” but of which I took no heed. I had borrowed the key of an old lady, who occupies an adobe upon the crest of a neighboring hill, and who had watched the movements of the constellations long before padre Lasnen placed into position the corner-stone of the tottering edifice erected and dedicated more than half a century ago. To my surprise, the interior is far from being in harmony with the uninviting picture of age and dilapidation to be seen on the outside. It was as silent as the murmurs of a grave, and as serene as an angel's visit. Not a sound broke the solemn stillness, except the flapping (once) of a monster owl, that awkwardly flew across the sacred chamber, and took its perch upon the altar— “Perched and sat, and nothing more.”

The church building is one hundred and fifty feet long and forty-five feet wide within walls, which are between two and three feet thick. A sort of rude attempt at fresco work may be seen along the walls, while here and there hangs a pretty painting. The altar is tastefully decorated; and close by is all the glittering paraphernalia of service, which is performed by a priest from Los Angeles once a month. There are three bells, largely made of silver, and which are nearly as sweet and dulcet in their tones as the famous chimes of San Gabriel.

The Mission Gardens, near by, each containing thirty-two acres, are respectively owned by Don Andres Pico and Eulugio de Celis, Jr. The Pico garden has three hundred olive trees, twelve thousand grape vines, and a large number of fig, peach, pear, walnut, almond and pomegranate trees, all in excellent bearing order. The other garden contains three hundred and twenty olive trees, seven thousand grape vines, and a large number of orange, fig, peach, pear, and pomegranate trees. Mr. de Celis has been lavish in his attention to his garden, which is unequalled in its attractions as such.

These gardens are irrigated by means of a ditch of ever-flowing water, carried from a flume, or dam, having been constructed seventy years ago.

The San Fernando Valley, or ranch, as it is generally called, is one of the finest and largest in Southern California, and 192 contains 121,542 acres. In 1845, a long time after these domains became secularized, the Mission tract and premises were owned by the Mexican Government, but were under the authority of the Governor of California. At this time, General Andres Pico, the present occupant, had a lease of San Fernando for ten years, ending in 1853. In 1846, in order to raise funds to resist the Americans, Governor Pico sold the ranch (which sale was afterward approved by the Government) to Don Eulogio de Celis, for \$14,000, Don Andres Pico to retain his lease. In 1853 the latter renewed his lease for three years, upon condition that, at its termination, he should purchase one half of the ranch, including one of the gardens and one half of all the buildings, for fifteen thousand dollars. Thus Don Andres became possessor of one half of San Fernando, while the other half is owned by the widow and children of Eulogio de Celis, deceased.

Three years ago a number of gentlemen, under the corporate name of the San Fernando Farm Homestead Association, purchased Pico's (undivided) half (with the exception of his vineyard and one thousand acres of land adjoining, and water for the same, including one half of the Mission buildings, etc.), comprising 59,550 acres, for \$115,000.

The other half of San Fernando ranch, or northern part, is still, I believe, the property of the Celis family; it comprises 56,276 acres, and constitutes the finest stock ranch in Southern California. I rode over the northern portion of this ranch, and was surprised to find so many large valleys situated in the very foothills of the San Fernando range, most all of which contained running streams of water and innumerable springs, some of them large enough to irrigate hundreds and even thousands of acres. Large bands of horses, cattle and sheep were grazing at all points, while the clover and alfalfa were two and three feet in height. In the cañons, and fringing all the streams, are inexhaustible supplies of oak, sycamore and cedar, while a little distance up the mountains are some of the most extensive tracts of white pine, spruce and redwood there are in California. At the Pacoima creek, which runs all the year a great distance, I killed six and eight ducks at a shot, and took a dozen or more, good fat ones, back to the Mission, some of which were served 193 up for supper last evening and breakfast this morning. I must not forget to state that Don Andres keeps

a fine lot of native wine and brandy, and that he takes his “snifters” with marked promptness and exceeding regularity.

The Encinal ranch, containing four thousand four hundred acres, three thousand three hundred of which are owned by Eugene Garnier, Esq., was formerly a part of San Fernando, and is at present used for sheep raising. Mr. Garnier has devoted much time and a large amount of money in improvement of sheep. During the past few years he has spent \$18,000, mostly for blooded French merinos. He has paid as high as seven hundred dollars for a single ram. He at one time purchased sixty French merino rams at two hundred dollars apiece, and twenty Spanish merinos at one hundred dollars apiece. At the State Fair of 1867, Mr. Garnier purchased four French merino rams for sixteen hundred dollars, and four Spanish merinos at eight hundred dollars, the same having taken the first prizes respectively; while, it may be remembered, the Garnier brothers took the first prize at the Southern District Fair, held in Los Angeles in 1870. These gentlemen have the reputation of producing as fine wool as is sent to market. The Garniers keep twenty men employed all the time, some of whom have sheared fifty sheep in one day, although thirty-five is the average.

On the Encino is a remarkably fine spring, which flows a number of thousand gallons of water daily, and is inexhaustible. It is very palatable, and is as soft as water possibly can be. Horses and cattle will come for miles to drink from this spring, which, compared to other water, to the quadruped, is like champagne to cider, with man. This water is piped all over the household premises, at an expense of \$1,500. In the way of lumber, Mr. Garnier used last year 150,000 feet for fencing alone. One of the attractions of the place is the two-story boarding and lodging-house for the men, built of stone taken from the ranch, one hundred and forty-eight by forty-two feet; containing large and airy sleeping-rooms, dining-rooms, kitchen, bakery, etc. Already this gentleman has spent \$45,000 in improvements; and not content, he is just finishing a public house, which will be the most complete roadside inn in Southern California.

## THE FAMOUS CHINO AND CUCAMONGA RANCHES AND VINEYARDS—A GLANCE AT SAN BERNARDINO.

I WILL now cross the line, and take the reader out of Los Angeles into San Bernardino county, and accompany him to two of the most noted ranches of Semi-tropical California. First, we will visit the Chino ranch. An historical object is an old adobe house, roofless, tenantless and rapidly falling to decay, which was once an extemporized fort.

In 1847, after the capture of California by Commodore Stockton, the native population revolted, and, under the lead of General Pico, hostilities were inaugurated. Captain Gillespie was in command of the American forces at Los Angeles, and Colonel B. D. Wilson (then a captain), being *en route* from San Diego with a company of twenty men, found himself at the Chino, so to speak, in a state of siege. Selecting a carrier, Captain Wilson dispatched him to Los Angeles with advices to Captain Gillespie; but, by some mischance, Flores, the Spanish Commander, secured intelligence of Captain Wilson's whereabouts, and one fine morning the little band of Americans found themselves surrounded by three hundred and fifteen enemies. The result may be briefly stated: After a short resistance, the attacking party succeeded in firing the roof of the old adobe, and the occupants were compelled to surrender as prisoners of war, and remained as such from the 27th of September, 1846, to the 9th of January, 1847, at which time they were released on parol. The final conflict between the Americans and the natives took place about that time, and was witnessed by Captain Wilson and his associates. Of these twenty-two gentlemen, but five remain alive. They are Messrs. B. D. Wilson, David Alexander, Michael White and George Walters, of Los Angeles, and Matt Harbin, of Sonoma. "But a few years, And them, the all-beholding sun Shall see no more in all his round."

195

So pass away the memorials of by-gone years. The "Chino" ranch, as it is popularly known, is, to say the least of it, a magnificent estate. The property of the heirs of Robert Carlisle, deceased, it is managed and supervised by Mr. Joseph Bridger, and it was from his hospitable residence that I sallied out upon the several tours which I made through its broad acres. Originally Mission lands,

they reverted to the Mexican Government on the establishment of its independence; and, with the exception of what is known as “the addition,” were granted to the Lugo family under the title of “Rancho Santa Ana,” the suffix “Chino” meaning, in the vernacular, “curly,” being derived from the fact that one of the early *major-domos* of the estate was the fortunate possessor of Hyacinthine locks. The original title was purchased by Colonel Williams, to whom, also, the addition was granted; and from him descended to the widow of Robert Carlisle, deceased, now Mrs. McDougall, and her children.

The estate comprises 35,000 acres, of which about 7,000 acres are meadow lands, upon which the grass and clover grow the year round; 10,000 acres (comprising the addition) are peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of wheat and other grains. Mr. H. J. Stewart, a Scottish gentleman, is the lessee of one half the ranch. He is the owner of about 10,000 sheep, the increase from which in 1874 amounted to about 4,000 lambs. Mr. Stewart is a gentleman of fine literary culture and a traveler, who has performed the feat which Puck said he would do in forty seconds. Mr. S. has, metaphorically speaking, “put a girdle round the earth,” and he gave me his full and free permission to make public his testimony, to the fact that he has nowhere else, in all his journeyings, found a climate which like that of Semi-tropical California, to its mild, equable character, can add the bracing, invigorating and tonic properties which distinguish this from all others. In these respects he places Semi-tropical California in the van of the world. Such testimony is of no inconsiderable value in making up the record. Martine Echapar is also a lessee of a portion of the “Chino” ranch, and finds pasturage for 6,000 more sheep upon his allotted portion. Mr. Bridger has in charge about 1,000 cattle and 220 horses and mules, all 196 of good stock, and a pleasant and goodly sight to look upon, whether wandering at will, belly deep in the lush-grasses and clover, or taking their noon-tide or evening rest among the willows and around the innumerable springs and water-courses, with which the ranch abounds.

The “Chino” ranch is universally regarded as one of the most valuable and uniformly fertile bodies of land in the country. It has many distinguishing features, chief among which are its springs. These Chino springs are immense bodies of water welling up from subterranean sources, one of them at least fifty yards in circumference, and discharging day and night, the whole year round, several

hundred inches (miners' measurement) of the purest water imaginable. In one of them excellent pan-fish abound; in another turtle, or, probably, more properly speaking, terrapin, as they are easily taken with a hook and line. The supply of fish-hooks had given out when I was at the ranch. I shall not be contented until I go back there with a full assortment, catch three or four terrapin, turn Jo. Bridger's cook out of the kitchen, take possession thereof, and with the aid of a bottle of Madeira, some hard boiled eggs, and a lemon or two, transform the contents of the terrapin shell into a tureen of soup. There are six of these springs on the ranch.

A dense monte of willow, cottonwood and sycamore, located about centre of the ranch, lends a pleasing variety to the scenery. There is, I believe—and I feel myself fully justified in asserting—no waste land on Chino ranch. The meadow lands are surpassing productiveness. They are generally covered with a dense and matted growth of burr and sweet clover, and indigenous grasses, which seem sufficient to supply food for months to the “cattle of a thousand hills.” The hill and mesa lands are likewise covered with almost equally luxuriant growths of clover, alfileria, and other varieties of grass. The “addition” lands are of such a character, and covered with such a growth, as to leave no room to doubt their special adaptibility to the production of the cereals; and when, as ought to be the case, they are thrown upon the market, they will doubtless be sought with avidity, and become the seat of a thriving and prosperous settlement. The lay of the land, and the presence of such immense natural springs as abound but a short distance below 197 them, leave no room to doubt the practicability of successfully sinking artesian wells and obtaining abundant supplies of water for all necessary purposes.

I am not one of those who believe it necessary to drench grainlands in this section with water to produce crops. Sub-soiling, summer-fallowing, and intelligent cultivation, will secure crops in all but exceptional seasons. Just so long as farmers—or rather men pretending to be farmers—will persist in waiting for rains which may not come, and because they don't come just when desired or expected, go to work and “lay down the shovel and the hoe,” and lay by the plow and the harrow, and set down and fold their hands and cry “drouth,” just so long will there be abandonments of

homesteads before there have been anything like fair trials of the same, or manly efforts to secure success.

At the old homestead, now occupied by Mr. Stewart, grapes, walnuts and fruit of several varieties are flourishing, and bear evidence of the genial climate of the "Chino." Mr. Bridger has a young and thrifty orchard at his own residence, and is daily adding vines and fruit and shade trees. Attached to the same estate are several productive asphaltum springs, which in time must necessarily become very valuable. Mr. Bridger has a large family growing up around him, and, finding the school-house to which he was formerly compelled to send his little ones inconveniently distant, procured the segregation of a part of the Old Chino District; and, pending the completion of the necessary preliminaries, employed a teacher at his own expense, and furnished a school-house, and made it free to all within the bounds of the proposed new district.

A pleasant drive of a couple of hours brought me, in company with Mr. Bridger, of the Chino, to the well-known Cucamonga vineyard, which was planted nearly thirty years ago. Of its original founder I know nothing, save from hearsay. His many friends long ago saw him laid away to his everlasting sleep, and to this day bear tribute to his manly and generous qualities. The Cucamonga ranch originally consisted of about 14,500 acres; but, as at present segregated, Mr. I. W. Hellman, of Los Angeles, owns 8,000 acres; the Cucamonga Company (an association of San Francisco capitalists), 5,000 acres, the 198 Vineyard Company, consisting of John G. Downey, Ben. Dreyfus, of Anaheim, and Messrs. I. W. and I. M. Hellman, six hundred and eight acres; the remainder is the homestead of the family of the original proprietor. I understand that it is the intention of the San Francisco company to subdivide their portion and offer it for sale at some future period. The vineyard has for some years past been under the management of Mr. Sainsevain, and the wine has attained a very favorable reputation. Under the new *regime*, which will be under the entire supervision of Mr. Dreyfus, the latest improvements in the manufacture of wine and brandy will be introduced, and the well-known reputation of "Cucamonga" will doubtless be materially enhanced. The price paid for the vineyard property was, I am informed, about \$35,000. In my somewhat extensive tour through this region, I have nowhere seen a vineyard which presented a finer appearance than Cucamonga. The foliage of the vines was just sufficiently advanced in growth

to present an even surface of delicate green over the whole extensive area. Not a weed disfigured the ground, which careful cultivation had rendered almost as smooth and level as a ball-room floor. That the new proprietors intend to make their valuable estate one of the finest properties in California, must be evident from the fact that they last year planted 40,000 foreign grape vines. There are 160,000 bearing vines on the place at present. They also planted 1,200 orange, lemon and lime trees, and 3,000 English walnuts, and will continue to add others from time to time, they having extensive nurseries of young trees upon the property. In point of natural beauty of location, Cucamonga can successfully dispute the palm with any estate I have visited. The finest mountain stream I have seen rushes down from the adjacent hills. The supply of water is ample for manufacturing purposes, and the fall from the road-front of the estate is sixty feet in one thousand. Mr. Sansevain, the former proprietor, retires from business with a stock of about 30,000 gallons of wine on hand. My stay at this point was brief, and my opportunities for observation limited, but I saw enough to convince me that the stories which I had heard of the beauty and fertility of the Cucamonga ranch, were by no means exaggerated.

Seventeen miles from Cucamonga is the delightful city of San Bernardino, famous for its climate, healthfulness and rare scenery; its mellow wines and fruits; and its splash of artesian waters, which effervesce in almost every gentleman's garden.

San Bernardino is embosomed amid fair hills and groves, and watched over by the grim, sentinel-looking earth-giant, from which it takes its name. Upon either hand the tourist's rapturous eyes peer forth upon a wondrous picture of plain, river, vineyard, woods and hill, and lofty mountain ranges, no eloquence can portray, no crayon paint. A view from the Hot Springs, a few miles distant, and a couple of thousand feet in the air, is at once picturesque and inspiring. The vision wanders over a vast area of forest groves and cultivated fields, bounded by the mountains, which tumble one upon another, until lost in the dim distance. The Santa Ana meanders in graceful curves below, now lost to view in its gravelly bed, and then glimmering again in its far-off course. Looking eastward toward the San Bernardino mountain, which uplifts its majestic presence to a height of eight thousand five hundred feet, the lofty ranges upon the right and left seem to come together as though with a Titanic purpose of hemming in the valley. On the near left is the San Bernardino range,



while further to the west are the San Fernando mountains, abruptly terminated by the Cucamonga peaks, some twenty odd miles off. On the right are several buttes thrown up in grotesque profusion, while far beyond are detached spurs of the coast chain, pointing their jagged summits to the dreamy heavens, and “leading enchantment to the view.”

The population of San Bernardino is nearly five thousand, of whom one fifth are Mormons. The rest of the population is made up of Americans and Hebrews. Unlike all other Southern California towns, there are few Mexicans or Indians. There is a Mormon tabernacle, a Jewish place of worship, and several Protestant and Catholic churches. There are also many public schools and several institutions for private education. As a general thing, like all Mormon towns, the people are orderly and industrious, and appear very little in the courts.

In 1849 small parties of Mormons were sent into various portions of California by Brigham Young, for the purpose of selecting sites for new fraternities. These parties visited the Chino 200 ranch, and made proposals for purchase, which were met at the tune of \$200,000, and delivered. Subsequently they visited this section, and treated with the Lugo family for the purchase of the San Bernardino Ranch. Nothing definite, however, grew out of this interview, and in the spring of the year following they returned from whence they came. In June, 1851, one hundred and fifty families, or about five hundred Mormons, under the leadership of Charles C. Rich and Amasa Lyman, came through Cajon Pass, and encamped on the stream known as Lytle Creek, fifteen miles north-west from the city. This band of pilgrims were well equipped, bringing with them wagons and teams, cattle and sheep, farming utensils, seed, etc. In less than a month the encampment had been transformed into a village, and in a month more hundreds of acres of ground were green with grain and vegetables. “Apostles” Rich and Lyman, two of the original “Quorum of Twelve,” had effected a transfer of the entire property of the Lugo family, and completed their negotiations by paying \$25,000 in cash, and agreeing to pay \$52,000 in installments, which latter terms were faithfully complied with to the strict letter of agreement. The following September the entire party at Lytle Creek, now numbering nine hundred souls (most of this addition being members of the church from Salt Lake City), moved into what is now known as San Bernardino.

They had hardly moved into town when the Indians, who had already begun to be troublesome, stole their horses, sheep and cattle in broad daylight, and upon one or two occasions had threatened the destruction of life and property. A consultation was held by the entire population, and it was deemed judicious to continue to resist the savage marauders by acts of kindness. There being no abatement, but rather an increase of malicious performances on the part of their rude neighbors, late in the fall the Mormons built an immense fort, providing adequate room for the comfortable and safe encampment of all the families in a hollow square. Palisades, *chevaux-de-frise*, ditches and all the paraphernalia of a fortification, were constructed, and here they lived for two years, at the end of which time, through vigilance and kindness, the Indians were brought to friendly terms.

201

Even during their residence by night at the fort, in the spring of 1853 a survey was made, and a large portion of land laid out in farms and city lots. Squares of eight acres each were laid out, each square being subdivided into eighty lots, with provisions for streets eighty feet wide, running at right angles, and with the cardinal points of the compass. This was the original size of the city—a mile square. Subsequently they laid out squares of five-acre lots, each way, additional, making the city much larger and prettier, and none the less symmetrical and unique. Water was soon brought into the place by canals, and everything gave promise of peace, plenty and prosperity. The town was made and incorporated a city in the spring of 1854, city officers were elected and installed into their respective positions, and the young community flourished like a green bay tree. As at Salt Lake, great care had been exercised regarding space for garden and orchard. The houses were all built at a distance of twenty feet from the streets, and are shaded with fruit and ornamental trees, and surrounded by patches of shrubbery and flowers. In 1856 there were nearly two thousand inhabitants. Dwellings, stores and workshops dotted the city. Fruits of many kinds were being brought forth, and grain and vegetables of all descriptions were being produced in considerable abundance.

Their prosperity increased and their religion flourished up to the fall of 1857. At this time, owing to the impending conflict between the authorities of the Government of the United States and Brigham Young, the latter issued a call for all of his people, far and near, to gather together at Salt Lake City.

Without a murmur, and with very few exceptions, the entire people obeyed the summons, and made active preparations for a general departure. Great sacrifices were made of houses, lands, stores, stock and personal effects. Much valuable property sold for a song, while much was abandoned outright. Just enough stock and provisions were taken to make the journey and sustain life; and before March, 1858, the City of San Bernardino was almost entirely deserted by the Mormons—more than nine tenths having made their exodus. The people who bought out the Mormons were a heterogeneous mass; and as many of them purchased for nothing, and had nothing to do after acquiring property, most of the beautiful houses and gardens and orchards and fields succumbed to neglect, and dwindled into premature decay.

In 1859 a large number of the original owners returned, and, to a great extent, they were seceders from the church of Brigham Young, and for a long time had no real organization. They declared themselves not only in no way connected with the fountain head at Salt Lake, but repudiated Brigham Young and his doctrines of polygamy, and claimed that young Joe Smith was the rightful head of the church. In contradistinction to the Mormons of Utah, the “Josephites” of this place claim to be the *True Latter Day Saints*, and run a separate church government. They have several communities in California and Arizona and in the Atlantic States, and are proselytizing throughout the world. There are a few of the people here who belong to the original church, and who only associate with the *True Saints* in the necessary intercourse of business and citizenship.

San Bernardino is the largest county in California—containing sixteen thousand square miles, or two millions five hundred thousand acres, a tract of land much larger than half of the New England States put together.

San Bernardino Valley is about ten miles square, and contains a large amount of substantial soil, admirably adapted to every variety of agriculture, and inexhaustibly supplied with water. It

seems almost imprisoned in the embrace of a circle of lofty hills and mountains, and presents the appearance of a vast amphitheatre.

203

## CONCLUSION—STATISTICAL

THE preceding pages—especially those descriptive of the outlying settlements of Los Angeles county—contain much which will serve to give the reader a fair idea, at least, of the rapid and healthy growth of this favored section. Nevertheless, it may not be out of place to group together a few comparative statements which, at a glance, will serve to show the reader what has been accomplished within a few years.

The cities and towns of Los Angeles county are as follows: Los Angeles City, Anaheim, San Gabriel, El Monte, Wilmington, Downey City, Spadra, Santa Ana, Westminster, Compton, San Fernando, Florence, Richland, Tustin City, and San Juan Capistrano. The nine last named are (with the exception of San Juan—an old Mission) the outgrowth of the last five years. None of them rank high as towns, but each one is the nucleus of a large, thriving, permanent agricultural and stock-raising community. A recent writer computes the population of each of these towns at fifty each. If he means fifty families each, he may be within from twenty-five to fifty per cent. of a correct estimate. Los Angeles City has a population of from 11,000 to 12,000; Anaheim, about 2,000; Wilmington, about 500. The United States Census Marshal, for 1870, returned a population of 15,309 for the county. During the past twelve months 800 names of voters have been added to the Great Register, which, by ordinary rules of computation, will give an increase of 4,000 inhabitants during that length of time. And yet it is safe to say that the tide of immigration is just setting in.

As serving to show still more clearly, if possible, the rapid and healthy growth of the county and city, take these facts relative to the public school system:

In 1866 there were twelve school districts in Los Angeles county, and now there are forty-five. In 1866 there were only two thousand five hundred and four children in the whole county between five and fifteen years of age; this year there are seven 204 thousand and sixty-six between five and

seventeen years; and in Los Angeles alone there are two thousand four hundred and eleven school children.

In 1868 the total value of property returned by the assessor was \$3,764,045; in 1874 the return of the same officer was as follows: Lands and lots, \$8,004,098; personal property, \$4,319,424; total, \$12,323,522; or, in round numbers, an increase in value of three hundred per cent. in eight years, three of which at least were unfavorable to rapid growth.

In 1867 the number of sheep in the county was 148,700; in 1874 the number returned by the assessor is 482,372.

Comparative statements like the above might be furnished in numbers, but it is deemed sufficient to state, that every branch of industry and every element of prosperity shows a correspondingly gratifying increase. To this fact the reputation of the author stands pledged.